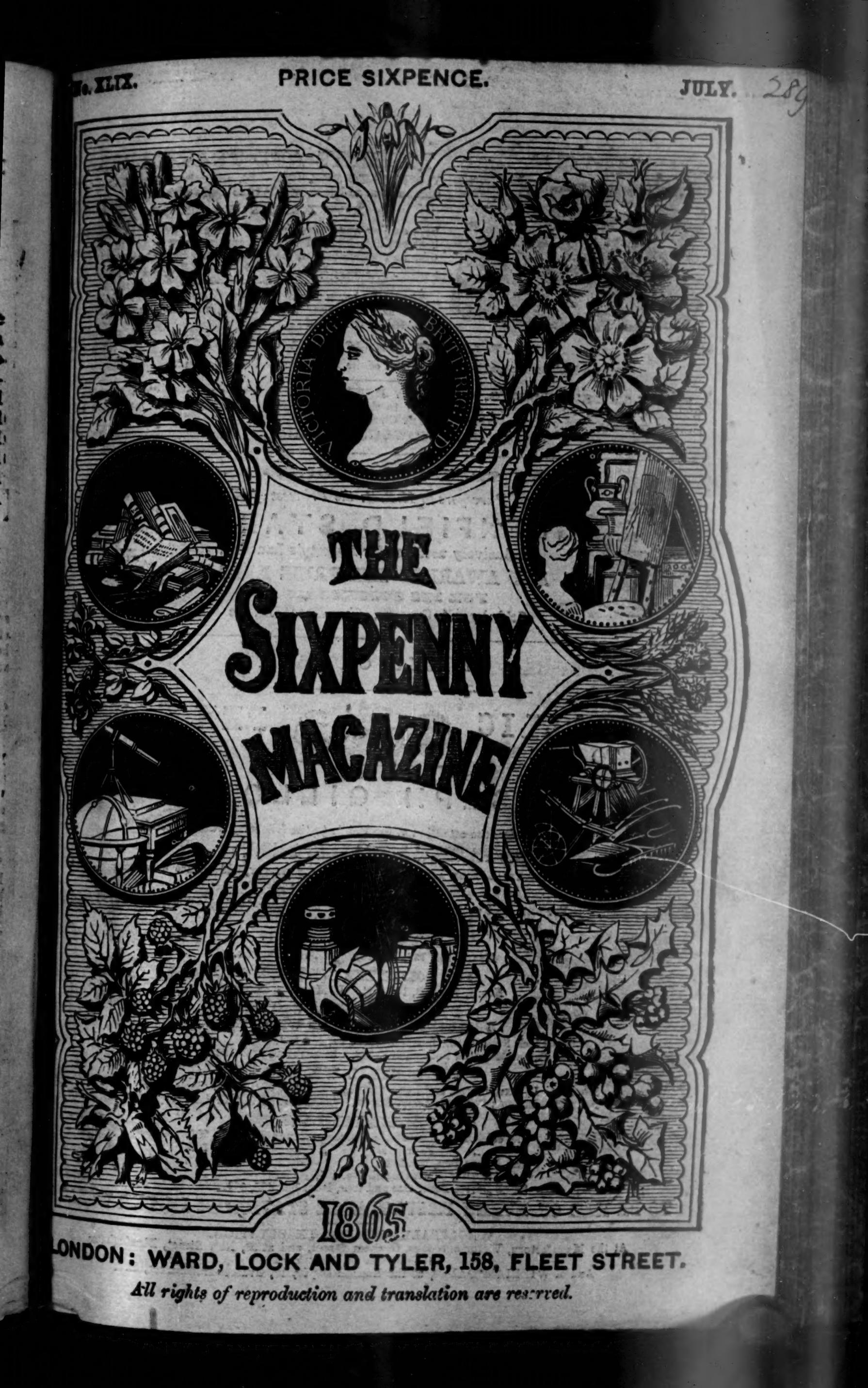


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JULY.

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THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

1865

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THE
SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

JULY 1, 1865.

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NOTICE.

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THE FATE OF THORSGHYLL.

By M. A. BIRD, Author of "Spell-Bound," "The Hawkshaws," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

THE rumours that reached Heathfield, during the next twelve months, of the state of affairs at Thorsghyll, were of the most painful character; and as they came chiefly through Dr. Gilechrist, there was little possibility of questioning their truth.

Waste, profligacy, reckless dissipation, were the order of the day. All the old servants were gone (several had taken service with Major Hamilton), and their place was supplied by as bad a set as ever were collected together, with the exception, perhaps, of Edward Thorburn and his visitors.

Great numbers of deer and game of all sorts were killed and sent every week to London; but whether this was done by Edward's orders, or as the perquisites of his new gamekeepers, could not be ascertained. However, it seemed probable that it was employed as a means of supplying the extravagance of the young master, as other symptoms were manifested of a desire to convert all available resources into money. A heavy chest had been transported to the railway, strongly suspected of containing a large portion of the family plate; and a man had appeared in the village, as the agent of an extensive timber-merchant, sent for the purpose of negotiating the sale of a number of the fine old trees in the park.

This last piece of intelligence cut Mabel to the heart. She would as soon have thought of disturbing the bones of her ancestors, and making a market of the silver plates and handles, or the lead from their coffins, as of selling the trees, the glory of Thorsghyll Chase. She spent a wretched night after hearing it, only falling asleep to dream that she saw the work of demolition going on, generally among the firs at the end of the lake, or else among those trees in the avenue which she used to look at from her study window. When she woke it was only to continue the dream in her sad reflections, till slumber brought again the sound of the axe and of crashing boughs among the noble glades of Thorsghyll.

She was very pale when she descended

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to breakfast, and the cheerful kindness of her friends failed to rouse her. A letter had also reached her that morning from Mr. Slingsby, senior, expressing the greatest anxiety about Tom, from whom he had not heard for a long time, and begging her to forward a telegraphic message without delay, if Major Hamilton had news of him, as his mother was fretting herself to death on his account.

A few hours later, while the major was looking out of the window, carefully examining the state of the weather before finally declaring whether it was fine enough for Felicia and her last baby, a month old, to go out for a drive, he saw a carriage, with four panting horses, drive up to the door.

"Here is Edward," he said; "perhaps he is come to explain away that report about the timber. I hope it may be so. It looks well, at least, that he is come to see you, Mabel. I can't give him up as hopeless while he manifests so strongly that one redeeming point of attachment for his sister."

"Is that a redeeming point?" said Mabel, with a peculiar bitter smile and tone which the major remembered long after, but which he was prevented from noticing at the time by the entrance of Edward.

The young man embraced his sister with an ardour of affection that brought a slight look of suspicion into her eyes; then talked platitudes to the major until the latter was called away on some matter of business connected with his farm, which was one of his hobbies; and when alone with her he sank into a moody silence.

"Is this true, that I hear about the timber, Edward?" asked Mabel; "is it possible that you think of selling the old trees in the park?"

"Oh, my dear angel sister!" he exclaimed, pressing his handkerchief to his eyes, "it is unfortunately too true. I have been such a wretch—such a villain! I have come here this morning on purpose to confess all my faults and follies to you."

"Not to me—do not confess to me, Edward," replied his sister, sorrowfully.

"It is not for me to pardon them, so spare me the pain of hearing the recital."

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"But you will hear my promise of reformation?" he said, humbly.

"Oh, gladly! how gladly!" she exclaimed, "and register it in my heart of hearts!"

"I am ashamed and sick of the life I have been leading, Mabel," he continued, in accents of the deepest contrition. "I think I have been mad! And now that I have come to my senses, I see nothing but ruin and misery before me, and shame and remorse in the past. I have been so careless about business, too, and left everything to be managed by my lawyers, and they have misapplied that last sum that you so generously lent me, and I seem to be in even a worse plight than I was before. They even talk of selling the estate—the very house!"

"Oh, no!" cried Mabel; "anything but that!"

"You may suppose I was glad to sell some of the timber to ward off that catastrophe. Now, I have thought of a plan of escape. In the first place, I assure you again that I am determined to reform. I have already cleared the house of all my obnoxious visitors. I will go to my mother, implore her pardon, and beg her to let her prodigal son live with her and economise. But now comes the worst part of the story, Mabel. I have been gambling; I have been dreadfully victimised, just as our poor uncle Felix was. My firm belief is that I have been shamefully cheated and plundered, and that by men who have sate at my table and shared my hospitality for months. But it is impossible to prove any unfair play, and the slightest hint at such a suspicion would involve me in a duel. These gambling debts are looked upon as debts of honour, and rather than fail in paying them, I would sell the estate, the house, the trees—the glorious old trees!" he added, pathetically; "anything but my honour. Scapegrace as I am, I still will cherish that; and if I cannot save it by any other means, I will blow my brains out."

He started up as he said this, and strode up and down, under the influence of violent emotion.

"You spoke of some plan of escape," suggested Mabel.

"No, no, it was madness to dream of that; I shall not name it; you have done too much for me already, my beloved sister. And yet," he added, suddenly brightening up, "this may be the means, the only means, of securing you from loss. Yes, I will tell you, and leave it to your

better judgment to decide upon it. To clear off these infernal debts, I want no less than thirty thousand pounds. To ask you to lend me such a sum on the flimsy security of an I O U would be a sheer, impudent fraud on my part. In fact, that whole system of I O U's was wrong from the beginning. You ought to have had good tangible security, by mortgage, on the estate, and such you shall have before I leave England. Now, this is my idea. If you will advance me this thirty thousand, you will save my honour; you will save your dear old trees, not a leaf of which is yet touched; and you will save old Thorsghyll from falling into the hands of strangers. I will go abroad, get rid of the bad set. I have fallen in with here, and live quietly and economically with my mother for some years, till matters come round again. And that will depend upon you; for I shall deposit the title deeds in your keeping, so that you will be virtually the possessor of Thorsghyll, until such time as my debt to you is repaid, when I shall receive it again at your hands, and prove myself, I trust, more capable of taking care of it in the future."

During this speech, some vague memories had been flitting through Mabel's mind concerning the prophecies which Felicia had repeated to her, that Thorsghyll would be saved from destruction by one of its daughters. The fulfilment of one part of the prediction made her the more readily expect the accomplishment of the rest. Thorsghyll had indeed stood on quaking ground since the finding of Sybil's ring.

"Edward," she said, in a solemn tone, "will you pledge me your word of honour never more to touch cards or dice, if I consent to what you propose?"

"I have already renounced them; but at your desire, I repeat my determination, and give you my solemn promise, by the memory of our father, to abandon gambling for ever, from this day."

"Then I will fetch the cheque."

"Thanks, thanks, my guardian angel!" he exclaimed, clasping her in his arms. "Oh, Mabel! what should I be without you? It is the thought of all your confiding goodness that has stung me with remorse, and made me see the horrors of the course I was pursuing. Make haste, then, darling, that I may be back in time to forward you the title-deeds to-night. I will send old Jones with them. And, by-the-bye, Mabel, I hope you will keep Jones as your steward; he is such a good,

faithful creature. As soon as he heard about the trees, he gave notice to resign his office. He could not stop on the land, he said, and see the old oaks fall, it would break his heart. He is a good old fellow!"

"You may be quite sure I will keep him, if he likes to stop," replied Mabel.

"And, darling," he added, as she was leaving the room, "bring down those I O U's with you. You will not want that rubbish when you have the title-deeds of Thorsghyll, and everything of that sort should be destroyed."

She brought them as he requested, and placed them in his hands, with her cheque for thirty thousand pounds.

"May Heaven bless you, my brother," she said, with an angelic smile, "and strengthen you in your good resolves. I will be a faithful steward during your absence."

"I am sure of that, Mabel. I could not leave it in better hands," he said, with a slight agitation of manner. "I must be off now, or Jones will not be able to get here to-day."

He embraced her tenderly, and with many affectionate adieus they parted. Mabel sat for some time indulging in a day-dream of all that she would do for Thorsghyll; how she would reduce the establishment of servants to the smallest possible number, consistent with her plan of keeping it in perfect order; how she would become almost a miser for a time, that the home of her ancestors might be restored to its former state.

And Edward, with what feelings of gratitude was he at that moment invoking heaven's choicest blessings on his noble-hearted sister? What solemn resolutions was he registering on high of reformation, high aims, noble ambition, philanthropy—all to render him more worthy of being her brother?

With eyes sharpened by avarice and white lips drawn back from his set teeth, he was counting over the acknowledgments that Mabel had unsuspectingly restored to him, and comparing them with a memorandum of the dates and sums in his pocket-book. They were all right, and with a wild laugh he threw himself back in his carriage.

"Drive on faster!" he shouted from the window.

"The horses are distressed already, sir," replied the coachman, "they'll be quite knocked up if I urge them more."

"Curse the horses! I don't care if

they drop dead at the station, so long as I save the train! Drive on, I say!"

Were, then, the title-deeds of Thorsghyll at the railway station?

CHAPTER XL.

PAINFUL DISCOVERIES.

THE day passed, and no Mr. Jones made his appearance at Heathfield. This caused no anxiety to the unsuspecting Mabel, who was ever slow to suspect treachery, above all in a brother.

The next day, however, went by, and she began to wonder, and to fear that Edward might be ill. Still she said nothing about her money transactions to Major Hamilton, nor even to Felicia; and she was about to frame an excuse for riding over to Thorsghyll, when the appearance of Dr. Gilchrist's gig, just entering the carriage-drive, assured her that she would soon obtain full information.

"I was thinking of taking a ride over to Thorsghyll to see Edward, as his objectionable visitors are gone," she said, when the doctor entered the room.

"To see Edward?" he repeated, "don't you know that he is gone?"

"Gone where?" she inquired.

"To Germany, I believe."

"Not to France, then?—Not to his mother?" said Mabel, in a tremulous voice.

"I should say most decidedly not to his mother, as he took with him the whole disreputable set of people that he has had about him for the last year. I supposed that he had come to bid you farewell when he came here last Tuesday. Do you mean to say that he said nothing about his intended departure?"

"Not that he was going quite so soon," she replied, "he made many professions of a desire to reform, and said he had, as a first step, dismissed his visitors."

"His professions were no better, I fear, than professions usually are; but he told only a white lie in saying his visitors had left the house. They *had* left it, and were all waiting for him at the station. He must have had some extraordinary stroke of luck, I imagine, from what I heard. One of the porters at the station is under my hands, and he told me yesterday that he heard them saying Master Edward had thirty thousand pounds in cash, and that he had

also paid off bills or securities to the amount of nearly a hundred thousand. They were all lighting their pipes and cigars with the cancelled documents. I told Henderson to pick up any fragments that may be lying about. They may afford a clue to the mystery."

"Oh, no! do not seek to discover anything about it," said Mabel, with so much eagerness that it confirmed the doctor in his intentions; "he has most probably been winning at the gaming table, though he has promised never for the future to touch cards or dice again."

"That promise is as good as the rest. They had both cards and dice out before the train started."

"But Edward was not playing?"

"I am sorry to say he was the first to call for them."

"Oh, dreadful! dreadful!" said Mabel, shuddering, as she thought of the oath he had voluntarily taken against gambling.

"I fear," said the doctor, "that the unhappy lad is lost to all sense of honour or principle. It all comes of his mother's faulty mode of training: regarding appearance and manner as the great object of life, and wholly disregarding that inner spring from which all such outward graces should rise spontaneously. Look at your cousin Mrs. Hamilton, for instance. Who can be more charming, more graceful, more captivating than she is? Yet who more regardless, perhaps I may say more ignorant, of mere conventional politeness? Her manners are to me far more refined than poor Mrs. Thorburn's, with all her devotion to etiquette."

"Poor Mrs. Thorburn," repeated Mabel, "I fear she has much more sorrow to come, on account of her son."

"Indeed I fear so too," said he. "And now, as you have in some degree recovered from the shock of the first part of my communication, which has indeed affected you more than I could have anticipated, I must disclose the remainder of my dismal budget."

"What! is there more to tell?" faltered poor Mabel, with a sinking heart.

"I grieve to say there is; though, as it is yet vague and uncertain, it may appear worse than it will eventually turn out to be."

"Tell me what it is, doctor."

"There is something going on wrong at Thorsghyll. I was sent for late last night to see poor Jones, the steward, who is struck with paralysis. He is quite unable to articulate, but is constantly

making the most painful efforts to communicate something. His wife told me he fell down as he was entering his own gate on his return from the Hall. I instantly went up to see how matters stood there. The house is in the wildest disorder—most of the servants are gone, taking with them, I suspect, a considerable amount of plunder; and to crown all, the place is in the possession of persons with writs and executions,—and the lawyers only know what—in the names of all the Jew money-lenders in London."

Mabel turned for a moment and looked very calmly out of the window, then slid from her chair and fell to the ground, in a fainting fit, before the doctor had time to catch her.

Felicia, the major, the servants, all hastened with restoratives at the doctor's summons.

"The old Chase to pass out of the family!" murmured Mabel, as soon as consciousness returned; "the old house to belong to strangers! I cannot live to see it!"

"Take comfort, dear," said Felicia; "it has not gone to strangers yet. It is not sold yet; and even if it should be sold, why should not a Thorburn buy it? Do you forget poor Sybil's prophecy? Thorsghyll is to be saved by a daughter of the house, and you are that daughter. A hundred thousand pounds will probably purchase the estate."

"I see! I see!" cried Mabel, weeping; "I see that I might have saved it if I had not been so foolish. I see that I ought to have saved it; but I have thrown away the chance."

"What can she mean?" said Felicia, looking inquiringly at Dr. Gilchrist.

"Is it possible, Mabel, that those acknowledgments—those I O U's had been given to you?" demanded the latter, in a startled tone.

"Yes," sobbed the poor girl.

"For nearly a hundred thousand pounds?"

"Yes."

"And what security had you?"

"None, but the I O U's."

"And you gave those back? And you gave him thirty thousand besides? You must have been mad!" exclaimed the doctor.

"I gave them back because he said they were not sufficient security, and I should have the title-deeds of the estate. He was to have sent them as soon as he reached home."

"And he never intended to return

home!" said the doctor, in a high state of exasperation; "he knew what visitors were waiting for him, and his only care was to get off by the earliest train, with his infamous associates. Then they scoffed at your gullibility, and made pipe lights of the paper out of which he had cheated you!"

The major had heard all in silence with contracted brow, pale face, and strongly compressed lips.

"This is most infamous!" he said, at length; "we must send after him, and have him arrested on a charge of swindling."

"No!" said Mabel, starting up and laying her hand firmly on his arm, "that must not be. He is still a Thorburn;—he is still my father's son. Leave his chastisement to Heaven. I do not care for my own loss, I only grieve that I cannot save Thorsghyll."

"Do not argue with her now," whispered Dr. Gilchrist, "she is not in a fit state to bear it. Leave her with Mrs. Hamilton. She cannot have a better or a wiser comforter. *We*, I think, had better go at once to the lawyer, and see what can be done in this business, though I fear there is little hope."

Dr. Gilchrist's surmise proved correct. The more the affairs were examined, the more desperate they appeared. It seemed almost incredible that any amount of mismanagement and dissipation could have entailed such utter ruin on a flourishing property, in so short a space of time.

"One young man could not have done it by himself," observed the lawyer; "he must have had some very able and experienced assistants."

In spite of all efforts to save it, it appeared inevitable that Thorsghyll must come to the hammer. The sale was pressed on by the principal creditor, who was desirous of buying it himself, but the family lawyer postponed it for a time by taking up some old and very doubtful entail, which, questionable as it was, might, however, interfere with the validity of a purchaser's title as long as a male heir of the house remained alive. But this point was soon set at rest by a report which was speedily verified by strict legal inquiry, that the wretched Edward had ended a life of deception and intamony in a duel, arising out of a quarrel at the gaming table at Homburg.

There was nothing now to check the sale, and Horatio Stubbins, Esquire, was

in great hopes of being, by the end of the month, the possessor of Thorsghyll. The day was fixed, advertisements were published, and strangers of dubious aspect had liberty to roam, unrestricted, over the house and grounds.

Felicia strove in vain to hide from Mabel the time appointed for the sale, for she was becoming thinner and weaker perceptibly, and her friends feared that the agitation of that day might make her seriously ill, if it did not kill her outright. But she insisted on seeing the newspapers; and though she made no remarks on the subject, her cousin observed that she invariably turned first to the advertisements.

When the day came she announced her intention of riding to Thorsghyll, and rambling over it for the last time.

"To-morrow," she said, "it will belong to a stranger, and then I will try to shake off the sorrow I now feel, and become a useful member of society. But to-day you must let me indulge my fancies. Don't be uneasy about me, dear coz; I am not going to die. Life is still strong within me, and when the uncertainty and anxiety are past I shall quickly recover, especially if we have good news of Roderick."

"Mabel, darling," said Felicia, in that coaxing tone with which she always commenced a lecture, "you know I think you almost perfect; but there is one point on which I cannot help saying that you appear to be wanting in common gratitude. Your affection for Roderick, and your anxiety concerning him, completely blind you to the fact that Tom Slingsby is exposed to quite as many dangers as Roderick is. And then, too, consider the causes that have led them respectively upon these extensive wanderings. Roderick ran away because he was not quite happy at home, and also because he feared he had killed his schoolmaster. When he received Mr. Slingsby's noble offer, and knew besides that Mr. Dodsley had recovered, he preferred to continue his ramblings; he roamed about for his own will and pleasure. But Tom, with as chivalrous a spirit as ever animated any knight errant that ever (or never) existed, set off in pursuit of his friend, and has followed him now for three years and a half, for no pleasure of his own, but simply to restore a son to his father; and because, having begun a good work, he will not give it up while a hope remains of his being able to accomplish it. I love

Roderick dearly,—he is my husband's son, and consequently is nearer to me than he is to you, though for so many years he was your brother. But I really feel vexed with you, dear Mabel, when we are all talking about our rovers, and you never have a kind word or an anxious wish to spare for poor Tom. Henry has noticed it too."

"I think of him sometimes," said Mabel, blushing most eloquently. "I don't know how it is that I never speak of him. Thank you for telling me of it; it must have appeared very strange."

Major Hamilton was in London, whether he had gone purposely to be present at the sale of the Thorsghyll property, which was to take place at Garraway's. Felicia's gentle objections to Mabel's intended visit to her ancestral mansion were easily overruled, and, mounted on Zuleika, Mabel took her way by what was called the Hill road, and through the wet lanes—a route which was utterly impassable during rainy weather, but now she preferred it on account of its seclusion, for though she would not care if all the world knew that she had been to say farewell to Thorsghyll, she could not bear the idea of any one seeing her on the way, and compassionating her fallen fortunes.

How desolate and forlorn the noble building looked as she approached it! The shutters of the lower storey were closed; many of the windows were broken; the trailing plants hung wild and untended along the façade; grass was growing over the paths, and on the terrace, once so trimly kept, green mosses and lichens were creeping, and little heaps of last year's leaves lay rotting in the corners. Over all, the glorious July sun looked down from a cloudless sky, and Mabel thought, notwithstanding its desolation, that the old place had never looked so fine. The sound of the clock over the stables striking one, the hour at which the sale was to commence, made her start and shrink. It seemed like the auctioneer's hammer striking upon her heart.

"Dear old house!" she said, addressing the stone walls, as though they really had the ears which the proverb ascribes to them; "you are melting away from me now minute by minute, as surely as though you were a mansion of mist disappearing in the rays of the rising sun! Oh! to think that my ancestors have possessed this land before England had a history, and now, as I stand here—their

last descendant—I can almost feel that land growing strange beneath my feet! To-morrow a man, who is not a Thorburn, will walk with the step of a master, where none but Thorburns have ruled for more centuries than I can reckon! Oh, Sybil, Sybil! we have indeed wanted such a boy as you took with you into the whirling beck; and had I possessed more worldly wisdom, I might have been the daughter of Thorsghyll that should save the falling house."

She knocked at the wicket of the great hall doors, but no one came to answer the summons, though she heard the echoes reverberating through the building. She pulled the bell vigorously, and after the lapse of some minutes a shuffling step was heard within; then the wicket was opened to the extent of the chain, and a withered face peered out. It was that of an old woman who used to be employed about the kitchen, and was now left in sole charge of the house. At the sight of the young lady she uttered an exclamation of wonder and delight, and opened the door in haste.

"I only wish to go over the house, Martha," said Mabel, in a tone of assumed cheerfulness, "just to say good-bye to it. I suppose you know it is to be sold to-day?"

"Yes, miss—I heerd so. But everybody says that you'll buy it, miss."

"Everybody knows a great deal about other people's affairs, as usual. Is there any one here to see to my horse? Poor creature! she knows her old stable, and is knocking at it just as she used to do."

"There's the gardener's boy, miss. I'll go and tell him, unless you want me."

"Go at once. I shall not want you."

Mabel wandered about the house from room to room, visiting those especially with which any pleasant reminiscences were linked. The library had not apparently been disturbed in the slightest degree. She knew too much by this time of Edward's character to hope it had been spared from respect for his father's memory. It was the gloomy and sombre character of the room that had preserved it from desecration.

The dining-room, and all those apartments on the ground-floor that faced the terrace, had suffered more or less. But the steward's room had seemingly never been entered. The key was in the lock, but it was so rusty that she could scarcely turn it. The ashes in the grate were pro-

bably the remains of the fire over which poor Miss Wotherspoon had cowered. Her book and a bit of needlework still lay upon the sofa.

Mabel deferred visiting her own suite of rooms till the last; but as she proceeded in her inspection, she could not help noticing that all those apartments that were the plainest in character had escaped comparatively scot-free, while those that had been decorated and furnished under Mrs. Thorburn's directions presented a fearful scene of devastation. The costly furniture of the drawing-rooms seemed to have been wantonly and purposely spoiled and broken; the hangings were torn from the windows, and the splendid chimney glasses and beautiful chandeliers had been used as targets for pistol practice. But of all the dismal spectacles none equalled that presented by Mrs. Thorburn's boudoir, that temple of the graces, which she used proudly to declare had not its equal in England for elegance of design and purity of taste. It was an octagonal room, the walls being covered with looking-glass, divided by draperies of rich silk and lace; the sofas, chairs, and ottomans corresponding. In this place the very demon of mischief seemed to have run riot. The hangings were torn, the glasses were smashed, the chairs and tables were broken; the elegant ornaments of costly china had been used as missiles, and the rich carpet was saturated with wine, the fumes of which, mingled with those of stale tobacco-smoke, turned her so sick, that she beat a hasty retreat.

No, certainly it was no feeling of filial respect that had kept Edward and his riotous companions out of the library.

CHAPTER XLI.

"WHEN BALE IS AT HYEST, BOOTE IS NYEST."

DURING the afternoon Mabel had paid a short visit to the cottage in the glen, where she found Mr. and Mrs. Marsden, as happy in their way as Felicia and her husband were in theirs; though now in great concern at the ruin of that family, to some members of which they were both so warmly attached.

The sun was setting when Mabel at length entered her own suite of rooms, where she had spent so many happy days; and she was agreeably surprised to find that they had been spared by the

hands of the destroyers. She had not the weakness to imagine for a moment that this was any token of Edward's affection or respect for her. She had learned too dearly at what rate his attachment was to be valued, and she at once ascribed the safety of her own little sanctum to the right causes—partly to its being out of the way of the gayer portion of the mansion, and partly to the simplicity of the furniture.

Strongly as she felt that her ancestral pride and dignity were linked with the noble old hall, the stately terrace, the venerable ruins, and the picturesque Chase, yet Mabel felt the severest pang in quitting for ever, and abandoning to strangers, the simple apartments of which she had been mistress through so many happy and so few sorrowful hours. Above all, her regrets seemed most to centre in the prospect to be obtained from one of the windows.

The level rays of the sun poured a flood of molten gold among the huge trunks of the trees, and strongly lighted up an opening through which she had a full view into the avenue. As she stood with her eyes fixed upon this spot, many figures flitted past it, conjured up by her imagination, or rather, I should say, it was not many figures, but the same seen under different circumstances.

Strange! there is some one even now just emerging from among the trees.

She passes her hand across her eyes—'tis no delusion—there he stands. Her heart throbs wildly, and tales extensively credited among the lower classes in those northern regions, of wraiths and spectral apparitions that have appeared, to give notice to the living of the death of absent friends, come rushing across her brain.

The figure advances—he raises his hat—waves his hand with an air of rejoicing—bows low, and hastens on towards the house. No ghost was ever known to go through such a performance. She retires from the window, and sinks into the corner of the sofa, trembling beneath the dread of a coming joy.

The bell rings, and the heavy knocker shakes the door. Will that creeping old woman never get across the hall? The wicket is opened—there is a short parley—the chain clanks, and the door bangs behind him. A bounding step comes up the stairs—a hasty rap on her study-door, which is opened almost before she has time to utter a flurried "Come in,"

which she intends to make very firm and composed, and cannot get beyond a shaky whisper.

No ordinary greetings pass between them. He clasps her hand, and "Roderick is safe and well, and with his father," are the first words he utters.

Mabel tried to speak, to express her joy, her gratitude. But all that she could do was to press his hand between both hers, look up into his face with the anxious yearning of a dumb creature, and tremble from head to foot.

"I have broken the good news too suddenly," said Tom, placing her on the sofa, and seating himself on a chair at a respectful distance; "I feared you might imagine something dreadful had occurred if I did not at once assure you of his safety. And so, as it always happens with rough, blundering fellows like me, in trying to avoid Charybdis I knocked my head against Scylla. You are looking very pale and thin. Mrs. Hamilton told me how much you had had to suffer, and so I thought I would come over and brighten up the end of your sad day by the joyful intelligence that you will see Roderick to-morrow. My first duty on reaching London was of course to seek my own parents, who were foolish enough to be very anxious about me. My father then told me that Major Hamilton was in town, in consequence of this said affair down here; that he was going to dine with them, and was expected every minute. We had just time to arrange that we were to be introduced as strangers, when he arrived. But it would not do. He fixed his eyes on Roderick, gave one glance at me to make assurance doubly sure, and then he caught his son in his arms, and wept over him like a woman. It was a most affecting scene. I should be ashamed to say that I kept *my* eyes dry, when I tell you the tears were rolling fast down my dear father's cheeks. In fact, we were all at it, like great boys; and my little mother, whose proper business it would have been to cry on such an occasion, was laughing like mad. However, I found that the laughter was hysterical; so I spoke a few severe words to her, and she immediately began to weep, in a very becoming manner. Now I see that you have recovered yourself, during my long string of gossip, and perhaps you will let me hear the sound of your voice."

"I don't know what to say," faltered Mabel. "To express my thanks in ordinary

terms would be so inadequate. I am indeed most grateful for all that you have done; and if I could give utterance to my feelings—"

"Your eyes do that," said Tom, in a very low tone.

"Do they?" she exclaimed, averting them hastily.

"But the little traitors tell no harm, that you should look so frightened."

"I did not mean—I don't know—" she stammered. "Oh! tell me something more about Roderick!"

And for an hour he did not tire of telling, nor she of hearing "more about Roderick,"—only interrupted once by old Martha, who brought them up some tea, and offered to light the candles, but Mabel said that was useless, as she must go in five minutes, or Mrs. Hamilton would be quite alarmed about her. And then they sat for half an hour longer in the twilight, and Mabel told Tom all that she had gone through, and how she might have bought back the estate, and so accomplished the old prediction about a daughter of the family saving it from ruin, only that she had lent almost all her money to Edward (she did not call him her brother), and he had died before he could repay it.

"There is, I believe, a means by which you might fulfil it, and keep the estates in the family name, though with the break in the line caused by a female link."

"What can you mean?" she said.

"This;—that the property will certainly be bought by a gentleman who has seen you, and admires you greatly. When he comes here to reside he is sure to seek you out, and it will require but little encouragement to bring him to your feet. You can make it a condition that he shall take your name, which I should think he would very gladly do, as he has but a plebeian cognomen at present."

"This from you, Tom!" cried Mabel, indignantly—"Mr. Slingsby, I mean. How dare you propose such a shameful bargain to me? No—though I am poor, I would beg my bread rather than pay such a price, even for Thorsghyll! And to be really, if not in name, Mrs. Horatio Stubbins! Oh, Tom," she continued, softening into tears, "how could you *think* of such a thing, far more speak of it?"

"Come out into the garden," said Tom; "to-morrow the Stubbinses will have it all their own way, and you say you have

still some pet spots to visit. Don't be annoyed by what I have said about young Stubbins. He is really not a bad sort of fellow."

"Will you oblige me by not mentioning his name again, Mr. Stingsby?" said Mabel, with some asperity.

"Certainly, if you wish it," replied Tom; and out into the garden they strolled, visiting many spots that had been dear to her from infancy. Still on and on, through the grounds behind the house, and up the hills towards the old church, till the Chase merged imperceptibly into the wild, uncultivated fells. Turning to the right, and following a path like a sheep-track, over the shoulder of a hill, they came to a spot where no sign of human habitations could be seen; nothing but the sky above and the wild moors around. In the centre of a slight depression of a circular form, and so regular in its proportions that it seemed highly probable that it was the work of man's hands in some very remote age, stood one of those curious piles of stone known by the name of cromlechs. It was of no great size, being barely three feet high, but it was of great antiquity.

"Is this what you came to see?" said Tom, when Mabel stopped before it; "it is very curious, and looks very old. What is the history of it?"

"It is the oldest memorial of our family," she replied, "but its precise history is unknown. It is said to have been an altar on which victims were offered up to the god Thor."

"Who do you imagine that god Thor to have been? For I suppose the wildest believer would not now credit his divinity."

"He is supposed to have been a Scandinavian warrior, who came over here, and in consequence of his prowess and knowledge, was believed to belong to a superior race of beings. From that to raising him into an actual divinity, particularly after his death, was a very easy transition in those days."

"And you can trace no ancestry for him? You cannot even guess at who or what his father might have been?"

"It is far enough to reckon up to him, I think."

"And you feel proud in tracing your descent from a man whose father is a perfect myth—who is, indeed, to a great extent, himself a myth—do you?"

"Is it not something to be proud of, to know that for so many centuries my

forefathers have possessed the same lands—have dwelt in the same noble old mansion—have been looked up to, and respected by all till now?"—a sob choked her utterance. "Oh! it is bitter—it is bitter, to see it pass away to a low-born stranger."

"'Time rolls his ceaseless course,' as your favourite, Scott, says; and that which is new to-day will be old a few centuries hence. Thor was a man of doubtful parentage, and the new proprietor of Thorsghyll may be the founder of a family, that will, in the future, reckon itself as old as yours now does."

"Stubbins!" exclaimed Mabel, in a tone of such ineffable contempt that Tom roared with laughter, in which the young lady was compelled to join.

"Now, my opinion is, that Thor was a blacksmith," said Tom, seating himself familiarly upon the cromlech, "and that this old stone was either his anvil, or was erected by his followers and admirers in this form out of compliment to his calling. A blacksmith is often a fine sort of fellow. We have numerous instances of blacksmiths, and sons of blacksmiths, making their way vigorously through the world. I have such a respect for the trade that I intend to learn it myself before I go out again."

"Go out where?" asked Mabel, and either a thin white cloud passed over the moon at that moment, or her cheek turned deadly pale.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, I think," he replied, carelessly, "my father has invested a large sum of money in a losing concern, and unless something better happens, I must go off again to some new land, there to work out a fortune, or at least a living for myself."

Mabel sank down upon a small stone that lay beside the cromlech, and rested her head upon her hand.

"And you, too," she sighed, "are suddenly reduced from affluence and prosperity to bitter poverty!"

"No!" replied Tom, with startling energy; "a man is never poor while he has a strong arm, a clear head, and a courageous heart. With the aid of these he can command fortune."

He paused—his face turned pale—he heaved two or three deep, quivering sighs, and then, kneeling beside her, he took her hand, and added, in a thrilling whisper, "There is but one thing more that he needs. Oh, Mabel! can you give it to me?"

"If you mean my love, Tom," replied Mabel, looking timidly into his eyes, "you have had it for seven years!"

Oh! the ecstasy of the long speechless embrace that followed this simple declaration! The perfect harmony that was instantly established between those two hearts! Then the short, whispered sentences—so low, as if the very spirits of the air might not be privileged to hear them. The questions—of such vital importance to those who ask and answer them—so frivolous to any one else. The minute comparisons of thoughts and feelings at particular times, going back even to the first moment of meeting; the construction put upon words and looks; the exact moment when hands came into collision (accidentally, of course); all those mighty matters that lovers love to talk about, kept them conversing till the moon and stars began to "pale their ineffectual fires" before the bright glow that was rapidly mounting higher and higher in the east.

And Tom had something more serious to communicate, in the falsehood which Mrs. Thorburn had conveyed to his mind, without directly committing herself to the assertion, that Mabel was engaged to Major Hamilton; and how Mabel's amused surprise when she saw the major and Felicia looking so lover-like, had been matter of speculation to him until the news of their marriage set his heart at rest; and how his father was his only confidant, and sent him intelligence of her whenever he wrote.

How, on his arrival at Heathfield the day before, Felicia had hinted to him that she read his heart, and felt sure it would be his own fault if two people whom she loved were not soon as happy as herself; how, on that hint, he borrowed one of the major's horses, which he left at the Thorburn Arms, preferring to walk up the park under a presentiment that he should see her exactly where he *did* see her. At that moment he knew that Felicia was right; he knew that he was beloved. He waved his arm in triumph, then felt a momentary alarm at the rashness of the act; but was consoled by reflecting that she would take it for a signal of Roderick's safety.

They climbed to the summit of the hill, and watched the sun rise, and then hastened back to the stables to fetch Zuleika out before old Martha should discover that the young lady had not returned home all night. The careless

gardener's boy had fortunately left the door unlocked, and Zuleika stood there saddled and bridled, with only the bit slipped out of her delicate mouth. What she thought of such treatment could never be known; but however much she might have felt disposed to resent it, all signs of displeasure vanished at the sight of her mistress. She frisked, and danced, and neighed alarmingly loud, catching the inspiration of Mabel's joyous smile. Then came the ceremony of mounting. Zuleika could scarcely stand still, and Tom found it difficult to release the beloved little foot when once he held it in his hand.

At length they were fairly started, the stalwart lover walking by the gentle Arab's side, with one hand firmly clasping Mabel's.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE FATE OF THORSGHYLL IS DECIDED.

WHEN they reached the park gates a difficulty presented itself. How were they to get through without calling up the gate-keeper, and setting all the tongues of all the gossips in the village in a state of commotion? They went along by the palings for some distance seeking for a possibly-existing gap. None such appeared, but a weak place presented itself, which quickly yielded before Tom's vigorous assault, leaving a breach through which Zuleika could take an easy leap.

"Never mind the damage," he said, with a happy chuckle; "Stubbins will pay for it!"

Not a soul was stirring in the village; "the very houses seemed to sleep," and Mabel guided her mare upon the strip of grass that bordered the road, lest her dainty footfall should rouse the slumbering villagers. When they reached the inn Tom stayed behind, as had been before agreed upon between them, to call up the ostler and get his horse saddled, while Mabel, by leaping two fences, and trespassing on a corn-field, avoided the scandal of passing the turnpike-gate.

Tom quickly followed, and they went along, planning out the abode that they would have in the Far-West, and how they would make it as much like Thorsghyll as possible.

"I intended," said Mabel, "to have taken a last farewell look at dear old Thorsghyll, but the excitement of our

escape through the fence made me entirely forget to do so."

"Final farewells are sad things," said Tom, "so it is better as it is. 'Out of evil cometh good;' the inconvenience arising from the danger of passing through the gate has spared you a painful and useless leave-taking."

The horses, inspirited by the fresh morning air, or by that strange sympathy which they feel with their riders, stepped out freely; and just as Felicia was making a sorry pretence of breakfasting, being indeed more uncomfortable than she had ever been since her marriage, though trying to console herself with the reflection that Mabel had probably passed the night at Mrs. Marsden's, and also that she must be safe, as Tom Slingsby was with her, the truant pair appeared before the window.

The kind young matron's cheerfulness instantly returned, and while her orders for replenishing the breakfast-table were being executed, she entered Mabel's room for a moment as she was exchanging her habit for a morning dress.

"Are you happy, Mabel?" whispered Felicia.

"Oh, *so* happy!" was the reply.

Felicia asked no further questions,—needed no further information; she only clasped her cousin in her arms and kissed her.

When Mabel descended to the breakfast-room she found Felicia instructing Tom in the art and mystery of nursing a baby. The said baby was, however, at that interesting age when it began to "take notice"—to entertain strong opinions of its own—and to *grab* vigorously at any object that excited its admiration.

The object of especial admiration with Felicia's baby was Tom's redundant beard, which it pulled and handled with an earnestness of attention that betokened a remarkably inquiring and philosophical turn of mind. A great deal of fun they had over that baby, till breakfast was announced, and it was carried off by its nurse, solemn and good-humoured as ever.

Late in the day arrived Major Hamilton, Roderick, and Mr. Slingsby and his pretty wife, who was no stranger to the ladies of the house.

Mabel, who with Felicia and her children were awaiting their arrival on the lawn, sprang into Roderick's arms, greatly to Tom's consternation. One glance passed between the latter and his father,

who instantly claimed and received the same privilege; while Mrs. Slingsby, a little youthful-looking and very pretty woman, singling out "her boy" for her first greetings, whispered—

"Has she accepted you?"

"All right, my dear little mother," replied Tom; while Felicia astonished everybody by the warm reception she bestowed upon Roderick.

"I am your stepmother, you know," she said, "and *won't* I act up to the character!"

Altogether a happier party never met than were there assembled on the lawn at Heathfield.

No questions were asked about the sale, and the subject was avoided by all, out of deference to Mabel's feelings. Tom informed her privately that it had been knocked down to the people who he had told her were sure to buy it. Thorsghyll was thus gone for ever. It was the property of Mr. Stubbins; and Mabel felt a strong desire to place a great distance between herself and the home of her childhood.

Tom took advantage of this, and also of what he chose to consider a seven years' engagement to press her to a speedy marriage. There were many other reasons urged; there was some desirable land to be sold in America; the season was favourable for the voyage; a particularly fast-sailing ship was about to cross the Atlantic, and many other excellent arguments were brought forward, which altogether decided Mabel in naming an early day.

Everybody seemed pleased and cheerful at the prospect of her marriage.

Major Hamilton and Mr. Slingsby were constantly riding away together to look after all sorts of agricultural implements and useful articles which Tom would require on his farm.

Felicia and Mrs. Slingsby, with the greatest alacrity, undertook to superintend the ordering of her outfit, and nothing was left to Mabel herself but the selection of her wedding dress. All was prepared the day before the wedding, and Felicia assured her that she would find everything she could possibly want ready in the cabin, as soon as she arrived on board ship.

"To-morrow is too long in coming," said Tom, as they sauntered through the garden; "I hope nothing may happen to annoy you, my darling, when it does come."

"What do you mean? What *could* annoy me?"

"We *must* pass through Thorsghyll on our way to the station, and it is said that the new people are expected every day. It would be deucedly unpleasant if they should happen to come to-morrow, wouldn't it?"

"It would," said Mabel; "but if we are not seen it will not make any difference. We can pull the blinds down."

"So we can," he said.

The morning came as quickly as mornings have come since the creation, however our sorrows or our joys may appear to lengthen or curtail them.

Mabel, in a dress the facsimile of that worn by Felicia on a similar occasion, was given away by Major Hamilton. A slight but elegant repast was prepared for the small party, who all seemed determined not to overshadow the mind of the bride by any indulgence in vain regrets, and then Tom whispered that it was time to go. When Mabel returned from putting on her travelling-dress, it was evident that all the others were making strenuous efforts to control their emotions, and to appear calm and cheerful. She appreciated this good feeling, and making her adieu as brief as possible, she hastened to the carriage. Mr. Slingsby handed her in, and then, with a hearty blessing, presented her with a parcel.

"This, my dear child," he said, "is my wedding gift to *you*. Do not open it till—till you are on board. Good bye!"

When they arrived within a quarter of a mile of Thorsghyll, Mabel started, and clung to Tom's arm.

"Do you hear the bells, Tom?" she said.

"They must have arrived then," he replied, closing the blinds; "it's a sad nuisance, but it can't be helped; we shall be past it soon."

"How merrily they ring!" said poor Mabel; "those bells that were never rung before for the arrival of any but a Thorburn!"

"They ought to be ashamed of themselves," said Tom.

"Now you are laughing at me," said she, reproachfully.

"No, my love; I am only trying to make you laugh at me."

"Hark!" cried Mabel, "there are carriages passing us! Are those the Stubbinses? And the people are cheering them, too!"

"Very likely," he replied, peeping out. "We had better keep the blinds down."

A little further, and the carriage stopped.

"Here we are at the station," said Tom. "Give me my father's parcel; I will carry it for you."

The carriage door was opened. Tom sprang out and helped her to descend before she had time to cast one look about her.

All was hushed. She looked up, and what a sight presented itself to her view!

The folding-doors of the great hall of Thorsghyll stood wide open before her. A train of servants in the family livery were ranged, bowing and smiling on each side, while behind, within the hall, appeared all the friends whom she had just left at Heathfield!

"Oh, Tom! what does this mean?" she exclaimed.

"It is a plot against your peace of mind, my Mabel; but the explanation is to come from the arch conspirator. He has stipulated all through for that privilege."

"And now the time is come, Tom," said his father, "I don't know how to do it, she looks so bewildered."

They led her out upon the terrace, and there she at length comprehended that Thorsghyll had been purchased by Mr. Slingsby, and that his wedding present contained the title-deeds to the estate, given freely and unconditionally to her; that Tom was desirous, with her concurrence, of assuming the name of Thorburn; that the family plate had been rescued without receiving any material damage; that the house had been restored as much as possible to its original condition; and, finally, that the whole of the tenantry were waiting impatiently to present their respects to her.

Not to her alone, however. She was gratified to find that Major Hamilton and Dr. Gilchrist, who, of course, were present, had so carefully disseminated the real facts of the story, that an equally warm reception was given to Tom and his noble-hearted father. Roderick, too, was welcomed heartily as Major Hamilton's son, but no one, even assisted by the similarity of the Christian name, suspected that he was the Roderick Thorburn of former days, so wonderfully had his long travels, the lapse of time, and the hardy, adventurous life he had led, altered the slim, graceful youth into a robust, broad-shouldered man, rough, weather-beaten, and sun-burned, with a flowing beard that had never known a razor, and look-

ing almost as old as the Major, whose complexion and mode of life favoured an appearance of youthfulness, even past the age of forty.

It was only in his eyes, those intense violet blue eyes, that no change could be found in Roderick, and it was these that had instantly betrayed him to his father.

"You see," whispered Felicia, as Mabel

still wandered about like one in a dream, "the prophecy is fulfilled. A daughter of Thorburn has saved the falling house."

"Yes," replied Mabel; "but you, too, Felicia, are a daughter of the house of Thorburn, and which of us has been most active in deciding the Fate of Thorsghyll?"

THE END.

FIRES AND FIREPLACES.

"October winds, wi' biting breath,
Now nip the leaf that's yellow fading:
Nae gowans glint upon the green,
Alas! they're co'ered wi' winter's deading."

THIS Scottish vernacle is a piece of home-truth, which is felt alike in rustic home and populous city. When the life of the year is far advanced, when autumn, with its golden tints and gorgeous hues, lectures us in its myriad of falling leaves, and the old Saxon name of October, *Wynter Fyllyth*, literally bespeaks the approach of winter, therefore the season has arrived to set our house in order as regards Healthful Warmth and Ventilation, matters which are every year receiving more attention than in days and nights when the fire was lighted upon the open hearth, and the smoke left to find its way out through the open louvre in the roof? Dr. Arnott, the worthy successor of Count Rumford in *heat philosophy*, when seeking to shame us out of ill-contrived fireplaces and scientific bunglings, tells us that the savages of North America place fire in the middle of the floor of their huts, and sit around in the smoke, for which there is escape only in the one opening in the hut, which serves as chimney, window, and door. Some of the peasantry in remote parts of Ireland and Scotland still place their fires in the middle of their floors, and for the escape of the smoke, leave only a small opening in the roof, often not directly over the fire. In Italy and Spain, almost the only fires seen in sitting-rooms are large dishes of live charcoal, or braziers, placed in the middle, with the inmates sitting around, and having to breathe the noxious carbonic acid gas which ascends from the fire, and mixes with the air in the room; there being no

chimney, the ventilation of the room is imperfectly accomplished by the windows and doors. The difference between the burned air from a charcoal fire, and smoke from a fire of coal or wood, is, that in the latter there are added to the chief ingredient carbonic acid, which is little perceived, others which disagreeably affect the eyes and nose, and so force attention.

With these facts before us, it is not difficult to imagine how our ancestors tolerated the nuisance of wood-smoke filling their rooms till it found its way through the roof lantern, as was generally the case until the general introduction of chimneys late in the reign of Elizabeth. It should, however, be mentioned, that the temperature of their apartments was kept considerably below that of our sitting-rooms in the present day. Before the fourteenth century, except for culinary and smithery purposes, robust Englishmen appear to have cared but little about heating their dwellings, and to have dispensed with it altogether during the warmer months of the year. Even so late as the reign of Henry VIII., it seems that no fire was allowed in the University of Oxford; and after supping at eight o'clock, the students went to their books till nine in winter, and then took a run for half an hour to warm themselves previously to going to bed. Therefore, all ideas of the firesides of our forefathers should be confined to four centuries.

On the introduction of chimneys, in the year 1200, only one chimney was allowed in a manor house, and one in the great hall of a castle, or lord's house; other houses had only the reréosse, a sort of raised hearth, where the inmates

dressed their food. Harrison, in a passage prefixed to Holinshed's *Chronicle*, writes in the reign of Elizabeth: "There are old men dwelling in the village where I remayne, who have noted three things to be marvelously altered in England, within their sound remembrance. One is the multitude of chimneys lately erected; whereas, in their younger days, there was not about two or three, if so many, in most uplandish towns of the realm (the religious houses and manor-places of the lords always excepted, and peradventure some great personage's); but each made his fire against a *reréosse* in the hall, where he dined and dressed his meat."

Numerous instances, however, remain of fireplaces and chimneys of the fourteenth century, even in the hall, though they were more usual in the smaller apartments. In the hall at Meare, in Somersetshire, the fireplace had a hood of stone, perfect, finely corbeled out, and by the side of the fireplace is a bracket for a light, ornamented with elegant foliage.

The usage of making the fire in the middle of the hall, a lover of olden architecture says, was not without its advantages: not only was a greater amount of heat obtained, but the warmth became more generally diffused, which, when we consider the size of the hall, was a matter of some importance. The huge logs were piled upon the and-irons or thrown upon the hearth, and the use of wood and charcoal had few of those inconveniences which would have resulted from coal; an opinion strangely at variance with that of the heat philosopher already quoted.

In the metropolis, we possess a hall of the fifteenth century, which has a fireplace, the existence of which, in a hall of this age, is singular, if not unique. In the north wall of the celebrated hall of Crosby Place, Bishopsgate Street, is a fireplace with a low pointed arch. "The builder of Crosby Hall," says Mr. Carlos, in his interesting notices of this fine relic of our early domestic architecture, "must have possessed a more refined taste than his contemporaries, and feeling the inconvenience attending a fire of the old description (in the middle of the hall) adopted the plan of confining it to the recessed fireplace and the chimney."

The louvre on Westminster Hall is an exact copy of the original one erected near the end of the fourteenth century.

It is glazed, but in the original louvre these portions were left open, to let out the smoke. It is believed that no example remains of a louvre of the fourteenth century, though there is abundant evidence of louvres having been used at that period. Many remain in halls of the fifteenth century, and many others have been destroyed within these few years. The hall of St. Peter's College, Westminster, originally the abbot's refectory, which is of the fourteenth century, has a louvre, which is said to be of the same date; and upon the hearth beneath fires continued to be made until the year 1850, the latest instance of this barbarous mode of warming being used in the metropolis.

The halls at the universities of Oxford or Cambridge furnish a picture, particularly at dinner, of the style and customs of the olden time; and those who are curious to know the mode in which our ancestors dined in the reigns of the Henries and Edwards, may be gratified by attending that meal in the great halls of Christchurch or Trinity College, and imagining the occupants of the upper table to be the baron, his family, and guests, and the gowned commoners at the side tables to be the liveried retainers. The service of the kitchen, butleries, and cellars, is conducted, at the present day, precisely according to the ancient custom. Fires continued to be made on the hearth in the middle of the hall, called the *reréosse*, in many college halls in Oxford and Cambridge, until about 1820.

By a record of the year 1511, it appears that the hall fire was discontinued at Easter-day, then called "God's Sonday." A quaint writer of the time thus describes the custom: "Ye know well that it is the manner this daye to do the fire out of the hall, and the black wynter brondes, and all thynges that is foule with fume and smoke, shall be done awaye; and where the fire was shall be gayly arrayed with fayre flowres, and strewed with green rushes all aboue." The and-irons being cleared away, the space whereon the fire was burnt, on the hearth, was strewed with green rushes and flowers; whence the custom, in our time, of decorating stove-grates with evergreens and flowers when they are not used for fires.

Coals are supposed to have been in general use in the north of England in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Wood billets, however, long remained

the principal fuel of the south ; and the contrivance for burning such fuel with economy was the first deviation in metal from the rude simplicity of the *rerédosse* towards the close fire-grate. This consisted of useful iron trestles, called hand-irons, or and-irons, formerly common in England, and yet occasionally to be met with in old mansions and farmhouses, under the appellation of *dogs*. Originally these articles were not only found in the houses of persons of good condition, but in the bedchamber of the king himself. Strutt, writing in 1775, says : "These and-irons are used at this day, and are called cob-irons : they stand on the hearth, where they burn wood, to lay it upon ; their fronts are usually carved, with a round nob at the top ; some of them are kept polished and bright ; anciently many of them were embellished with a variety of ornaments." In another place, giving an inventory of the bedchamber of Henry VIII., in the palace at Hampton Court, including and-irons, with fire-fork, tongs, and fire-pan, Strutt adds : "Of the and-irons, or as they are called by the moderns, cob-irons, myself have seen a pair which in former times belonged to some noble family. They were of copper highly gilt, with beautiful flowers, enamelled with various colours disposed with great art and elegance. At Hever Castle, in Kent, the family seat of the Boleyns, as well as the property of Anne of Cleves, and which Henry VIII., with matchless cupidity, claimed in right of a wife, from whom, previously to her being beheaded, he had been divorced,—" is a pair of elegant and-irons, bearing the royal initials H. A., and surmounted with a royal crown. And in an inventory of Henry's furniture in the Tower of London we find mentioned two round pairs of irons, upon which to make fire in, and for conveying fire from one apartment to another."

Shakespeare thus minutely describes a pair of and-irons belonging to a lady's chamber :—

" Two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing,
Depending on their brands nicely."
CYMBELINE.

A middle sort of irons, called creepers, was smaller, and usually placed within the dogs, to keep the ends of the wood and brands from the hearth, that the fire might burn more freely. A pair of these

irons are thus described in one of the early volumes of the "Gentleman's Magazine :" "There being in a large house a variety of rooms of various sizes, the sizes and forms of the and-irons may reasonably have been supposed to have been various too. In the kitchen, where large fires are made, and large pieces of wood are laid on, the and-irons, in consequence, are proportionately large and strong, and usually plain, or with very little ornament. In the great hall, where the tenants and neighbours made entertainment, and at Christmas cheerfully regaled with good plum-porridge, mince pies, and stout October, the and-irons were commonly larger and stronger, able to sustain the weight of the roaring Christmas fire ; but these were more ornamented, and like knights with their esquires, attended by a pair of younger brothers far superior to, and therefore not to be degraded by, the humble style of creepers ; indeed, they were often seen to carry their heads at least half as high as their proud elders. A pair of such I have in my hall : they are of cast-iron, at least two-and-a-half feet high, with round faces, and much ornamented at the bottom."

At Cotehole House, in Cornwall, may be seen a pair of richly-ornamented brass dogs, upwards of four feet high ; and a few years since we remember to have seen, in Windsor Castle, a pair of and-irons faced with richly wrought silver. Yet these articles are eclipsed by some costly items in a list of wedding presents in the reign of James I., wherein is described "an invention," namely, "fire-shovel, tongs, and irons, creepers, and all furniture of a chimney, of silver, and a cradle of silver to burn sea-coal." This expensiveness of material, in all probability, was not matched by the manufacture, a disproportion which reminds us of the *silver furniture* in some districts of South America, where the earth yields tons of that metal. Thus the proprietor of a productive silver mine in Peru is known to have ejected from his house all articles of glass or crockery ware, and replaced them by others made of silver. Here, likewise, might be seen pier-tables, picture-frames, mirrors, pots and pans, and even a watering-trough for mules—all of pure solid silver !

To return to the invention of grates : as the consumption of coal increased, the transition from and-irons to fire-grates, composed of connected bars, was obvious and easy. The and-irons formed the end

standards, which supported the grate itself, a sort of raised cradle. Besides these supports, the back-plate, cast from a model of carved work (often with the arms of the family) was added; and generally under the lowest bar was a filigree ornament of bright metal, which, under the designation of a fret, still retains its place in modern stoves. Moveable fireplaces of the above description may be met with about two hundred years old; for at this period, as the quotation of the time of James I. proves, implements for the fireplace were in use. A magnificent fireplace of this description has been manufactured for St. George's Hall, in Windsor Castle, so as to harmonize with the architectural character of that noble apartment.

Convenience soon suggested the fixing of fireplaces, which led to their being made with side-piers, or hobs, so as to fill the whole space within the chimney-jambs; till the snug cosy chimney-corner is only to be met with in farmhouses, where *dogs* are used to this day.

It would be tedious to follow the improvements in fireplaces from the first introduction of stoves, about the year 1780, to the present time: from straight unornamental bars and sides, to elegant curves, pedestal hobs, and fronts embellished with designs of great classic beauty. Indeed, in no branch of manufacture are the advantages of our enlarged acquaintance with the fine arts more evident than in the taste of ornaments displayed in the stove-grates of the present day. The tasteful display at the

Great Exhibition of 1851 will doubtless be remembered by the reader. "Grates," says the Supplementary Report of the Juries on Design, "rank among the principal works in hardware to which ornamental design is applied, at least on the English side; and there by far the best specimens, both as to design and workmanship are to be found; this was to be expected from the general necessity for warmth in our cold and variable climate; an Englishman's love for his fireside having passed into a proverb."

By fire-irons are understood, a shovel, poker, and pair of tongs. These implements were not all found on the ancient hearth; nor were they necessary when wood alone was burnt. In the time of Henry VIII. the only accompaniment of the and-irons was the fire-fork with two prongs, a specimen of which is preserved in Windsor Castle; still, in the apartments for the higher classes, the irons for trimming the fire were more complete. The use of coal and of close fireplaces led to the adoption of the poker; and about the same period were introduced fenders, the first of which were bent pieces of sheet iron placed before the fire, to prevent the brands or cinders from rolling off the hearthstone upon the wooden floors; but fenders have been improved with stoves, till the display of our fireplace is the chief ornamental feature of our rooms.

With these changes, however, the chimney-corner has disappeared, and is but remembered in poetry, or the pages of romance.

FEARFUL ASCENT ON A LADDER.

BY A NERVOUS MAN.

"Sic itur ad astra."

ONE fine May morning, many years ago, when a young fellow of nineteen, I was rambling down H—— street, near Russell-square, in company with my friends, Tom Hewitson and Frank Palgrave. At the period in question I was (supposed to be) reading for Oxford; while Hewitson was "walking the hospitals," and Palgrave "expecting his commission." We were all manly, generous young fellows, terribly indolent in our preparations for our respective professions, but amazingly busy in the manipulation of boxing-gloves, and the exploration of theatres and cider cellars. I may say without vanity that I was the strongest-built youth, and the most formidable opponent on level ground of the three, and having severely punished a noted bully the night before, I began to feel that I was really destined for great things in the fistic line.

As we sauntered pleasantly along, rapt in conversation on the mysteries of gymnastics, we approached a ladder which was fixed to a four-story house.

"How little we think of the heroism of hodmen!" exclaimed Palgrave. "I would rather face a dragoon armed to the teeth, than walk to the top of that ladder."

"Pooh!" said I, "you must be joking. I see the feat performed every day by fellows whom you or I could pound into mummy; and, what is more, they carry on their business as leisurely forty or fifty feet high as if they were paving the roads."

"Yet I will lay an even bet of five pounds that *you* won't do it," retorted Palgrave, coolly.

"Done!" I replied. Oh, most fatal, most frantic of monosyllables! not even excepting "yes." In what numberless instances would "undone" be the more befitting exclamation!

As the house was untenanted, and the labourers absent, there seemed no impediment in the way. It is true neither five pounds, nor a moiety thereof, could have been extracted out of the heroic little party; but Palgrave, who resembled—

"The Lord Augustus Fitz Plantagenet,
Good at all things, but better at a bet,"

immediately produced a pocket-book, and duly recorded therein the solemn league and covenant by which I undertook to imperil my neck for the sake of filthy lucre.

"Hold!" cried Hewitson, who began to feel that a very serious responsibility might devolve upon him in his capacity of umpire. "Were you ever up a ladder before?"

"Hum!—ah!—yes—but not high ones. I should say I have been up fourteen or fifteen feet at least."

"There is a very serious difference, let me tell you, between fifteen feet and forty-five," continued Hewitson, looking anxiously up to the roof. "It was only last week we had a terrible accident at Guy's resulting from vertigo; and let me tell you—now that I look closely into the expression of your eyes—I would strongly recommend you to stick to *terra firma*."

"I will cheerfully cancel the agreement if you like," said the generous Palgrave.

"Nonsense, man; I am afraid you're funkings, Frank. Five pounds is a good deal of money to lose in five minutes; but *I'll* punish you for daring to question my courage. Good-bye, old fellow!"

"Best respects to the *Georgium Sidus*!" said Palgrave, evidently annoyed at my attributing his reconsideration of the bet to any but the most disinterested motives; while Hewitson, turning very pale, merely remarked, as if in a soliloquy—

"God bless us all! but I wish those foolish boys had amused themselves some other way."

I was now fairly launched on my perilous journey, and tripped up the first few steps in the highest spirits imaginable. I was certainly the luckiest dog in Christendom. Five pounds—a hundred shillings—for merely walking to the top of a house and back again! That is to say, one shilling sterling for every step I made both in my upward and downward career! What should I do with money so easily earned? Should I carry out a long-cherished intention of *saving*, and make this lucky hit the nucleus of a fortune? I was fond of reading—would not five pounds procure some excellent additions

to my library? Or should I "make a night of it" with a few jovial friends?—or turn philanthropist, and think of the poor? Another step, another shilling—another step, and yet another.

I had arrived about twenty feet on my ethereal road, when I first became conscious of a strange feeling. It was not so much terror, as a vague presentiment thereof—a nervous anxiety—an uneasy foreboding that I had utterly miscalculated my powers, and that, however heroic as a pugilist, I was eminently timid as a climber. I tried to laugh at my own apprehensions? Could such contradictions exist in one person? Alas, yes! A few days before I had read, in Moore's "Life of Byron," that the noble poet, though brave as a lion in a fight or an ocean storm, could not travel in a jolting carriage without fear and trembling. Another step—another—another—ha! those words of Hewitson's, "It was only last week we had a terrible accident at Guy's, resulting from vertigo," now rang in my ear with a terrible meaning. They seemed to me like the trumpet-note of my own doom. What guarantee had *I* against this same vertigo? Another step! The cold perspiration broke out on my forehead, my knees trembled, and my teeth chattered. Could these be indications of the approach of the dreaded giddiness? Another step—I took it mechanically. Oh, heavens, what a fearful height I was now! How the world seemed to yawn beneath me! If I were not the veriest of fools I would have commenced my retreat at once; but no, my presumption was not yet sufficiently punished. It is true that, for all this world can offer of pleasure or fortune I did not care one farthing at that moment. Put me but safely on my mother earth, and I would cheerfully surrender the wealth of Rothschild, and consent to have all London hissing "Coward!" in my ear. The winning of the miserable bet, therefore, had lost all attraction for me; but it was part of my fatuity that I should really consider it safer to proceed than to return. The latter course seemed to entail inevitable destruction; by persisting in the former I might succeed either in getting on the top of the house, or in entering through the highest window, which I had previously noticed to be open. Another step, slowly, carefully taken, and holding on to my frail support with desperate tenacity. And now I feared that my

brain was beginning to reel. All that I had ever heard or read of horrible falls from houses or precipices, or the masts of ships, rushed upon my mind with appalling accuracy. Dismal voices sounded in my ear, and counselled me to despair. I had indeed no hope of safety—no hope of escaping the most awful of deaths; and the retrospect of my past life conjured up before me countless scenes of selfish dissipation, countless instances of neglect of religion, amidst which I was to be suddenly called into eternity through a frantic and suicidal bet! Another step; and now my agony of terror was almost insupportable; my whole frame trembled convulsively; I could hear the very palpitations of my heart. I had arrived on a level with the window of which I spoke; but it was two feet distant from me, and the attempt to pass even that insignificant space must be certain death. Nay, it pained and bewildered me inexpressibly even to *think* of making the attempt. Death—certain death—there was nothing else before me; but oh, what a form for it to assume!

"Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger—
Take any shape but *that*, and my firm nerves
Will never tremble!"

With terrible precision these lines occurred to my memory, even in that moment of inexpressible terror. With equal clearness do I remember mocking demons whispering to me, that immediate suicide was my best resource; and when I refused to obey them, they suggested that the ladder was reeling, and that strong drunken men were madly pushing at it from below. That was perhaps the bitterest moment of the day; but still, though my brain was in a whirl, and my knees felt weak as those of an infant, and the big drops gathered profusely over my brow, I held on to my frail support with the desperate tenacity of the mariner tossed in a raging ocean, and seizing on the rope that has been flung him by some friendly hand out of a ship.

Was there anything needed to heighten my misery? The day had hitherto been breathlessly calm; now, with the suddenness of our variable climate, it began to blow strongly. Marvellous to relate, this very circumstance gave me immediate relief, and was, I think, the principal agent in saving my life. As I had this fresh *real* danger to encounter, I shook off the terrors of many that were merely imaginary. The descent to earth must be

accomplished; so, setting my teeth firmly, and fixing my eyes with a dull, rigid, desperate stare on the brick wall before me, I retrograded one step with knocking knees, and then, with equal care, another. Oh, how I longed to estimate my distance from earth! I cast one glance downward with this design, and was nearly lost by doing so, such a sickness and shuddering came over me. Recovering from this, I put up a short prayer that I, who had been spared through so much, might ultimately escape altogether, and nerving myself for a great effort, gazed intensely on the bricks, and took another step backwards, and another, and yet a third. Good! Though still considerably more than thirty feet high, the worst crisis of my danger was past. By practice, the retrograde movement became easy. I found it easy to withdraw my mind from vague imaginary horrors, and to fix my whole care on self-preservation. Another step—another—another. Oh, glorious! I could look down now with something like composure and smiled. Another, and another—sweetest music that ever fell upon my ear, I could at last distinctly hear the voices of my two friends, around whom a crowd had gathered.

"Bravo! By Jove! you'll do it all right yet! Hold firmly, and keep steady, my boy!"

I was only twenty feet high, and I accomplished the remainder of my journey with ease. Hewitson and Palgrave, who had been nearly as much frightened as myself, were shocked at my ghastly pale-

ness. They said I resembled a risen corpse. My hair, too, was turned grey. The good-natured fellows had a cab and a flask of brandy in attendance. I was put into the cab, and the brandy was put into me. But I was pronounced in a dangerous fever that night, and it was three months before I was able to walk as stoutly as when I commenced that aerial adventure.

"And what about the bet?" inquires the sporting reader. I insisted on paying it after my recovery, as the condition was, that I should touch the roof of the house, which I had failed to do; and Palgrave insisted on not receiving it. He said he would as soon accept the price of blood. He had very nearly been my murderer; and he was confident that if I had brought an action of assault and battery against him, he would have to pay at least a thousand pounds damages and costs. So profound was Palgrave's knowledge of British law!

What can you do with a man who *won't* take money from you? There was nothing for it but to acquiesce. I trust we have both been sadder and wiser men from our recollections of that terrible day; and I write this account of my memorable adventure, in the hope that all rash youths who undervalue "the heroism of hodmen" may be reminded that even such a simple feat as walking up a ladder forty-five feet high requires some of the time, care, and experience we devote to acquiring less perilous and better paid accomplishments.

L. N. B.

TEMPLE TALES.

BY A BACHELOR IN CHAMBERS.

No. 3.—THE FATAL DAY.

IN Aubrey's very curious collection of days and dates,* distinguished for the births, deaths, and moving accidents and incidents connected with the lives of great men, some of the coincidences he mentions are so truly wonderful that we need not be surprised at the prevalence of the belief in spiritualism that there is in the present day. For men are prone to think that there is more than accident in the leading circumstances of their lives—that there is a destiny, in fact, which brings about particular events at certain times and tides; and that we are often warned by some unknown influence or influences before such events come to pass—all of which engenders a popular, though not general, belief in spiritualism.

Reason is ever ready to deny to the stars and planets that power over our destinies which, according to the ancients, they formerly possessed, and to ascribe such coincidences to blind chance. Reason is powerful, and the old philosophy weak, so no wonder that this belief in the destiny of the planets is not generally prevalent, although acquiesced in by some, as the daily papers and the organ of the spiritualists bear witness; for what the stars can have to do with Mr. B., or Mr. C., or Mr. D., to arrange any three members of the community according to an algebraical or geometrical problem, I know not, and could not be expected to determine, however much I might be inclined; and yet there are anecdotes related and circumstances detailed long after Aubrey was beyond the danger of unlucky days and portents of things to come, which tend to impress one with at least a lurking dread of fatality and a mild belief in destiny. *Dici!* I have spoken.

The following story, the events of which took place some three years back, is as singular as it is true. I knew nearly all the persons mentioned in it, and with the principal actor, poor fellow, I was well acquainted. Some of you may think that its improbability verges on impossibility, but for all that some impossi-

bilities turn out possibilities, as many of our noblest inventions can vouch for; and it is with one of these apparent improbabilities that I am about to deal; in it, my present narrative lies. Everyday occurrences are for the matter-of-fact, improbabilities for the dreamer. I am a dreamer.

A talented artist, who has now departed this world, has been declared to lack the proper feeling he ought to have possessed for nature, because he painted in vivid colours the gorgeous sunset, the blushing morn; his critics thinking his works overdrawn—over-wrought—since he possessed a vivid imagination, and loved to depict nature in her greatest glory, when light rivals shade, and dark shadows vie in effect with clouds of light. No doubt his critics judged rightly according to their meaner method of judging every artistic effect by certain matter-of-fact rules. So it is with my story. The matter-of-fact may decry it—Bob may laugh it to scorn, and Charley Marterel despise it—but still it is none the less true!

Some few years since a young Irishman of the name of O'Brien, one of the descendants of Brian Boru, the ancient king of the Emerald Isle—as he told me, for I knew him well, and very kind he was to me when I was in Dublin, studying at the “college” for the medical profession—accompanied his family to spend a few weeks at Scarborough, a watering-place which at that time was a powerful rival of Brighton, our modern sea-side arcadia.

After O'Brien had sojourned in the pride of Yorkshire for about a week, one day while he was chatting with some fellows he knew in the smoking-room of the principal hotel, he saw from the windows of the room, which looked on the front entrance, a large travelling carriage drive up to the hotel; the door of the vehicle was rapidly opened by the fat landlord in person, and out got an old gentleman and a young girl, while a man servant descended from the coupé, and took charge of an uncommon amount of luggage and travelling paraphernalia.

“Who are they, O'Brien?” inquired a friend who at the moment entered the smoking-room, and who had heard the

* “Aubrey's Miscellanies.”

vehicle drive up to the door and the usual commotion of the servants on the arrival of a fresh visitor.

"I am sure I don't know," responded O'Brien.

"And don't you know, Stansfield?" continued the questioner.

"No, I don't," answered Stansfield.

"Nor you, Paddy?"

"No," said an Irish half-pay lieutenant, to whom the question was addressed, "be Jabers I don't."

"Well, who the deuce can they be?" soliloquised the unhappy victim to curiosity, vexed that no one could satisfactorily answer his question.

"I saw them get out of the carriage, Markham," said O'Brien, taking pity on the unfortunate's anxiety; "and can only aver that the senior of the party is not a clergyman, as he wore a blue coat, and that the daughter has the most bewitching blue eyes I ever saw a girl have in my life."

"Bravo, O'Brien!" ejaculated the Irish lieutenant. "It's yourself that knows a B from a bull's putt when ye meets it. Sure you have got a purty eye for a girl when ye sees one; perhaps ye'll make a hit as you are so mighty handsome. I wonder if the old chap has got much of the needful to back his daughter's claims?"

"Not impossible, Pat," rejoined O'Brien, "if I may judge by a gay equipage and the spacious purse which I saw in the old gentleman's hand as he was feeing the postillions, who appeared well satisfied with what they received."

Our half-pay friend, thereupon, gave O'Brien a knowing wink with that slyness which an Irishman only possesses, and exclaiming, "Faix, he's a sharp un!" sauntered out of the room.

O'Brien was one of the most peculiarly tempered men I ever came across. With great talent and occasional high spirits was mingled a sort of mystic sadness which usually possessed him; a species of shade was often observed on his brow by those who frequently met him; and although this did not deter one from liking him, yet there was a latent feeling of pity for him in all who knew him well. He was good-looking—very good-looking, and had an extremely clever head, showing not so much massive intellect, as keen intellectuality.

Now that he was relieved from the badinage of that rattle-brain fellow-countryman of his who had recently been ad-

dressing him, O'Brien gave his thoughts to the lovely eyes he had just beheld, and he felt an interest which he could not account for in their fair possessor. Although three-and-twenty in years, he had never been in love before, and his was apparently love at first sight, which, perhaps, some of you believe in, although I may say that I do not.

He had not been musing long before he was called by a waiter to go out for a walk with his sister and two other young ladies for an excursion to Cornelian Bay, which they had planned for some time, and which he had promised to undertake on that afternoon.

I am repeating his whole story as he told it me, and, as nearly as I can remember, in his own identical words.

As he descended the stairs along with the ladies, he saw the head-waiter walking after the old gentleman who had just become a visitor to Scarborough, with the arrival book in his hands. A conference ensued between the old gentleman and the menial, and he perceived the former apparently to sign his name in the book.

"Now for it," thought O'Brien. "I will at least find out who they are."

To make a paltry excuse of forgetting his cane, and to run after the waiter to see the mystic volume, was the work of a moment. "Mr. Palmer and daughter," was the entry, and the lover was satisfied with that first step towards an introduction—he had at least discovered the name of his charmer.

Of course he could not enjoy the walking party very much after this, although he made several attempts to be as brilliant as he sometimes could be. His body certainly accompanied the party to the bay, but his heart was at the hotel, and he seized the first opportunity he had of private conversation to whisper to his sister Mary to get introduced to Miss Palmer as soon as she possibly could. Mary smiled, as she at once perceived how the land lay; and Frank O'Brien smiled also, when his sister promised to ingratiate herself with the object of his adventure. Both understood each other at once. The excursion was got through somehow or other, and many of the party got fine specimens of the cornelian, which has given its name to that pretty bay at Scarborough. O'Brien, however, did not join in the general pursuit, and was glad when the time came for them all to return hotelwards.

The Palmers he found that evening followed the general custom, and dined at the usual seven o'clock *table d'hôte* dinner at the hotel, consequently Frank O'Brien's eyes were much better occupied than his knife and fork during the repast, as he kept those pensive orbs of his fixed on Miss Palmer, the charming fair one, nearly all the time the meal lasted, which that young lady did not much observe, apparently, as she kept her's fixed on her plate, or on her father, who sat next to her.

The ladies soon retired, and Frank did not linger long with the gentlemen after they left, but soon followed them to the drawing-room, resisting the invitation of the half-pay lieutenant to join him in another bottle of port, much to that lively gentleman's annoyance. When Frank entered the retreat of the ladies, he was much pleased to observe his sister in earnest conversation with Miss Palmer, and he lost no time in walking up to the pair and getting legitimately introduced; for however pensive was my friend O'Brien at that time, none could accuse him of any *mauvaise honte* on the score of bashfulness.

In her mind and mental acquirements he found her fully as charming as in person, for her conversation had an intellectual charm which had a peculiar attraction to him, who possessed also an intellect and *esprit de parler* of no mean order. He was consequently delighted, and in a word or two regularly over head and ears in love—love, too, as I said before, at first sight, as it is called.

But I need not trace all the steps that led to a close acquaintanceship. Suffice it to say that O'Brien found his attentions generously received, and, thus encouraged, he redoubled them. In a week the lovers—for such they were—were better known to each other than many colder spirits would be in a month—aye, in a lifetime. There was no doubt about the mutual attachment, although the first step of a declaration had not yet been reached.

Our half-pay Irish lieutenant O'Connor made a slight show of rivalry at first, but a new arrival of known wealth effected what a freezing reception from Miss Palmer could not do, and turned his attentions in another quarter. O'Brien was therefore that young lady's constant cavalier in her morning walks, and in the long summer evenings, his sister's presence gave him opportunities which he

could not have had without the aid of a third person.

Time passed, as it always does, so spent, too quickly; and three weeks, although they had done as much in impression as three ordinary years, seemed in the retrospect but as so many hours. It is true no retrospect was made by O'Brien during the enjoyment of the time vouchsafed to him, for he was a philosopher in his way, and a philosopher of the ordinary run of Cupid's adherents—he repressed any analysis of his feelings until their sweet tumult had subsided.

One morning—he knew not why nor wherefore—he got up at seven o'clock, full two hours before his ordinary hour, and looking out of the window he saw a carriage standing at the door of the hotel, and it shortly drove off at a rapid rate without his being able to see who entered it. He continued his toilette, and shortly descended the stairs, soon reaching the front door, which commanded a view of the long carriage-drive leading off to the railway station. In the distance he perceived the vehicle that had just left, and as it turned the corner he thought he could perceive the face and bonnet of Miss Palmer; for though Cupid they say is blind, still lovers' eyes are keen.

He could not be quite certain about the face, but the livery and appointments were without doubt those of her father. It could not be them, however, he thought to himself, going away without saying good-bye to a soul. "Nonsense! it could not be!" was the resolve he half uttered to himself, in order to still the doubt that was raging in his breast. "At least," he thought, "I will ask the waiter, just to be certain," and he turned for that purpose to re-enter the hall. He saw his sister coming towards him. He ran up to her, and she addressed him first:—

"Oh, Frank!" she ejaculated, "were you able to see her?"

"It was Miss Palmer, then?" was O'Brien's sad reply, uttered against his wish.

"Yes, it was," said his sister, sorrowfully.

"And they are gone!" ejaculated O'Brien—"and she, too, without even a parting word."

"Yes," repeated his sister. "An express arrived at six o'clock this morning. Her grandfather is dying, and they will perhaps be but in time to see him alive. Laura came to my room soon after the message came, and told me of her im-

mediate departure, and told me to wish you good-bye. She cried very much, poor girl; but I think her tears were more on account of leaving Scarborough than for her grandfather, whom she has never seen since a child, and could not remember with much affection."

"D—— the old fellow," exclaimed Frank, savagely. "Why couldn't he choose some other time for dying? and why could you not run across to my room, and rouse me up before they left?"

"The very thing I did," replied Mary. "I dressed myself as quickly as possible, and ran across to your door, as I thought, and tapped gently, calling 'Frank!' at the same time, in a low voice, not to arouse any other sleepers but yourself. To my surprise a voice, which I believe to be Lieutenant O'Connor's, cried out in reply, 'Who the devil's there? Why the devil can't you let me sleep? What the devil brings you here, eh, at this unchristian hour?' and so I could only run back again to my own room, hearing his Satanic majesty still invoked in similar expostulations, the voice gradually dying away in the distance."

"You are a good girl, Mary," said O'Brien, "and I am the most unfortunate of mortals. I only changed bedrooms with O'Connor yesterday, and only abandoned my old dormitory last night! Be that as it may, how shall I shake off this fatality which attends me—shall I follow Miss Palmer up to London?"

"No," replied Mary, "I do not think that would be your best proceeding—at least, not at present. Besides, she asked me to correspond with her, and gave me her address; so you will not lose sight of her and her message."

"Her message! What was that? I had forgotten; I was so lost in grief at her sudden departure!"

"It was," said Mary, "that you would not forget to let her have the rest of that poem you commenced writing for her."

"I will take it myself," answered O'Brien, "and that will show that I have not forgotten her nor her lightest wish."

And here the conversation terminated, for he set out for a solitary ramble by the sea to think of his bad luck, and to revolve projects for the future—projects that were now dimmed by the absence of the light that would otherwise have illuminated them. It was a rough day

when he got down to the cliff, and the sea was howling and dashing up against the shore, while the wind was moaning and thundering as it carried the wave-crests up nearly to the top of the cliff.

O'Brien paced backwards and forwards along the esplanade, and hours passed by unheeded by him, so that when he again reached the hotel he found that he had passed the whole day away, and was too late for the dinner hour. His sister met him on his entrance, as she was disturbed at his prolonged absence. She noticed his pale, haggard face, and begged him to have some refreshment; but he refused, and saying that all he wanted was rest, went off to bed. He reached his room, and sat down in a chair in the greatest exhaustion; being of a very nervous temperament, the shock he had received in the morning, and the strain on his nerves ever since, had totally un-hinged him. He tried to smoke, he told me afterwards, but could not do it; he was too exhausted even to inhale the cigar he attempted, and so he leaned back again in his arm-chair, and abandoned himself once more to his painful thoughts—and thus the time passed by.

At last the bustle of the different dwellers in the hotel going to bed roused him from his reverie, and by a violent mental effort, he determined to think no more, but to proceed to action. He had got the address of the Palmers from his sister, and he determined to write to Laura avowing his love, and to Mr. Palmer *père*, making a proposal of marriage. He drew his writing-table towards him, opened his desk, and quickly despatched the letter to the father, and commenced the other to the object of his affections. At this moment he heard a distant church clock striking twelve, and ere the last stroke had died away, as he gazed on the sheet of note-paper before him, on which he had but just written the address, *he perceived the shadow of a hand*. He looked up in sudden surprise. No one was near him, and the lamp he used being in front, the shadow could not have been cast by his own hand.

He was surprised; but reason coming to his aid, he declared to himself that it was nonsense; his nerves were unstrung, and it was only a deception of his overwrought fancy.

He bent down again to continue his note, and as he did so, the shadow of the hand appeared again on the paper, and the index finger of the hand traced in

apparent letters of fire the following legend:—

“*You will only see her once again,
And that moment will be your last.*”

He started up again with a shriek, and looked behind him; and there he told me he saw one of the most fearful apparitions it could be possible for the mind to conceive. It was too horrible to describe, as he told me afterwards with a nervous shudder. He rose up, and the figure vanished, and with a loud cry, which seemed to come from the depths of his soul, O’Brien fell back fainting.

The sudden cry and the heavy fall aroused the house, and all rushed to his door to see what was the matter. O’Connor got first, and found him lying insensible on the floor, and raised him up. His sister and mother, too, also made their appearance, and all at first thought him dead. They threw water on his face, loosened his cravat and collar, and after the lapse of nearly a quarter of an hour, they detected a faint pulsation of the heart. They persevered in their efforts, and he at length opened his eyes, and sighed heavily; when all the others retired from the room, in obedience to the motioning of his arm, and left him alone with his sister Mary, to whom he detailed the horrible apparition he had witnessed. She appeared incredulous at first, but seeing that that vexed him, she appeared to acquiesce in the truth of his statement, and in obedience to a wish from him, locked up his letters and papers in his desk.

After a while he was quite restored, and, dismissing Mary, retired to bed, and by the aid of an opiate managed to go off to sleep, in which he continued until his usual hour for rising in the morning.

When he got up he felt quite recovered from his attack of the night before; but the effects remained in a brooding melancholy, to which he gave himself up from that day.

He did not send the letters, as he had determined, for reflection told him that his income was such that Mr. Palmer, who was wealthy, would never accept him for a son-in-law; and pride, which seemed the only thing left in him save melancholy, forbade him to essay a hopeless risk. His sister wrote after some time to the address Miss Palmer had given her, but her letter was returned, as the family, it was said, had left and gone

abroad, and thus O’Brien could only give way to despair. He evidently believed in the truth of the warning he had received, and all his thoughts now consisted of grief, anxiety, trembling hopes, and desponding fears.

Three years passed over O’Brien’s head without his once encountering, or hearing of, even, the object of his long day-dream; and these years brought with them many changes, although his passion had undergone none—it had rather increased than otherwise.

During the last months of the third year his father died, leaving O’Brien very comfortably off, with a fair enough income. It had always been a stumbling block with the old gentleman that his son would not enter the church, to which he had a great objection, much increased since the fatal night at Scarborough. O’Brien’s scruples were perfectly conscientious, but none the less unpalatable to his father on that account. The latter thought that the promise of a good living ought to make anyone orthodox, and fit for the cure of souls—but Frank thought that to be a clergyman one must have a special vocation for the ministry.

To gain time, however, he told his father that he would give himself up to study, and, while doing this, Frank read up for the bar (although he had not yet entered at any of the Inns), as he thought he had peculiar aptitude for forensic success. Be that as it may, he had but just overcome Blackstone, and was really bent on a ferocious onslaught on Coke upon Littleton, when his father died suddenly, and solved the *vexata quæstio* by leaving my friend well off, and at liberty to pursue his own choice.

His first thought after the funeral of his father was of Laura Palmer. Now he was at liberty to pursue his plans, and brave the injunction of the phantom. His sister was at this time married and abroad, so he had not her to consult with, and could not have the benefit of her open mind and clear understanding; at all events, however, he determined to find out where the Palmers were, and, as soon as decency would permit him on account of the recent loss of his father, to call and make his proposal in due form.

It was at this time that I met him again in London, having lost sight of him ever since he went to Scarborough three years previously. I met him suddenly in Fleet-street one day, and we dined together; after that we had a long

talk. I told him all I had done since I had last seen him, and he, after swearing me to secrecy beforehand, gave me a full, although necessarily brief, description of all that had occurred to him from his first day at Scarborough up to the day we met, including the account of the apparition which he had witnessed. This I did not believe in at first, but his manner was so calm and composed, his veracity so unquestionable, that I could not affect to be incredulous after his firm persistence in his story.

"Now," said he, when he had concluded, "we will see whether the legend will turn out true. I have determined to see Miss Palmer as soon as I can hear where she is—see her I will, and I will see whether that moment will be my last or not"—after saying which he turned suddenly pale, and a nervous shudder seemed to run through his frame. I asked him what was the matter, but he said it was only a stitch in his side, and passed it off.

I called at his lodgings the next day, when he showed me a likeness of Miss Palmer, the letter on which the spirit hand had traced the legend he told me of, and there it was in jet black characters, as if burnt into the paper, and also the entry in his pocket-book, which he had made the morning after he had received the nocturnal visitation. It was dated "28th of September, 185—Scarborough."

He begged me to help him in his inquiries after the Palmers, and I readily agreed to assist him; and through the aid of a private detective whom I knew very well, I managed at last to gain some tidings of the people we were in search of.

We heard that they had but shortly returned from the continent, and had just left London for, strange to say, Scarborough, where they were now staying.

On the 27th of September, about a month after we received this information, as we heard they were still at the watering-place in question, and as the narrowly-watched mourning time for O'Brien's father had just expired, he determined to start off once more to the scene of his former happiness, rejoicing in the future he believed before him. I accompanied him on his journey, at his especial request.

On the 27th of September, therefore, we took the earliest train down to Scarborough, and arrived there that evening.

O'Brien at once directed the cab we took at the terminus to drive to his former hotel, and, on our arrival there, instantly interrogated the landlord as to the whereabouts of the Palmers—whether they were in the hotel or not. He learned, however, that they had been there, but were now in lodgings, and as it was too late to call that night, deferred the wished-for meeting until the next morning, which would be the anniversary of his last miserable night at Scarborough three years before.

As soon as he reached the place in which he had formerly been so happy, he became as restless as possible, and continually propounded to me the question how he could possibly get through the time which there was left before bed-time. We were too late for the *table d'hôte*, so dined in a private room, after which we walked up to the drawing-room, where we found many people assembled, all of whom, however, were strangers. When we had nearly made the tour of the room, fortunately O'Brien discovered an old friend whom he had not seen for many years, and he gladly introduced us both to his party, who joined in the conversation, and we both heard a gentleman's name mentioned as the leader of the fashion at the watering-place—a gentleman of fortune, by the name of Mr. Weston. A further piece of information, too, we heard, which did not tend to improve O'Brien's spirits, and that was that this gentleman was a formidable rival of his in the good graces of Miss Palmer—at least, so much we could gather from the conversation.

The evening passed, and O'Brien retreated to his chamber, but not to sleep. All the news he had heard perplexed him greatly, and thoughts of the past, the happy past, came rushing through his brain. He ran through all the reasons that had deterred him from immediate action in former days; they appeared prudent, but prudence now seemed to have been a crime, at least one to himself.

His thoughts brought saddening influences with them, and he threw himself on his bed, haunted by feelings he had only known once before. At last he fell into a broken sleep, and soon began to dream.

He thought he saw Laura Palmer advancing to the altar with his rival; that she looked mournfully at him, and entreated him to save her; and that the moment her eyes caught his, her bride-

groom threw a knife at him which pierced him to the heart; and at this moment he awoke, and found that it was past six o'clock, and that the sun was streaming through his window, which he had left open on the night before.

He got up and dressed himself, for it was impossible to sleep any longer, and sallied out of the hotel, determining to take a stroll along the shore. He bent his steps towards the North Sands, thinking that walk more suited to his frame of mind from its solitary situation. After striding backwards and forwards for some time, with only sad thoughts for companions, he found it was getting on towards midday, and directed his steps back to the hotel; first, however, he thought he would enjoy the prospect from Castle Hill, and here I found him, for I was a much later riser than O'Brien, for my long journey had tired me out. I had, however, come out for a stroll, too, and we enjoyed the view together.

Suddenly, as we were gazing on the lovely beauty of the scenery around us, we were both aroused by a peal of bells from the church behind us, and turning round, we saw a crowd assembled at the door of the sacred edifice, before which was a carriage with four horses, and one or two other vehicles. Undoubtedly it was a wedding.

The conversation of the previous evening and the peculiar dream he had had flashed across his mind, and he told me of the latter. "She's lost to me for ever!" he cried; "but perhaps I may yet be in time to save her, as she implored me."

Saying this, he darted off towards the church at lightning speed, and I after him as quickly as I could. I reached the church as soon as he did, and saw a wedding procession coming out—a bride and bridegroom leading the van. The former was as lovely as the morning, while the latter was a middle-aged man, of vulgar appearance, like that of a purse-proud millionaire.

"'Tis she! 'tis she!" O'Brien cried out like a maniac; and the bride turned round startled and gazed at him.

"Oh, Frank!" she exclaimed; "too late! too late!" and fell fainting in the arms of her husband. While O'Brien gave out a plaintive cry, which rang in my ears for months afterwards, and fell on his face on the ground, the blood gushing out of his mouth in streams.

When we picked him up, he was stone

dead! He had broken a blood-vessel in the heart or lungs.

In the meantime the wedding party had driven off, and all was confusion. I had the body of my poor friend carried on a shutter to the hotel, and had all the doctors in the place to examine him. Life was quite extinct. It was no use trying to do anything to him. Poor fellow! he was dead, dead as dead can be, a victim to hopeless love and a broken heart. So much for day-fatality!"

"Poor fellow!" ejaculated Marterel and Bob Burke, in chorus. "And what became of his false lady-love, Mrs. Weston?"

"She was not false," said Strong, with brave determination. "It was her old money-loving father who sacrificed her to that brute Weston. He had been dangling after her all the time they were on the Continent, ever since they left Scarborough—three years before, in fact. And from her father continually threatening her, and thinking Frank O'Brien had ceased to care for her, as he had never written or seen her since their first meeting, she was induced at length to give in to the wishes of her father. She had only consented to marry Weston the day before we arrived at Scarborough, and the match was hurried on both by her father and expectant bridegroom, in order that she should not have time to change her mind.

"Poor thing! her fate was nearly as sad as O'Brien's—in fact, worse, I think; for he was put out of his misery at one blow, while she had to endure hers in a lifetime—a whole life-long agony of heart! She hadn't been married to Weston a year when her father died, and she got a divorce from her beast of a husband for cruelty, and other pleas much worse in fact. And now, I believe, she has turned a Sister of Mercy, or something of that sort, in order to repent of the crime she thinks she was guilty of, as she heartily believes that she murdered poor O'Brien, and not his fate, as I believe, for I am a fatalist, as I told you before."

"Avast there!" shouted out Marterel, our host, when our spiritualistic friend had thus concluded his tale of presentiment. "Avast there! Let us have no more of the miserables to-night. Take another glass of grog, Bob; I am sure you want it to cheer up your spirits after that melancholy recital. And you, Dandy," he continued, addressing Lee, "change the uneven tenor of our way

by giving us something *piquante* after Strong's essay on *Fatality*."

"I am your man, Charley," answered Dandy Lee. "As I am next on the list, I suppose I must e'en proceed. What story would you have, eh?"

"Oh, hang it! anything lively," said Charley.

"And you, Burke?" continued Dandy, bent on getting our various opinions, in order to gain time before proceeding with his narrative.

"Something smart and lively, old chap, to take away the recollection of Strong's lackadaisical story."

"And you, Higgins?"

"Something romantic, I vote for."

"And what does Frank Fane say?" said Dandy, turning to me.

"Oh, I agree with Higgins. By all means let us have something romantic; but if you added a spice of smartness, piquancy, or liveliness to your romance, it would not be for the worse."

"Gentlemen all," then decided the proposed story-narrator, "I intend to follow up Frank Fane's suggestion. I will give you a tale which I shall entitle 'The Footprint on the Sands;' a romantic story of the nineteenth century."

Dandy's story is reserved for our next number.

SUMMER IN THE HEART.

THE cold blast at the casement beats,
The window panes are white,
The snow whirls through the empty streets—
It is a dreary night!
Sit down, old friend! the wine-cups wait;
Fill to o'erflowing! fill!
Though winter howleth at the gate,
In our hearts 'tis summer still!

For we full many summer joys
And greenwood sports have shared,
When free and ever-roving boys,
The rocks, the streams we dared!
And as I look upon thy face,
Back, back o'er years of ill,
My heart flies to that happy place,
Where it is summer still!

Yes, though like sere leaves on the ground,
Our early hopes are strown,
And cherished flowers lie dead around,
And singing birds are flown—
The verdure is not faded quite,
Not mute all tones that thrill;
For, seeing, hearing thee to-night,
In my heart 'tis summer still!

Fill up! the olden time comes back!
With light and life once more
We scan the future's sunny track,
From youth's enchanted shore!
The lost return. Through fields of bloom
We wander at our will;
Gone is the winter's angry gloom—
In our hearts 'tis summer still!

E. S.

THE USAGES OF SOCIETY.

THERE are few tastes better worthy of being cultivated in a young man than those which prompt him to seek the society of ladies. And here, perhaps, we may be allowed to give a definition of a lady.

We do not mean to imply by this—a female, but we desire the word *lady* to be taken in its fullest and, at the same time, most refined sense. The higher the sphere in which the ladies move, the better is their society worth cultivating by all well-bred young men; not, as some might be led to suppose, on account of their knowledge of the pomps and vanities of the world, but on account of their sense of refinement. It is such an easy matter for a young man of good connexions to come up to London with the full intention of “walking in the way he should go,” but it is a by no means easy matter for him to carry out this intention.

The same inducements which have snared thousands of young men before him, and which will continue to entice thousands more, are open to him. It is apparently so much easier to choose the evil and eschew the good than to do the contrary. Our first parents fell solely through their desire to taste of the knowledge of good and evil. That knowledge is still the bugbear which leads us all away from the path of virtue. In this enlightened nineteenth century “knowledge” is too ugly a word to express our tendency to evil, so we call it “seeing life.”

When will parents learn that their sons are prone to the same dangers and temptations as they have themselves encountered, and that sending their sons up to London without introductions to respectable families is no more nor less than placing them in the centre of crime.

We do not for a moment mean to dispute that many good and right-minded young men have, from time to time, fought successfully against the evil allurements of the metropolis, but we do say that they form the exception and not the rule. And here we come back to our starting-point. How are these evils to be averted? The answer is simple: By introducing your sons into the society of ladies.

“What!” says the British mother, “let my son spend his time hanging

about the Park and Pall Mall, instead of attending to his business?” Far better, most discreet lady, that your son should spend his leisure in the innocent lounges of society, than in the foul atmosphere of gambling-houses and cider-cellars. We thoroughly despise the idle fop, who employs the greater part of the day in adorning his person, and the remainder in showing himself off to the circle of his acquaintance; but we do not despise, nay, we admire the man who, when his daily work is over, seeks enjoyment, not in the haunts of vice, but in the world of society. How many of our acquaintances are, unknown to themselves, the slaves of fashion?

The last improvement in crinoline, or the newest cut in coat-sleeves, is a matter which no one in the fashionable world treats with indifference. True, we laugh at our lady acquaintances for the size of their dresses, or the style of their bonnets, but we are a little piqued if we are teased about the shape of our hats or our shirt-collars. Dressmakers lead ladies by the apron strings, and tailors lead men by the button-hole, and we console ourselves with the reflection that it is all for the good of trade! The usages of society demand that we should do many things, and submit to a great deal, that common sense and rational reasoning repudiates.

The man who, on being introduced to a young lady in a ball-room, did not immediately offer her his arm when leading her off to a dance, would be regarded as little less than a bear, and would be stared at as much as if he were habited in a cocked hat and a pair of gaiters!

But if the same man had, even after a month’s acquaintance with the young lady, been seen walking arm-in-arm with her in the public streets, he would at once have been declared to be “engaged.” It is one of the usages of society that what is recognised as essential in a ball-room is considered as improper elsewhere. But some of the customs of the fashionable world are even more droll and incomprehensible than this.

We happened some days ago to be at a dinner party in London. During the meal we observed one lady who refused champagne when offered to her, and had the courage to ask for a glass of beer. We say courage, for no sooner had the

lady made this very moderate request, than the eyes of the whole assembled company were fixed upon her!

The portly butler appeared to be so dumb-founded at the lady's words, that it was not until they had been repeated that he appeared entirely to comprehend their meaning. And yet we happened to know for a fact that the ladies belonging to the family in which the butler lived, are invariably in the habit of drinking beer at dinner when they are not entertaining company. We doubt not that the lady in question had been ordered by her doctor to drink beer at dinner, but we have little hesitation in saying that she fell many degrees in the estimation of the assembled company, on account of her breach of etiquette.

Another peculiarity in good society is, that when there is company to dinner it is not usual for the ladies to eat cheese. Not that ladies object to cheese—far from it; many eat it when they are alone, but somehow or other it has become one of the usages of good society that cheese should be eschewed by the fair sex at dinner parties. One of the greatest afflictions, however, to which the world of society voluntarily succumbs, is the manner in which the fruits of the earth are consumed. Who does not know the sweetness of a ripe apple or pear which has fallen from a tree to the ground? How much more pleasant is it to eat the fruit with the skin on it, than to take the trouble to carefully peel it off!

Yet society obliges us to do this at dessert. Why is it that the Honourable Mrs. Smith eats her pudding with a fork, while Mrs. Brown invariably consumes hers by the aid of a spoon?

Why does Lord Jones place his dinner napkin on his lap, while Alderman Robinson invariably ties his comfortably round his neck?

Society commands the former, while comfort demands the latter. On the other hand, some of the leading noblemen and gentlemen of the day appear in their later years to take a delight in making themselves appear as unlike what they

were formerly as possible. Let us take a stroll along Hyde Park or Piccadilly. Who is that dilapidated old farmer standing at the fashionable corner of Rottenrow? "That," says an acquaintance of ours, "is Lord Wheat." "Indeed! and perhaps you can tell us who that shabby-looking little ostler is, just coming out of Tattersall's?" "Oh! do not you know?" says our friend; "that is the Duke of Win-if-I-can!" We are all aware how fashionable an amusement it was in the old coaching days for men of good family and long purses to drive the mail from one stage to another; and we have heard of a gentleman who died a few years since worth several thousands of pounds, who used in his old age to boast that for the best years of his life he had regularly driven the stage-coach from London to York. The usages of the fashionable world are very peculiar, and in many cases exceedingly ludicrous; but it is these little customs which make good society what it is. Every day we see a growing tendency in young men to avoid those very usages which made their fathers and grandfathers perfect gentlemen.

We well remember the time when to light a cigar in a lady's presence was an unpardonable breach of etiquette; but now, in the London season, every second set of chairs in Hyde Park is taken up by a small gang of smokers. What a marked difference there is in the way in which a well-bred man of fifty takes off his hat to a lady, and the manner in which a young man of five-and-twenty generally pays the same compliment! All this shows that the usages of society, however useless and ridiculous they may at first sight appear, are necessary to establish the high *morale* which young men should seek to possess. The society of ladies tends mainly to produce this desirable end, therefore we conceive that there is no better circle in which young men can wish to move than that which tends not to make them less men of the world, and at the same time makes them gentlemen.

A. H.

THE JUDGMENTS OF RHADAMANTHUS.

AT the close of a very sultry day in July I ascended Mount Vision to enjoy the refreshing breezes which ever played on these delightful heights, and which were gently wafted from the River Lethe—a soothing stream rolling at the base of the mount. When I had ascended my rocky throne, and was holding sweet converse with the balmy zephyrs of twilight, an old man, with flowing white beard and venerable aspect, approached me. After rising to salute my revered visitor, and to show him a comfortable seat on the mount, I resumed my former position; the while busy thought was anticipating the purport of his visit.

“Friend,” saith he to me, “my name is Wisdom. As I was conveying a message from Minos to Jupiter, I beheld you in a listless attitude reclining on this mount; and, on my return, it was my determination to ascertain how your time has been occupied since your descent on earth.”

“That would be a difficult task for me to accomplish,” replied I; “but even if memory did favour me in my narrative, perhaps the justness of your decision would declare that many moments were uselessly expended.”

“Thy statement is correct,” replied Wisdom; “but as thou must soon appear before Rhadamanthus, and render an account of thy deeds, I declare that the manner in which the remainder of thy life is occupied will either transport thee into the charming regions of Elysium, or plunge thee for ever into the awful depths and darkness of the Erebus; and there is no appeal from the decision of Rhadamanthus, for he is the son of Jupiter and Europa, and all the gods depend on the justness of his counsel and the correctness of his opinions.”

As I was pondering over the moment of my friend’s timely advice, Wisdom led me to a projecting point of Mount Vision which I had not previously discovered; and, after exploring all the sunlit hills and romantic declivities, my guide pointed over the eastern hill-tops, and said,

“Behold the lofty promontory of Mount Truth. Its summit is situated half way between the Elysium and the Erebus, and here is the place that the judges of the dead have selected for holding their court, where thou must shortly enter.”

I looked in the direction in which my

guide pointed, but could only see the deepening azure of eve and a phosphorescent cloud slowly receding from the horizon.

“Child of earth,” said Wisdom, “thy sight is weak,” and taking a small glass instrument of peculiar shape from his pocket, he gave it to me.

After properly adjusting the glass before my organs of vision, lo! what an impressive sight was before me. Suspended half-way between the Elysium and the Erebus, I beheld the Judgment Hall of Rhadamanthus. Far in the distance stretched the elevated table-lands of Mount Truth, the variegated beauty and verdure of which magically blended with the descending azure in the extreme east. On the right side of the hall were spiral stairs leading up to the Elysium; and Mercury was stationed at the foot, to assist travellers in the ascent; while on the left were descending stairs, communicating with the infernal regions, and Nemesis, the goddess of vengeance, was the guide thither.

Rhadamanthus was seated on a throne of skulls, and I beheld those who had departed from earth advance in single file, and arrange themselves in semi-circles around the judgment-seat. Rhadamanthus was very wise and just, and casting a sympathizing glance at the assembled generations, he called on a woman, apparently about thirty years of age, to render an account of her works.

“Master,” said she, “I have spent a very unprofitable life; never having done anything to promote the interests of man, and never working to accomplish any noble end, I find myself in a very unenviable position. I devoted myself exclusively to minding other people’s business, while my own affairs scarcely received a thought. Eagerly seeking after every novel which flowed from the press, I laughed at the dry taste of those who would find interest in reading more profitable books.”

“Enough!” exclaimed Rhadamanthus. “The court cannot waste time by hearing more. File off quickly to the left.”

Whereupon Nemesis grasped her and hurled her into the Erebus.

Another woman now presented herself before the judge. The lady’s name was Miss Satyre Flymsie.

“Master,” said she, “I have been on

earth for twenty years. My principal occupation was painting, in which I was justly celebrated. I was not a disciple of Raphael or of Angelo. My ambition was not to make the canvas glow into life and beauty; for I chose a more noble field on which to exercise my talents—the human face. Liking to be considered accomplished, in my circle of friends, I often employed unmeaning words and epithets which the vocabulary of no language would own, so as to impress my associates, Miss Polly Parrot especially, that I was conversant with all the foreign dialects. In short, the practical rule of Lord Bacon was obeyed by me better than any other point of the decalogue, viz., 'if one knoweth little he must have much cunning to *seem* to know what he doth not.' Like Madame de Staël, I have devoured six hundred novels in three months, and as none of them are yet digested, my system feels greatly depressed. This excessive application so affected my health that the roses were transplanted from my cheeks to my eyes; hence was developed my talent for painting. Part of my time was occupied in drumming on the piano, for you must understand that I was not a skilful performer; on the contrary, I knew as little about music as about anything else. Sufficient superficial knowledge to enable me to play my part in life was all I wanted, for the patience could not be found in *me* to solve a problem of Euclid, or to penetrate far into the mysteries of Euterpe. As pianos were very fashionable and common, I procured one; but more especially as ignorant, foolish Miss Polly concentrated all the importance and talent of a person in the possession of such an instrument, I bought one to arouse her envy. Her mamma was so intelligent, that she made some of the most notable discoveries in other people's business."

Hereupon Rhadamanthus frowned terribly, and said:

"I did not call on you to give an account of other people's errors. Relate your own, and that will be sufficient."

"Oh, master!" exclaimed she, "I could say nothing more about myself; hence, for charity, I deemed it expedient to relieve others of the trouble of narrating their faults."

"Well," said Rhadamanthus, "if you have been of no benefit to humanity, you shall be to Pluto. File off quickly to the left."

An aged man, with venerable aspect, now approached the judge. After examining this person for some moments I perceived that he corresponded to a description that I had read of Socrates. The celebrated character said:

"I lived not for myself, but for the world; surrounded by the fires of persecution, I undauntedly warned the inhabitants of earth of the volcano on which they were standing; in front of the mounted cannon of revenge I accomplished my mission of right, and sealed it with my blood."

"Enough!" said Rhadamanthus. "On the tablets of thy soul I read thy past history. File off quickly to the right."

Mercury then took him by the hand, and directed his ascent. Pyrrho now approached the judge, but Rhadamanthus said:

"The court cannot waste time by hearing your narrative, for your name is your history."

Nemesis immediately grasped him by the arm, and he vanished from my sight. An old woman now appeared to give an account of her works. She said:

"I have lived on earth for seventy years, and have had three children. My principal aim was to make them virtuous, industrious, patriotic, and wise citizens, and they have all answered my anticipations."

"File off quickly to the right. Make way for the disciple of Bacchus," said Rhadamanthus.

The wine merchant now appeared to vindicate his life.

"In early youth," said he, "I was a cigar maker, and also kept a tobacconist's store; but thinking that it would be more profitable to deal in liquors and wines, I established myself in that business, and the curse of many a woman followed me. A few years after a rebellion broke out in our country for no just cause, and I, being always on the wrong side, tried to destroy the most prosperous and happy government on earth. It has been the aim of my life to serve man, but I served him for destruction."

"Enough!" exclaimed the judge, and the goddess of vengeance hurled him into the depths of the Erebus.

An old country woman now took her place before Rhadamanthus, and gazed at him as if afraid to speak. The judge said:

"Madame, what has occupied your time while on earth?"

"Oh, lor!" she exclaimed, appearing as if just recovering from a fearful nightmare, "I have only been making butter and cheese, milking cows, and selling cabbages in market, besides teaching our Sal to do the same, and helping my husband to kill."

"Kill!" exclaimed Rhadamanthus.

"Yes; to kill cows and hogs, sure," said she.

"Madame," said the judge, "Minos shall decide your case."

Nemesis now grasped her by the neck, saying :

"Make way for that affected fop who comes behind!"

When the young gent had taken his position, he unreservedly commenced to canvass his past life.

"When I was very young," said he, "my sisters flattered me exceedingly about my elegant taste, and, in return for their compliments, I dressed their dolls in elegant style, with which occupation I was very much pleased; but, after being sent to school, premature manhood imbued me with more elevated employment: hence, sporting a false moustache, flourishing a gold-headed cane, flirting with the girls, living in an atmosphere of perfume, and talking largely of heroism and patriotism, when I would run a mile from the sight of a cannon, or hide in some corner if my country needed a soldier. All these things served to form my character; hence, in subsequent life, I aspired to be King of Crete; but as this elevated position was not acquired, I entered my name on the list of unrequited genius. I was the most industrious fellow that ever entered the sequestered groves of the academy. Hang it! at Eton College I had nothing to eat but Homer, Euclid, the quibbles of Socrates, the jargon of Plato, and the Egyptian, Latin, and Greek literature preserved in a hateful medley of philosophy, cosmography, the narratives of Thucydides, and the quirks of Zeno; while what little natural genius I possessed was fettered by every power of belles lettres. As for *agua*, I had nothing to drink but the premises and predicates of S. Aquinas; while my mind was almost perturbed by searching after majors and minors, antecedents and predicates. By Jupiter! I once told my fellow-students that if the gods decreed that I should live for ever on earth to propagate science, the thought would kill me."

Nemesis grasped him by the arm, but Rhadamanthus hindered her, and said that

his case should be laid over for the consideration of Minos.

As I was contemplating the scene before me, and thinking that I must soon appear before that awful tribunal to receive the sentence which would consign me either to the depths and darkness of the Erebus or transplant me to the happy vales of Elysium, I grew faint. The glasses dropped from my eyes, and I could see nothing but the same phosphorescent cloud which I previously beheld, floating slowly in the deepening azure of twilight. My guide had disappeared, but he left me the instrument that he invented. The rock where I stood, and which projected over a cascade, began to tremble, and threatened to precipitate me into the raging torrent; and just as I was falling into the foam-crested waters, I found myself seated on the same mossy stone where Wisdom first introduced his divine self to me. My whole nature now seemed changed. In anticipation of a coming judgment, to which all are hastening, I resolved to take the advice of Wisdom, and to

"Act, act in the living present;
Heart within and God o'erhead."

It has almost become trite to speak of the swiftness with which time passes; the fact is so obvious that the eloquence of a Cicero could not make it any plainer. Yet how few act as if they really thought that each moment had wings and flew up to the chancery court of Heaven, there to deliver a record of the manner in which it has been occupied! Philosophers have made "time" and its associated properties the thesis of some of their most useful and elaborate dissertations; poets have sung of this theme, in the most sublime and beautiful groves of Euterpe; historians have made this subject speak like the thundering of cannon to delinquent nations and to the proud oppressor of all ages; in fact, every pen which has ever been used, either in prose or verse, from the earliest age of antiquity to the present, have moralized on time, and have declared that every misspent moment has been a greater loss than the converting of a diamond into its original element—charcoal. The subject may become trite, but it cannot be exhausted till the scenes of mutation shall have terminated. But what seems strange is, that those who moralize the strongest respecting the proper disposition of time, are generally those who do not practise what they enjoin.

E. J. D.

POPULAR PHYSIOLOGY.

PART II.—BLOOD, ITS NATURE, COMPOSITION, AND USES—BLOOD POISONS
CONSIDERED.

BLOOD, as the most important fluid in the human body, and from which all others are formed, claims our early attention for many reasons, since without it we could not live, and without its healthy action when formed our lives must be uncomfortable. No substance can be called nutritious or can be considered as food which is incapable of conversion into blood, and we know that many substances which are taken into it, whether by chance or design, become "Blood Poisons," and in a greater or less degree vitiate and corrupt the whole system, bringing with them contamination and disease, and ending, probably, in death.

Blood, then, as seen flowing from a vein or wound, appears to be a homogeneous fluid, of a bright red, or darker maroon colour, as it flows from an artery or a vein. Under a reasonably powerful microscope, however, its aspect materially changes. Viewed through the instrument, we find it to be a mechanical mixture of solid, translucent, round disk-shaped *corpuscles* of a red colour, which swim in a colourless or pale yellowish brown transparent liquid. When circulating within the animal body blood is necessarily fluid, but when withdrawn from the circulation, after a short time it coagulates, and separates into a yellowish liquid, called *serum*, and a gelatinous mass called *clot*, which latter is a network of fine, colourless, translucent threads, inclosing the blood corpuscles, of which *iron* is an essential element, and gives them their colour. The substance of these threads is the *fibrine* of the blood; and muscular *fibre*, when purified from all other substances, is, in its properties and composition, identical with the *fibrine* of the blood.

When the other principal ingredient of the blood—the *serum*—is heated, it coagulates, just as the whites of eggs do, into a white elastic mass called *albumen*. In serum, when subject to analysis, sea-salt, and salts of potash and soda are found dissolved; and these bases are combined with carbonic, phosphoric, and sulphuric

acid; while if we conjoin fibrine and albumen, we find them to contain seven elements—namely, sulphur, carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, hydrogen, phosphorus, and lime. It would appear that the different appearance of these two blood constituents results only from the particles being arranged in a different order; at all events it has been proved that fibrine can be converted into albumen—that they contain the same organic elements, united in the same proportion, so that in 100 parts their analysis do not differ in any material degree. Besides the elements above enumerated, the blood contains certain fatty matters in small quantities, which differ from ordinary fats in several of their properties.

At their birth, and for some time after, almost all young animals are dependent on "mother's milk" for their sustenance, the principal constituent of which is a substance called *CASEINE*, or cheesy matter, a body identical in composition with the albumen and fibrine of the blood. Milk, moreover, contains iron, and also a large quantity of bone earth, in a dissolved form, and thus we see that the principal food of the young growing animal contains all the elements of nutrition and strength, and that no artificial admixture of food can be supposed to make up for its loss.

As the animals which furnish to man his most nourishing food, are themselves fed only on vegetables, it might naturally strike us with wonder how their supply of blood is accomplished, since to them this all-important fluid is as absolutely necessary as it is to the carnivora or to us. By a wise and simple provision of nature, however, it is found that vegetables contain fibrine, albumen, and caseine of a particular kind, which from their origin are called *vegetable*; but it is not less certain that these three vegetable substances contain the same organic elements united in the same proportion by weight, and in every way identical in composition with the animal products; and what is more, that the earthy phosphates (of lime and magnesia) are abundantly pro-

vided in them, particularly in the seeds of peas and beans, which are especially rich in blood constituents, even in larger proportion than in wheat or other species of corn.

All these statements are susceptible of easy demonstration. By the process of expression, the juice of fresh vegetables, if allowed to stand for a short time, deposits a green gelatinous precipitate, which by particular manipulation loses its green tinge, and leaves a greyish white substance instead. This is *vegetable fibrine*, and is one of the nitrogenized compounds which serves for the nutrition of animal life. The grasses are rich in this constituent, but the cerealia—wheat particularly—is still more so. When procured from wheat flour by mechanical means, it is called *gluten*, which, although insoluble in water, must have been originally dissolved in the vegetable juice, from which it afterwards separates exactly as fibrine does from blood.

Again, when the clarified juice of nutritious vegetables is made to boil, it is converted into a substance strictly analogous to albumen, and accordingly it is called *vegetable albumen*, which in reality it is found to be, as in no way does it differ from the animal albumen procurable from the whites of eggs or the serum of the blood. It is, therefore, a highly sulphurised and nitrogenised product, which remains dissolved in the juice after the separation of the fibrine by the action of heat.

“A remarkable proof,” says Liebig, in his “Letters on Chemistry,” “of the true nature of vegetable *caseine* is furnished by a fact, quite independent of chemical researches, which is recorded by J. Itier in his report. The Chinese, it appears, are in the habit of making a real cheese from peas. For this purpose the peas are boiled to a thin paste, which is passed through a sieve and coagulated by the addition of solution of gypsum. The curd is treated like that formed in milk by means of rennet; the solid part is pressed out, and, with the addition of salt, is wrought into cheese in moulds. This cheese gradually acquires the taste and smell of *milk cheese*. It is sold in the streets of Canton under the name of *taofoo*, and, when fresh, is a favourite article of food with the people.”

Thus we find that vegetable fibrine, albumen, and caseine possess not alone the same elements in the same proportions as animal fibrine, albumen and

fibrine, but the same properties also, and hence it is that whether in animal or vegetable life, we must admit them to the rank of “blood-makers,” and willingly accord to them the title of *plastic elements of nutrition*, which chemists and physiologists have accorded them. Thus we see also almost at a glance, that simple and uniform as we have proved the source and progress of vegetable life to be in a former paper, still that the same exquisite simplicity and uniformity of design exist in the process of nutrition in animals, and in the formation of the organs in which vitality chiefly resides. We fatten the ox that he may fatten us: the turnip, mangel, or clover which he consumes contains the self-same important constituents which go to form our blood as well as his; and even the lion and the tiger, that prey only on their kind and never touch vegetable food, may, in a chemical sense, be said to consume themselves, since the blood which is consumed by them is only the product of vegetable life, and on reaching their stomach becomes dissolved, assimilated, and again converted into blood, from which are reproduced organs and tissues of their own.

Having said so much of the processes by which merely vegetable products are convertible into the plastic elements of the human body, it may be necessary to guard my readers against going too far in one direction. I am aware that there is a considerable and respectable segment of our population who have learned to look upon a flesh diet as needless or injurious, and who have adopted one so opposite as to entitle them to the name of “VEGETARIANS.” In another paper —when I come to speak of Digestion and the means necessary to keep it unimpaired—I shall have to speak somewhat at large on the subject, and to show that there always exists an evident relation between the sort of element proper for an animal and the disposition of its digestive organs; that Nature provides for each class an apparatus more or less complicated, as the case may be; and that man, keeping a mean between the carnivorous and graminivorous, is furnished with organs which can assimilate and digest both a vegetable food and an animal one, without a due admixture of which he cannot hope to thrive for any lengthened period of time, without loss of vigour or constitutional strength.

The Circulation of the blood, although a very important matter to consider and

explain, will, I think, fall into more natural order when I have to speak of the LUNGS and of the diseases to which they are subject. In the meantime, it is wise to remember that it is the peculiar property of all living animal matter to be capable of self-formation, that the various modes of this formation constitute the principal functions of organic life, and that the processes connected with most of its phenomena have their end or purpose in the formation, movement, and purification of the blood.

Physiologists do not seem to be agreed as to the total quantity of blood in the body; and although it is generally agreed by most of them that it is about equal in weight to from one-fifth to one-eighth of the whole body, the question is still an open one. Its temperature, composition, and specific gravity is less a matter of dispute. Its temperature is about 100 degrees Fahrenheit; its specific gravity at 60 degrees Fahrenheit is from 1050 to 1059, that of men's blood being greater than that of women, and that of robust persons being greater than that of the feeble, simply because of the preponderance of red corpuscles in one class over the other. It has a slight alkaline reaction, and emits an odour similar to that which issues from the skin or breath of the animal from which it flows, but fainter. It is even said to be not difficult to tell, by this similarity, the species from which blood has been taken; to determine by its odour the milky smell of the cow, and the ranker one of the cat or of the pig, &c.

As to the chemical composition of the blood, a great many analyses have been published by men of science competent to the task, but the matter does not appear to have been quite accurately determined yet. Probably, the results of the ultimate analysis of the blood of the ox afford the best illustration of its general purpose, as supplying the materials for the renovation of all the tissues. It is found to consist of—carbon, 57.9 per cent.; hydrogen, 7.1; nitrogen, 17.4; oxygen, 19.2; and ashes, 4.4, which is so nearly the constituents of the flesh that they may be considered identical.

In a more general way, the average constituents of the principal constituents of the blood in 1000 parts, may be set down thus:—Water, 784 parts; red corpuscles, 131; albumen of serum, 70; saline matters (consisting of chlorides of sodium and potassium, tribasic phosphate

of soda, carbonates and sulphates of soda, phosphates of lime and magnesia, oxide and phosphate of iron, together with extractive and biliary colouring matter, gases and accidental substances, 6.03); extractive, fatty, and other matters, 6.77; and fibrine, 2.2. It will thus be seen that blood is of a very composite quality, in which water greatly preponderates; and the reason is plain, because the adjustment of the proportion of water finds its purpose in maintaining certain important physical conditions of the blood, such as its proper viscosity and its degree of adhesion to the vessels through which it ought to flow with the least possible resistance from friction. The quantity of water chiefly determines its volume, and thereby the fulness and tension of the vessels; and, moreover, its abundance as a general solvent greatly favours chemical action, for generally, within the limits of health, organic life is in proportion to the quantity of water the organs contain—the activity of organic life being, in a great degree, dependent on its supply.

In proportion as animals occupy a higher position in the scale of beings, so have they a larger quantity and a higher quality of blood: their position in the scale is determined by the development of the central nervous system, and the adjustment of this is effected through the intervention of the blood; in the mammalia, for instance, we find the development of the blood-corpuscles into a higher form than they have in any other Vertebrata; and in the transition from fish to reptiles, we find the greater development of the brain associated with a general further increase in the quantity and velocity of the blood.

We have before mentioned that the blood possesses a formative power of its own, referable not to *chemical* but to *vital* force, and this formative power by which it maintains itself is, perhaps, inherent in its whole substance, and not in any one particular part. No doubt it is ministered to and assisted by the action of other parts. It is the function of the vascular glands, of the liver, and of the digestive and absorbent systems not only to prepare materials of new blood in sufficient quantity, but of a quality fitted for the purposes for which they are destined, and each part, by taking from the blood the materials it requires for its maintenance, may be looked on in the light of an excretory organ for all the rest. The phosphates, for instance,

which are deposited in our bones, must be looked upon as an excretion from the blood, and a wholesome one, for otherwise the salts of lime would be superabundant; and if the muscles did not abstract materials for their nutrition, there might be an excess of fibrine, &c. The blood, therefore, is to be looked upon as a purifier and expurgator as well as a feeder; its office or purpose, in fact, is threefold: firstly, it has to provide materials appropriate for the nutrition and maintenance of all the parts of the body; secondly, to convey to these several parts oxygen, whether for the discharge of their functions or for combination with their refuse matters; and lastly, to bring from the same parts those refuse matters and convey them to where they may be discharged.

Looking upon the human body as a combination of liquids and solids, it may be as well to premise a short description of the various ways in which the different parts of it may be sensibly altered by disease.

The solid parts may be altered in bulk or form, in consistence or in situation. The fluid parts may be altered in quantity, quality, or place, and many of these alterations may exist in combination with the other. In the solids, however, a change of bulk may take place without change of texture. If they become larger, it is called *hypertrophy*; if smaller, it is termed *atrophy*. As to *hypertrophy*, this change may coexist with perfect health, as it is a law of the animal economy that increase of function leads to augmentation of bulk. The leg of an opera-dancer increases in bulk, so do the arms of the blacksmith or the pugilist; but although increase of bulk may be unsightly, it does not in such cases indicate disease. Increase of function has led to augmentation of bulk, and there it ends.

It may be called "healthy hypertrophy," if you please. The same principle is observable in various other parts, and is especially noticeable in some organs that are double. Thus, if one lung is wasted by disease, an increase of function devolves, by the law of compensation, on the other, and the sound organ is enlarged; so also is it with the kidneys—the supply of the commodity is regulated by the demand; the necessity generates the requisite addition of bulk, which implies an augmentation of force. But this law is by no means universal, and does not hold good in the case of the

special senses. The eye or the ear, for instance, is not hypertrophied when one becomes blind or the other deaf, and the cause is plain. No *enlargement* of the organs would enable us to see or to hear better than we did before; the sources of disease lie deeper than muscular or glandular structure, and therefore mere increase of size could not promote or facilitate the purpose they are designed to serve. A healthy man, with an easy fortune, and a quiet or indolent mind, whose appetite is good, and who "takes the world easy," is an apt illustration of healthy hypertrophy—hypertrophy of the adipose tissue. Like the pig or the turkey, shut up in a sty or a coop, he has nothing to do but to get fat. He lives to eat, and only awakens from his dream when he finds that extreme pinguescence is always an incumbrance, and may degenerate into disease. He has neither "laboured" nor "sweated," and when too late he begins to think that exertion, whether mental or bodily, or a mixture of both, is the surest conservative of wholesome function and unimpaired health.

Atrophy is a condition opposite to *hypertrophy*; the parts become notably smaller without other alteration of texture. It depends on a diminution or defect of the nutritive functions, but it does not always presuppose disease, although it may be a concomitant. To a certain extent it attends advanced life; the bones become brittle, the muscles diminish in size, the body shrinks from its earlier manly proportions, the "slippered pantaloons" of Shakespeare becomes evident to our friends if not to ourselves, and no hair-dye or cosmetic can rejuvenize those intractable bones or muscles, or stay the hand of that omnipotent atrophier *TIME*, who has laid his heavy hand on us, and whose ravages no amount of art can conquer or stay.

Morbid atrophy, however, is altogether a different thing. In a general way, it may be said to result from a diminished supply of healthy blood through the arteries, causing a defect of nutrition, by which the supply is checked at its source in the digestive organs, or by some unnatural drain on the system. Various diseases may produce this; the quantity of the nutrient fluid is diminished or its quality impaired; a general wasting is the consequence, and to this the familiar term *emaciation* is applied.

The composition of the blood may be affected in many ways, each dangerous in

its degree. The process of chylification may be interfered with by disease of the digestive organs; the organs of respiration, by interfering with its change from venous to arterial (as will be shown hereafter); its purification by disorders of the skin, the kidneys, the bowels or biliary apparatus, by certain states of the nervous system, and finally by foreign contaminating matters finding entrance (whether in solution or in a gaseous form) in any of the many ways open to such deteriorating influence.

But, independent of all this, the blood may undergo important alterations in its quantity. This quantity may be too great or too small; general plethora may be the consequence in one state, and general poverty of blood may be the consequence of the other. Call the first by the names of plethora, congestion or determination of blood, still the cause is the same; every part, in general and genuine plethora, is preternaturally full of blood, and calls for its reduction in some way or other. In professional language, it is called *hyperæmia*. The quantity of blood may be unchanged, but the quality is over-rich. There is a superabundance of the red globules, and the proportion of fibrine is also increased. Obesity, also, is often an accompaniment, though by no means an infallible sign of plethora. When the blood merely exists in too great abundance in one or more particular organs or tissues, we call this partial plethora *local* congestion or determination of blood, and it may and does often occur in cases where the blood, taken as a whole, has been diminished in quantity or quality by disease. Mechanical irritation of an organ causes an increased flow of blood to it through the arteries, and gives rise to what is called *active* congestion. When the return of blood to the heart through the veins is impeded, we call the resulting congestion *mechanical*; and when, as we often witness it, in persons debilitated by age or disease, the circulation of the blood through the capillary vessels becomes sluggish, and gives rise to *passive* congestion.

In our treatment of these different phases of congestion, we must in a great measure be guided by the prominent symptoms; *active* congestion may end in inflammation, when continued or intense, and evidently one mode of relieving it is by the mechanical abstraction of blood from the loaded part; and indeed Nature herself sometimes adopts this remedy by a

bleeding (or haemorrhage), which relieves it. This measure, however, does not alone suffice, and sometimes it would be even ultimately hurtful to adopt it. Disordered nervous action, for instance, creates a tendency of unequal distribution of blood in the capillaries. We often meet this in hysterical female cases, and therefore it is that before adopting any decided mode of treatment, we should endeavour to look for and discover the cause. Again, *mechanical congestion*, in which the veins are exclusively concerned, is a morbid fulness of the capillary vessels which arises when the return of the blood from them towards the heart through the veins is impeded by some mechanical obstacle. The force of gravity alone is sufficient to produce venous congestion, as, for instance, when the head is suffered to hang downwards for a certain time. In the liver it may occur, when from disease a free passage of blood through that organ is denied. When an impediment to the free transmission of blood exists in the heart, a tendency to stagnation, or mechanical congestion, is produced; or it may be confined to a single limb, when the principal venous trunk belonging to that limb is compressed or otherwise diminished in size. The cure of this kind of congestion often calls for very delicate and deliberate treatment, and requires the superintendence of a practised eye and mind.

In *passive* congestion, the capillaries become loaded, and the course of the blood in them is languid and sluggish. In persons enfeebled by age or disease, the insteps, ankles, and lower parts of the legs are often habitually purplish or violet-coloured. The capillaries lose, in a great degree, their natural elasticity; they easily dilate under the pressure of the blood, which thus retarded, accumulates in the part. This is an instance of *passive* congestion, and from obvious causes it will be seen that ulcers occurring under such conditions must necessarily be difficult to heal. Those who have treated influenza, or who have suffered from it, must have remarked that when fever had subsided and the pulse regained its normal beat, still that wheezing, cough, and mucous expectoration often remained as unpleasant *sequelæ*; this was found to arise from lingering *passive* congestion of the pulmonary mucous membrane, and when treated by tonics and stimulants, instead of anti-phlogistics, soon got well.

In *general plethora* every part is preternaturally full of blood, and the blood itself is full of the elements of nutrition. In fact, it is too rich. An indolent, luxurious, or sedentary life may each contribute to this, and its treatment must consist in the adoption of a contracted dietary, in the avoidance of beer or alcohol, in early rising and active exercise, and in the avoidance of what common sense must tell every sufferer has been the cause of the inconvenience. At the same time, it will not do for him (or *her*, for lady sufferers occasionally fall under our notice) to rush *at once* to opposite extremes, when symptoms become threatening as well as uncomfortable. Moderate reduction is often much better than total abstinence; neither is there often occasion for the latter. The human stomach and digestive organs do not countenance such off-hand sort of treatment as to be one day treated to the feast of Lucullus, and the next starved to death. The mean is discretion, in this as in most things. Plain food at reasonable hours; tablespoonsful of brandy instead of bottles of champagne or stout; horse exercise, if available; if not, cross-country walks; no lingering in bed after seven or eight; no appetizing suppers with jolly fellows at a club; an occasional dose of Moxon's magnesian aperient, or plain Epsom salts; and now and then a bottle of double kali water, or twenty grains of the bicarbonate of potash in a glass of water plain, going to bed. Such is the plan, which, if timely adopted, would have conduced to the proper chylification of the blood, have kept the heart sound and the head free, and have diminished the list of "sudden deaths" in the returns of the Registrar-General enormously.

An opposite condition of the blood to this so-called *hyperæmia* is *anæmia*. In this there is deficiency of blood, and it arises generally in cases where there has been deprivation of the proper materials for the formation of healthy blood, and in the course of severe chronic maladies.

There is a particular form of it which often attacks females, particularly when young, and which ought always to be heedfully looked to. A waning colour, a beating heart, freakish appetite, constant thirst, uncaused debility, and spirits easily depressed, are prominent symptoms of it. In many of these cases, however, it does not come unsent-for or uninvited. The governess has something to do with it, so has the music-master and the stay-maker, and so has the anxious and ambitious mother, who wishes to make *her* bird of beauty something to wonder at as well as to admire. Here lies the origin of the malady, to be increased in good time, when ball-rooms are visited, and banquets partaken of, and late hours indulged in, and a heated and vitiated atmosphere persisted in, under which judicious course of treatment symptoms gradually get worse and more urgent, and the chariot of the physician drives up to the door. Now, accomplishments are excellent things in their way, but health is a still greater blessing. The female organism is *not* fitted for severe study and close confinement for hours at a time; nor is tight lacing a necessary part of beauty; ball-rooms and heated places of all sorts cannot be indulged in frequently without danger, and the after-indolence they engender is quite as full of peril. Neither, when the health of such patients breaks down, is it so easy to find a remedy. A trial of wholesome nature and homely habits, with nutritive diet and moderate exercise (by daylight), are probably the best restoratives. Tonics may act as useful helps, particularly chalybeate ones, or that combination known as "the citrate of quinine and iron;" change of air and sea-bathing will assist, but the great thing in such cases is to realise the old proverb of "early to bed and early to rise," and heartily to forego those enervating pleasures and pursuits which few can indulge in without paying a grievous penalty indeed.

A TERRIBLE TORNADO.

THE 11th of August, 1831, is a day that will never pass from my memory while I have an existence. My residence at that time was in Bridgetown, on the island of Barbadoes; but the evening preceding I had ridden a few miles into the country, to spend the night at the house of a friend, with whom resided a young lady, a niece, that has since become bound to me by the closest of all earthly ties.

I reached my friend Palmer's house a little after sunset, on the night of the 10th, and found the whole family seated on the piazza, with the addition of a couple of gentlemen, neighbours, who had dropped in for an evening's social call, and one of them, a young and single man, perhaps with a design similar to my own. The servants took charge of my horse, and I joined the group. The moment the first cordial family greetings and introductions were over, the weather as usual was brought in, to start a subject of conversation in which everybody could take a part.

"It is very warm," said one,
"Excessively so," said another.

"And not a breath stirring," joined in a third.

"And the heavens like a glowing furnace," added a fourth.

"Did you see the sun set to-night, Mr. Grainger?" said Miss Clara Templeton, the young lady I have mentioned, turning to me.

"I did."

"Oh, was it not magnificently beautiful! beyond the pen of poet, or pencil of artist?"

"It was indeed glorious!" I responded, catching some of her enthusiasm.

"I don't like it," said Mr. Grayson, one of the two neighbours alluded to, and who was a plain, blunt man; "these beautiful red sunsets don't bode any good on this island; a storm generally follows; and, if I'm not mistaken, we'll soon have to pay up for all this pretty sky-painting."

"Why, there is no more poetry in your soul than in a column of figures!" cried Miss Templeton, with a gay laugh. "Come, let us have a more cheerful prophecy! Mr. Grainger, are you weather wise?"

"I fear I am *otherwise*," I laughed.

The sunset had certainly been one of the most beautiful I ever saw, and even yet the western sky was all aglow, the soft flush reaching far up toward the zenith and delightfully blending with the blue above. The air was still, almost painfully so, as if Nature were holding her breath in solemn awe; and somehow the mind was led to take on this impression, even to sadness, as I have heard more than one remark since the dire events of that awful night.

A little after nine o'clock, the neighbours visiting at my friend's house took their leave, and presently the family, with the exception of Clara, retired to rest. For some time we remained on the piazza, conversing in low tones, and then withdrew to the parlour, which faced the west, the inner shutters of which were closed. As lovers, then, destined to the nearest and dearest ties of relationship, we had a thousand tender nothings to say, which concerned no one but ourselves, and which would not bear repeating. Time flew by on golden wings, unheeded and unnoticed, and an hour or two passed away as so many minutes.

Suddenly we were startled by a favourite cat springing into the room from the one adjoining, mewing as if from fright, and running crouchingly around the walls, with distended and glaring eyes. At the same time we first became conscious of a strange, sullen roar, and that the wind was already blowing quite fiercely, a matter that we had not before noticed, owing to the pre-occupation of our minds. I looked at Clara, and saw that she was pale with fear.

"Something terrible!" she said, in a nervous whisper.

"Only a storm," I replied, assuming an indifference I did not feel.

She pointed to the cat and rejoined—

"Unerring instinct often tells the brute creation more than our reason does us. I fear this is only the beginning of a terrible tempest."

As she spoke, and as if in confirmation of her words, a lurid flash was visible through the cracks of the shutters, and was instantly followed by a crash that fairly brought us to our feet.

"Oh, merciful God!" exclaimed Clara,

sinking back upon her seat, and covering her eyes with her hands.

"Do not be alarmed, dearest!" said I, tenderly; "it is only a storm such as we often have on the island, and will soon be over."

From this moment the wind rapidly increased in fury; and in the course of an hour the roar of the tempest, commingled with the howlings and shriekings of the wind and crashing of the thunder, had become so great that the human voice could only be distinguished when pitched on its highest key. For some time I had felt very anxious and uneasy, but now I was thoroughly alarmed, and Clara was so frightened as scarcely to be able to speak or move. Furious as the wind already was, it was still increasing, and more than once I felt the house tremble and rock. What the end was to be Heaven only knew!

The air, which during the early part of the night had been oppressively close and warm, had now become disagreeably cold; and seeing Clara shiver, I went and got a shawl from the adjoining room and threw it over her shoulders.

"Do not give way to your fears," I shouted in her ear, the only way I could now make my words distinguishable above the awful roar; "the storm is doubtless at its height and will soon abate."

She grasped my hand nervously, but made no reply. Some time after this my friend, Mr. Palmer, came hurrying into the apartment, his pale face and quivering lips clearly expressing his fears.

"This is terrible!" he exclaimed; "terrible! Already the house rocks, and I fear it will soon be down with a crash, burying us under its ruins!"

He was immediately followed by his wife, leading two children, boys of seven and ten. She tottered to a seat, sank down, and began to cry and wring her hands, the children screaming in terror and clinging to her for protection. Clara now got up, staggered forward, and threw her arms around her neck. The next minute the eldest born, a lad of seventeen, accompanied by his sister, two years younger, rushed into the apartment, and the girl, with a loud cry, immediately ran to her mother, knelt down by her side, and buried her face in her lap. It was a pitiful sight that group of five—four clinging to one, as if to their only hope, in that dreadful hour, and she herself as helpless as an infant!

During the next quarter of an hour,

the servants, to the number of ten, all negroes, made their appearance, some crying, and all looking as if they feared their last minute had come. All drew together for sympathy, and all met there, in that time of tribulation, as equals before God. With a horrible death staring all alike in the face, how little is thought of the distinctions of race or colour! Who, with a dread eternity opening before him, dare claim superiority over his fellow-worms of the dust?

Still the wind increased in fury, and the house trembled and shook in the most frightful manner. Suddenly the western wall came in upon us with a crash, the ceiling came down in fragments, the light was instantly extinguished, the wind swept over and around us with an awful power, and whirled us about among the ruins as a child might have knocked about its toys.

No description can do justice to such a scene, and imagination itself must fall far short of the horrible reality.

For myself, I had been hurled back into one corner, and I found a human body resting heavily upon me. I heard wild shrieks, thought of Clara, and attempted to rise. At that moment a flash of lightning showed me it was a negro who had fallen upon me; and putting my hand to his head, I made the awful discovery that a part of it was gone—having, as I afterwards conjectured, been carried away by a falling beam. The man was dead, and probably never knew what hurt him. As soon as I could, I got out from under him; but the wind blew with such violence that I could not keep my feet, and was obliged to move about on my hands and knees. I had been considerably bruised, but was not seriously hurt, and I now endeavoured to find Clara and render what assistance I could to the living.

The rain was falling in torrents, and against this we had no protection, for the whole house was a mass of ruins. Only by the frequent flashes of lightning could we see anything, for during the intervals the darkness was impenetrable. I succeeded in reaching the group I have mentioned as clinging together, and found Mrs. Palmer, three of her children, and Clara, surrounded by, I may say wedged in among fragments of timber, but all living, and only injured by bruises no worse than my own. Their escape from instant death, all of them, seemed little less than a miracle. Fearing there might

be no safer place for them than where they were, I advised them to remain there for the time; but as Mrs. Palmer was nearly distracted about her husband and son, who had not been seen or heard from since the fall of the building, I continued my explorations among the *debris* as well as I could, being in constant danger from the shifting fragments, and seeing only by the lightning's glare.

Throughout that long, terrible night, the wind increased in fury till near morning, and it is surprising that any life was preserved. I did not succeed in finding those I sought, but I discovered two more dead bodies of the blacks, and two others seriously wounded, to whom I could render no assistance whatever. I also came upon two others, female servants, who were crouching down together, and did not appear to be injured, but who were so stupefied with fear, that I could get no intelligent answer from them.

In attempting to return to Mrs. Palmer and Clara, as I was clambering over a pile of rubbish, the wind suddenly caught me up from the ground, whirled me round and round, carried me a distance of over two hundred yards, and then deposited me as gently on the earth as I could have put down a child. I was so completely bewildered, though, that for a long time I lay there without making any effort to return to the demolished dwelling; and when I did at length attempt to get back by crawling on my hands and knees, for it was impossible for any human being to stand upright, I lost my way, and remained in the fields till morning.

When daylight came at last, it was only to make visible the horrors of that appalling night. Look where you might, the eye rested upon nothing but the most dire destruction—houses in ruins, trees prostrated, fences swept away, and fields as completely ruined as if a fire had passed over them. In every direction cattle lay dead or dying, dead birds were here and there piled up in heaps, trunks of trees, limbs, stakes, and splinters, were everywhere projecting from the earth, into which they had been deeply driven by the force of the wind, and over all that late beautiful island, desolation now reigned supreme.

By this time the fury of the tornado had begun to abate; but the wind still blew so fiercely that, in spite of my utmost exertions, it took me a whole hour to get back to the ruins from which I had been so swiftly removed. There the

sight that met my eyes beggars description. Mrs. Palmer, Clara, and the children were still together where I had left them, but the eldest daughter had been killed by a flying stick of timber striking her on the head, and the others were nearly distracted. Mr. Palmer was found under a pile of rubbish, with a broken leg, and his son lay within a few feet of him, with a splinter of a tree, supposed to have been riven by lightning, driven completely through his body. Let me draw a veil over the awful, heart-rending scene, which even now I can only recall with a shudder of horror.

What I have so feebly described as happening at the house of my friend, is only a faint picture of the ruin, destruction, and desolation which entirely extended over the devoted island. By eight o'clock in the morning the late furious air had become perfectly still, and the bright, hot sun was shining calmly down upon a broad scene of death and woe.

And then, everywhere, throughout the island, it was friend seeking friend, parents their children, children their parents, husbands and wives one another—for, amid the wild fury of the tempest, thousands of persons had become separated—in too many cases, alas! never to meet again in life. All were pale, horrified, despairing, and neighbour could not give his aid and sympathy to neighbour, because of the calamity which had equally come upon himself. Each family, so to speak, had alone to care for its sick and wounded, dig out and bury its dead; and in some cases whole households lay crushed beneath their own ruins for days, and corpses and carcases everywhere sent forth pestilential effluvia, so that many in health sickened and died, while of those seriously wounded scarcely one escaped fever, lock-jaw, and mortification.

Of the eighteen persons, white and black, in the dwelling of my friend on that awful night, nine perished within forty-eight hours, Mr. Palmer himself making one of the fatal number.

Out of a population of one hundred thousand on the island seventeen hundred lost their lives; and the living, besides all their other horrors, were threatened with famine, for nearly everything in the way of food had been destroyed. Of corn from the fields, however, there were found heaps, where it had been collected by the wind, and this kept off starvation till provisions could be sent from the

neighbouring islands. England, when she heard of our great sorrows, quickly raised and sent us a hundred thousand pounds sterling.

Three months later, the houses every-

where had been rebuilt, new vegetation had taken the place of the old, and the whole island looked as bright and peaceful as before it had been made a land of mourning and a howling waste.

"LET US SEEK TO GROW WISER."

I saw in my dream, as I peacefully slumbered,
A treasure so vast that it ne'er could be told ;
But when I awoke it was easily numbered,
For gone with my dream was the silver and gold.
Though Life, like that dream, is fraught with false pleasures,
That often spread sweetest delusion around,
Till we waken and find that its joys and its treasures
Have glided away and no more can be found :
Yet, oh ! let us never be vainly regretting,
'Twill matter but little though life will not stay,
If we, while 'tis passing, true wisdom are getting,
And " seek to grow wiser, as time wears away !"

I saw a small streamlet increase to a river,
That ever rolls onward, tho' noiseless and slow,
Till its waters were lost in the ocean for ever,
And I could no longer distinguish their flow.
Though Life, like that river, is transient and fleeting,
And rapidly wending its way to that shore
Where soon the vast sea of Eternity meeting,
Its waters shall mingle, and flow on no more :
Yet, oh ! let us never be vainly regretting,
'Twill matter but little, though life will not stay,
If we, while 'tis passing, true wisdom are getting,
And " seek to grow wiser, as time wears away !"

Eat, drink, and be merry, the world will be preaching,
Thy days may be many—there's time enough yet ;
Work, watch, and be ready, is Wisdom's wise teaching ;
Thy days are uncertain—their sun soon may set.
The world will roll onward, its pleasures receding,
Will leave us no joys when this life shall have pass'd ;
But wisdom will then to new pleasures be leading,
And bring us the joys that eternally last.
Like a shadowy dream o'er the swift rolling river,
So surely and swiftly this life will decay ;
But those will as surely be happy for ever,
Who " seek to grow wiser, as time wears away !"

ADVENTURES AT ELLERTON CASTLE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

Who that has not experienced the overpowering sensation of weariness and fatigue succeeding the gaieties of a ball, can form an idea of the feelings of the party which assembled round the breakfast-table at Ellerton Castle the next morning, at an hour too frightfully late to be even named? Sir Harvey, the previous night before retiring to rest, had specially desired every one who felt tired to remain in bed, and breakfast in their rooms; but, except a few dowagers, worn out by their maternal solicitude regarding the welfare of marriageable daughters, few availed themselves of the permission, and abigails, with trim waists and neat hands, appeared with trays so abundantly provided with every delicacy as to cause Fred to whisper to Grace, that however tired their mistresses might be, they certainly had not lost their appetites! Alice looked pale, and acknowledged, in answer to Fred's inquiries, that she felt extremely "done up;" but she chatted away, and was unceasingly attentive to her guests. Grace looked almost as blooming as usual, and seemed overflowing with spirits and fun. Fred, feeling unusually attracted by his pale, interesting cousin, resisted Miss Mostyn's smiles, and devoted himself to Alice; but she treated him with such apparent indifference, that even he could not keep up the conversation, and presently catching Grace's eye, he perceived she was trying to draw his attention to a sleepy-looking individual, who, having superintended sending an enormous breakfast of "good things such as she loved" to his better-half, was, under cover of his newspaper, indulging in several prolonged yawns, and nodding in such an absurd manner, that Grace and Fred got convulsed with laughter. Without a glance at his cousin, Fred took his seat beside her friend, and breakfast-time was profitably spent making *sotto voce* remarks on the company, and then trying to stifle their laughter.

The meal having come to an end, Sir Harvey, as before, exclaimed—

"Well, what is to be done to-day?" But receiving no answer, he added, "I am sure you are all tired, so I'll leave you to yourselves, and perhaps by luncheon some plan of amusement may be started."

"I thought this was luncheon," said Fred, making an indescribable face, as he left the room with Alice, setting Grace and Tom Sutcliffe into fits.

"How very amusing Captain Ellerton is!" said Grace. "He makes me laugh in spite of myself; but he is so droll. I like him very much."

"Oh, every one likes Fred," said Tom, "he is such a good fellow."

"Why do you always call him Fred?" inquired Grace. "I have noticed more than once that you did. His name is Charles, I believe."

"We are old schoolfellows," stammered Tom, "and there he was always called Fred. It is often the case with boys. I myself was often called 'Jack,' and I know a fellow who always goes by the name of 'Nele.'"

"Ah! that is the worst of nicknames," said Grace, innocently. "But where have they gone? Oh! I see;" and entering the next room, she said, mischievously, "We are sorry to spoil your *tête-à-tête*, but Alice, my dear, I want to know if I can assist you in any way in taking care of your friends?"

"Oh yes," said Alice; "I want to go and see old Lady Pyne. I see the girls are out on the terrace, so she must be alone; therefore you may take care of these gentlemen."

"Miss Hope has superior attractions," laughed Grace. "She will save me some trouble," as Tom, seeing her in the garden, hurried after her. "Suppose we follow their example, as the garden seems a fashionable resort this morning."

Fred agreed, adding—

"And will you pilot me through the shrubberies? I have not been there yet, and wish to see them."

"Well, don't be shocked," said Grace, opening a tiny closet; "Alice and I are sometimes very lazy; so, to save us trouble, we keep our things here;" and, putting on a warm cloak and most becoming garden hat, she led the way into the garden, and struck at once into a labyrinth of evergreens.

Fred being unusually grave and rather silent, Grace exclaimed—

"A penny for your thoughts! What makes you so stupid, Captain Ellerton? Oh! now I shall laugh at you, if you are

obliged to confess you are fatigued after the ball!"

Fred roused himself and brightened.

"To tell the truth, I was thinking," he said; "and I could not have a much fairer subject for my thoughts than my cousin Alice."

"I don't wonder you think so," said Grace, warmly. "I think her lovely, and she is so nice. Oh, you don't half know her yet."

"That's the very thing I was thinking of," said Fred. "She won't give me the chance. I have taken it into my head she dislikes me."

"What an idea!" laughed Grace. "You men are so conceited."

"Well, perhaps it was fancy," said Fred.

"I should think so," replied Grace.

They changed the conversation, choosing a more lively one, and Miss Mostyn did the honours of the plantation to perfection, and so pleasantly passed the time, that they quite forgot the hour, and got home barely in time for lunch. Every one seemed too tired to care for any amusement. The ladies went to their rooms, and the gentlemen sauntered into the garden—Fred and Tom bent on enjoying a confidential chat.

"How long are you going to stay here?" asked the latter.

"I don't know, and don't care," replied Fred. "I am as happy as a king, and don't want to change my quarters. Something will turn up, I suppose."

"Suppose Ellerton himself turned up, what would you say?"

"Oh! that would be a sell; but it's not at all likely; he's the last fellow in the world to do so. I say, Tom, you are growing spooney on that hopeful young lady, I think."

"Not likely," said he; "but you, I think, will soon be gone. I'm not sure which you like best, but I am sure Miss Mostyn likes you very well. She wouldn't stay with me this morning, but dodged about till she found you. Oh, by the way, I nearly ruined you to-day."

He then related what we already know.

"For goodness sake be more careful," said Fred. "I'm pretty cool, but I should not like to be openly disgraced and put out of the house. My! what a rage they would all be in!"

Meantime, Grace was seated perched on Alice's bed, amusing her friend by her lively conversation—the two girls

chatting over the events of the last two days.

"I like your cousin so much," said Grace. "He and I had a charming walk. I like him better and better, don't you?"

Alice replied evasively that she didn't know.

"Alice!" exclaimed Grace, suddenly, "I declare I shall begin to think he was right in what he said of you."

"What was that?" asked Alice, colouring.

"He said he thought you had taken a dislike to him; but I laughed at the idea, though really, now I think of it, it seems very like it, you are always so very cold to him—so different to what you generally are. Why can't you treat him as I do, or like Mr. Sutcliffe?"

"That is quite different," replied Alice. "You don't know—"

"Don't know what?" asked Grace.

"I like him well enough," answered Alice; "but he is quite different. I can't explain it to you; you don't understand—"

"I understand it all," said Grace, smiling, her quick woman wit discovering Alice's hesitation. "Shall I tell it to you? You know your papa has asked your cousin here, for your sake, to make a match between you, and you don't like to be disposed of in so summary a manner, and so you won't give him any encouragement—is it not so? You are not angry with me, dear Alice?" she added, kissing her as she spoke.

"Indeed I'm not, Gracie," she replied. "Who could be angry with you? But don't let your opinions go abroad, and I will be good, and make myself more agreeable to him, I promise you."

Alice kept her promise and was rewarded, for Fred, true to the old adage, "Fly and they'll follow, follow and they'll fly," finding her more friendly to him, was content, and treating her in very cousinly style, was more devoted than ever to Miss Mostyn, who, anxious to oblige Alice by taking him off her hands, was well pleased to receive his homage, and kept him by her side all the evening. She and Fred mutually discovered a taste for music in each other, and Fred thought his accompaniments had never been so well played before as by Miss Mostyn's nimble fingers, while she wondered how she could have ever sung those duets with a treble instead of a bass voice!

A game of *ecarté* occupied the elders of the party, and parlour *croquet* and

chess the younger. Immediately after supper, Sir Harvey's mandate was issued that there should be a general early move, which every one was willing to obey.

"Get a good night's rest," said he ; "as, if I don't mistake, there will be grand skating to-morrow ; it is freezing hard, and already the lake is covered with ice, so get well rested, and as early as you like to-morrow you can commence. I have ordered skates to any amount from Guildford, and there will be a sleigh to draw the ladies about on. So fortify yourselves by a good sleep, and I myself will set the example."

So saying he lighted his candle and left the room, being quickly followed by the company, anxious to profit by his advice.

The next morning was bright and fine as could have been desired. It had frozen hard all night, and the lake was a sheet of ice ; the ground was hard and white, as if with snow, while from the roof and boughs of the trees hundreds of icicles glitteringly depended. The window panes were covered with miniature icy forests and delicate frost-work, which the sun, notwithstanding its brightness, had not sufficient warmth to melt. Within and without everything was cheerful and gay. Nature had put on her brightest aspect, and Art had lent a helping hand. On such a morning no one could think of being tired, and the entire party assembled for breakfast with unclouded spirits, the juniors full of anticipation of the day's sport on the lake.

"You could not have had a finer day," said Sir Harvey. "Now, take my advice and get off as quickly as possible ; the frost may break. Is every one going?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Fred ; "the more spectators the better fun ; besides, some of the ladies are going to join us. Remember, Miss Mostyn, you are not to turn coward ; you promised to come."

"And so I intend," answered Grace. "I would not lose the skating for anything ; I have been looking forward to it so much ; take care I don't surpass you, Captain Ellerton."

"Suppose we have a skating-match," suggested Fred ; "it would be great fun, and Sir Harvey shall be umpire."

"Oh, yes!" answered Grace ; "and Mr. Sutcliffe and Alice shall try with us."

"I don't think I shall venture on the ice," said Alice. "I am always timid, but I should really be afraid before so many people."

"Well, then, never you mind it," said Sir Harvey ; "I am sure Charles, or some one, will give you a ride in the sleigh until you get accustomed to it."

"To falling, I suppose you mean, papa!" laughed Alice. "Well, I shall be very much obliged to any one who will act as charioteer ; but it seems a shame to keep them from amusing themselves."

"Not at all," returned Fred ; "you know we skate along after you ; it will be delightful."

"Well, let you young fellows hurry on, and the ladies will follow presently," said Sir Harvey ; "you will then know your ground and feel more sure. Mason, did you go yourself to see if it was all safe?"

"Yes, sir," replied the butler ; "and excepting one place near the island, it is perfectly safe. I have ordered planks there, to point out the spot ; and even there it is not very thin, sir."

"Very well," answered Sir Harvey ; "I will escort the ladies there when they are ready, so be off."

"We shall not keep you long," cried Grace, leaving the room. "Alice, we must wrap up warmly, it is so cold."

They had all re-assembled, and were waiting for one of the chaperones, when a servant entering, said—

"Please, sir, there is a gentleman just come for Captain Ellerton ; he will be in at luncheon-time, I suppose?"

"A gentleman!" said Sir Harvey. "Where is he?"

"In the hall, sir," answered the man. Sir Harvey hurried out.

"Excuse my intrusion, sir," said the stranger, politely, "but I understand my friend, Captain Ellerton, is staying here—"

"My nephew, sir," interrupted the baronet. "Yes, but unfortunately he is out just at present. If I can be of any use—"

"Oh, not at all, sir ! Many thanks ! I shall call again ; I am sorry to miss him," said the stranger, a handsome, gentlemanly-looking young man.

"If you are not otherwise engaged," said Sir Harvey, "perhaps you would come with us ; he is only at the lake skating, and we were just going to join them. Any friend of my nephew's is welcome to me."

"You are very kind, sir," replied the other ; "I shall feel most happy. May I introduce myself—Mr. Elton."

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Elton,"

answered Sir Harvey. "Now I must collect my forces."

He then introduced his new friend to the young ladies, and leading the way proceeded to the lake. A careful observer might have noticed a change in Fred's face as he saw the party approach, Sir Harvey, always genial and open-hearted, leaning on the stranger's arm, having taken quite a fancy to him, and Alice walking beside them, in full conversation with them; but as he exclaimed in a distinct voice, "Well, Ellerton, old fellow, how are you?" the shade lightened, and as Sir Harvey said, cheerfully — "See who I've brought you, Charles; Mr. Elton nearly missed you," it passed away entirely, and gave place to a merry look in his eyes, as he shook hands with his friend.

"I went to your hotel, Ellerton," said he, "and they directed me here, which must explain my appearance to-day, and Sir Harvey has been kind enough to ask me to join the skating party and stay lunch."

"Yes, and dinner too," said Sir Harvey. "You are welcome as long as you can stay; you are Charles's friend."

Fred, without seconding the invitation, offered him a pair of skates, which he buckled on, and gallantly turning to Alice, said —

"Allow me to be the first to give you a sleigh ride, Miss Ellerton."

She smilingly assented, and sitting down in the chair they started, followed by a troop of skaters, who seemed like maniacs, pursuing them in a most eccentric manner.

Seldom had Alice looked more lovely than on her return from "a tour of the lake district," as they laughingly called it. The cold bracing air had lent to her cheek such roses as are not often seen, and she was talking and laughing in a most musical way for her. Mr. Elton seemed to have made a most favourable impression on her. This was noticed, and silently commented on by two people, Grace and Fred. The latter felt almost inclined to be jealous, as he thought how very different she was to him, and Grace felt almost angry with her for so plainly showing her preference to a stranger. This she said openly to her as they walked about, while the two rivals careered and pirouetted swiftly away, and out of sight.

"How very absurd you are, Grace!" said Alice, when the lecture was over. "Can't a person take a fancy or dislike

to another without its being any harm? Not that I dislike Charles; on the contrary, I like him very well, but already I like Mr. Elton better. He is more suited to my taste, Charles to yours; so, my dear, I will give you up all my interest in him!"

"How kind you are!" said Grace; "and how pleased your father would be for me to run away with his prize! No, he being a disputed point, I had better take Mr. Sutcliffe."

"It's to be hoped no more of Charles's friends will come," said Alice, "or papa will have the house peopled with them. Well, the last addition certainly is the best; Mr. Elton is a perfect gentleman, and so pleasant and funny."

"As far as I have seen, I think him very like your cousin," said Grace; "but I have scarcely spoken to him."

Meantime, the subjects of this conversation had wandered away, and free from any third person, began to talk.

"What on earth made you come here?" asked Fred.

"Why, your letter, to be sure," replied the other. "I was so amused at the idea, that instanter I determined to come and see it all."

"I nearly fainted when I saw you," said Fred; "especially with Sir Harvey leaning on you, and Alice apparently on the best terms. I never thought for a moment that you had not told them all about it, and that I was regularly dished."

"Nay, I couldn't do such a shabby thing," said he. "I purposely addressed you as 'Ellerton,' to make you understand, and gave my name as 'Elton.'"

"I twigged it at once," said Fred, "and then felt all right, only exploding with laughter. Do you know you've made twice the impression on Alice that I have done? She has not talked as much to me all the time I have been here. Cousinly instinct, I suppose."

"She's very lovely," said Charles, enthusiastically. "She's like a fairy, an ideal of beauty. I had no conception of her charms."

"Sometimes I think so too," said Fred. "But then, she is so distant to me, I can't help liking Miss Mostyn better; that is the truth. She is the girl for me! and I really think her nearly, if not quite as pretty."

"Well, what are we to do?" inquired Charles.

"I don't know, really," returned Fred. "Don't ask me, it makes me feel uncom-

fortable when I think of these people's kindness. The idea of your being here on sufferance," he added, laughing. "It is too good a joke. 'Pon my word, it's a shame, though; and yet I don't know how to act. I'll not stay much longer, however; it is really mean to stay on deluding them; so in a few days more I shall be called away, and trust to fate for the rest; for, as to whether or not I shall confess all, it is in obscurity."

"We ought to turn now," said Charles. "It is ridiculous to hear you on such familiar terms with them all. Come, they'll wonder what's keeping us."

Being very expert skaters, there was quite a crowd watching them as they skimmed along, performing sundry evolutions for the edification of the bystanders. Having come safely to the end of a kind of dance, between a jig and a polka, they approached the ladies, and Fred carrying off Grace for the proposed race, Charles endeavoured to overcome Alice's scruples, and persuade her to trust to his guidance and venture on the ice, skating. After many entreaties, she at last consented, saying—"It is only my timidity which prevents me. With a little practice, I am sure I shall get on, as I am quite used to it—or rather was last winter." Her surmise proved correct, and, half an hour after, Grace and Fred were surprised to meet her skimming along with her usual ease and elegance, escorted by Mr. Elton, with whom she was talking in a lively manner, and in whom she seemed to place perfect confidence.

"Bravo, Alice!" cried Miss Mostyn. "You are outdoing me completely. I didn't know you were such an adept at the art."

"If you are going this way," said Fred, "be careful, as there is a thin place over there. I told the men to put a plank or something to mark the part."

"Were you on it?" laughed Charles, "that you know all about it."

"Well, mind what I say," replied Fred. "It will not be pleasant to get a cold bath, and it really is not safe."

"All right, good-bye," cried the other, gaily. "We'll meet again."

"How Alice seems taken by Elton," remarked Fred. "She is more friendly to him than she is to me."

Grace smiled, but said nothing, privately thinking she knew the reason.

Sir Harvey now announced it time to return to luncheon, at which there was such an outcry that he presently con-

sented to their staying some time longer, while he and the parties unconcerned should go home and desire lunch to be kept for the enthusiasts. "It would really be a pity," he said, "to stop them now, when in another hour or two it will be too late for them to be out." So he and Lady Pyne led the van and proceeded homewards.

Practice, in Alice's case, certainly made perfect, and in a short time she grew quite courageous, and, elated by her success, she became still more venturesome than the girls, and decidedly thought Mr. Elton much more to be depended on than her cousin, Mr. Sutcliffe, or any of the other gentlemen. Trusting to his opinion, she glided safely across the place Fred had cautioned them not to go near, and then joined in a hearty laugh at his extreme carefulness, and waved her handkerchief in triumph at him and Grace, who, from the far end, stood aghast at their temerity.

"What utter folly!" exclaimed Fred, at last. "I am certain it is not safe, it is quite thin and looks ready to break. Why, they are going to recross it!—what madness of Ellerton! Excuse me, Miss Mostyn, I must go and warn them again that it is positively dangerous."

So saying, he moved swiftly away. Grace, assisted by one of the gentlemen, got back on terra firma, and was already engaged in an animated conversation, when a piercing shriek met their ears. Grace turned deadly pale. "Alice!" she cried, in a voice of agony. "Oh, where is she?" Miss Hope and her companion sank, pale and trembling, to the ground; but Grace, heeding them not, rushed along the bank till she came opposite the fatal spot. A huge gap yawned fearfully in the ice, which was all cracked and broken, and Alice and Mr. Elton were nowhere to be seen. Fred had pressed forward with all speed, eager to warn the thoughtless pair of their danger, and was just raising his hand and shouting to them, when he was arrested by a sound as of a pistol-shot, while the very ice on which he stood cracked across, and the shriek heard by the group on the bank struck him chill with terror, and he beheld his lovely cousin and his friend plunged headlong into the black, troubled waters.

It is strange how, in a moment of danger, such various thoughts pass through one's mind as plainly as though they had been expressed by words. So it

was that, quick as lightning, it flashed across Fred's mind he had heard them say they could neither of them swim. Without a moment's delay, he threw off his coat and hat and dashed into the dark abyss. Grace was running to call assistance when she caught sight of Fred's rapid disappearance, and never thinking of anything but that the ice had all given way, she rushed towards the house, screaming for help. Several men now appeared, bearing with them the usual appliances of ropes, planks, &c., and followed by quite a crowd, each one's face wearing a look of the utmost terror. Grace, wringing her hands, pointed out to them the spot where she had seen them sink, and refusing to listen to the urgent entreaties that she should go home, she waited, in the faint hope that she might be of some use.

In a little time, which to the bystanders seemed to be ages, a movement under water was seen, and at the same moment Sir Harvey pushed his way through the crowd. "My daughter!" he cried, in heart-rending tones. "Alice, my child! my only child! Oh, save my child!" Grace, commanding herself with an effort, explained in a few words that Captain Ellerton had plunged in to save her. A look of misery passed across his face. "My noble boy!" he murmured. "'Tis hard to lose both. Why, men," he cried, with renewed energy, "whoever brings them out alive shall have twenty pounds. Use every effort, look alive!" "We'll do it without the money, master," cried the men, stooping to pull up the object which then appeared. Fred was grasping a form, which the men eagerly seized. "Is my child safe?" cried the unfortunate father. A glance sufficed. Fred saw it, and instantly plunged in again. Once more he came to the surface, breathed, and disappeared. A longer time elapsed; no sound was heard; there was no sign of his coming. Sir Harvey's agony was indescribable. At last his head appeared; with an effort he raised in his arms the inanimate and dripping form of Alice, and then, unable to sustain himself, he fell heavily into the water. The crowd divided, one half trying to assist in wrapping Alice in the blankets which had been provided, and trying to restore animation; the other in using every means to rescue the brave youth from what there seemed every chance of proving his watery grave. In the confusion, no one thought of the stranger, who lay

insensible on the bank, until one of the men chanced to see him, and lifting him in his arms bore him unobserved to the house. At length Fred once again came to the surface, a rope was thrown, which he had just strength to catch, and as he was drawn out he seemed like one who was dead. A light car was in readiness, on which he was laid, wrapped in blankets, and some brandy having been poured down his throat, he was conveyed home.

Sir Harvey had followed his beloved daughter, whose light form was willingly carried by Mason, the butler, who would suffer no one else to touch her; and Grace, hastening on before, had everything prepared for her arrival, and she herself was waiting on the door-steps till she saw Fred safely brought in and carried to his room. It was again daylight, ere Fred regained consciousness. A stately form was bending over him, and a kind voice whisperingly asked him how he felt. "Better," answered he faintly. Lady Ellerton beckoned to a servant to hand her some refreshment, which she herself administered to him, and refusing to let him talk, she left the room, desiring him to try and sleep. Finding himself alone, Fred thought it best to obey orders, and fell into a sound sleep, from which he awoke much refreshed, and able to ascertain for himself the extent of his injuries. Besides two or three cuts on his head and neck, his wrist was sprained pretty severely, and he felt stiff in all his joints. Inquiring for his fellow sufferers, the servant told him that neither had as yet left their rooms.

"Miss Alice," he said, "had caught cold, which was only to be expected; but Mr. Elton, he understood, was quite well."

Sir Harvey now entered.

"You have acted nobly," he said, while tears stood in his eyes. "I cannot express my gratitude for what you have done. I must not stop now to talk, but to-morrow I will see you about it. You have done me a service I can never repay," and wringing Fred's hand, he left the room.

Next day, however, the doctor deemed it prudent to keep him quiet, and for two days Fred was almost a prisoner, but on the third he was permitted to leave his room. During the period of his illness he had had time for reflection, and had resolved that, come what might, it would be more honourable for him to make a full confession as the only means of reparation for the deceptions of the past week.

Each increasing kindness from every member of the family made him feel more and more uncomfortable, and he determined to embrace the first opportunity of being alone with Sir Harvey to tell him all, trusting to his clemency for the rest. Pondering over how he should begin, he was disturbed by the entrance of Charles Ellerton, who shook him warmly by the hand.

"Fred, old boy," he said, "I am glad to see you here. How do you feel?"

"First rate, thank you," he replied; "and how are you after your ducking?"

"Don't speak of it," said Charles, shuddering; then added, gravely, "Elton, I can never thank you for what you've done. I was a gone man only for you."

"Pooh!" began Fred; but Charles continued—

"It was all my fault, I led Alice right into the danger—it was I who persuaded her to venture on the ice, and on me must the blame be laid; indeed on me it is laid; they all shun me as an interloper who caused all the mischief. No one came to see me, and only once I met my uncle. He bowed distantly, and turned away."

"Ellerton, it's a shame!" burst forth Fred. "It is unjust of me receiving your dues. I will do it no longer. The first opportunity, I—"

Sir Harvey's entrance interrupted him. Glancing at Charles, he exclaimed in an angry tone—

"Hang it, sir, what do you want here? I've seen enough of you, sir; you've caused more trouble in my house than there ever was before. I wish to speak to my nephew alone."

Charles slightly coloured, but bowing respectfully, withdrew.

"I'm afraid I've been too hasty," said Sir Harvey, apologetically; "but when I'm angry I lose all command of myself. I am sorry I was so rude to your friend, Charles; for himself he deserves it all, but being your friend prevents my saying a word. I owe too much to you to—"

"Sir Harvey!" cried Fred, "you owe me nothing; you don't know how much you have to forgive. I am in your debt, not you in mine."

"Tush, man!" said Sir Harvey, for a moment doubting that his sudden immersion had not injured his brain. "It's all very fine to disclaim praise, but it's your due—and more than praise, my gratitude is deeper than words can express. And as for being in my debt, I simply tell you

I don't know what you mean—I think you are raving, and don't know yourself."

"Indeed I do," replied Fred. "Sir Harvey, will you listen to a long story, which I begin by saying I have acted wrongly and foolishly, and am heartily sorry and ashamed of it? I have been playing a foolish, ungentlemanly, practical joke, and can only say it was without evil intention." He then related to Sir Harvey's astonished ears the whole story, without adding to or taking from it throughout, but giving him the plain, unvarnished facts, ending with, "I do not wish to excuse myself, sir, but the special care and kindness I have received the last few days determined me to acquaint you with it all. I cannot bear to see your real nephew merely treated on sufferance on my account. I wish I had been anywhere before I played such a trick. I am sorry for everything, except for having made your acquaintance. I can now only ask for your forgiveness."

Sir Harvey evidently did not know what to say; that he was angry at having been so completely taken in, was certainly the case; but he really liked Fred, and the trick was so cleverly carried out, and no one liked a joke better than himself; besides, what an obligation he was under to Fred for risking his own life to save that of his daughter; and as it now appeared, of his nephew also, and his contrition was so sincere, Sir Harvey could not withstand it.

"Forgive and forget," he said, taking his hand; "I told you I was grateful to you, I will prove it now. It certainly was a shame of you to fool an old man in such a way; but I will remember nothing but that you saved my daughter's life. Shake hands; what's your name? We'll be friends still."

Fred was deeply touched by the old gentleman's forbearance, and in a few words tried to express his feelings. But Sir Harvey's humour changed, his eyes twinkled, and he burst into a hearty laugh at his own expense for being the victim of such a cleverly-managed trick. He presently got up, saying—

"I must go and make my peace with unfortunate Charles, after turning him out so unceremoniously. There now, don't fidget yourself about all this, you meant no harm, and as you did none we'll forgive you. I'll send some one to you."

Fred wished he would do no such thing—he dreaded meeting anyone, more espe-

cially Alice, whom he felt would now more than ever shun and dislike him, and wished to put off the meeting as long as possible. Sir Harvey proceeded at once to his daughter's room, impatient to communicate to her and Lady Ellerton his piece of news. Alice was sitting at the fire looking so pretty, pale, and delicate, that her father hesitated in doubt how she would take the tidings.

"I have just been to see a—Charles," he began.

"Ah, poor fellow," said Lady Ellerton, "I must go now and see him. I have not seen him to-day."

"How is he to-day, papa?" asked Alice.

"Much better," replied the baronet; "nearly quite well." He stopped suddenly, it was easily seen he had something more to say. "Alice, my dear, I hope you will allow nothing to change you in your regard for him, he is a very good fellow."

Alice coloured violently. Could her father, she thought, in his gratitude for her deliverance, have been making any advances on her account; or what could he mean?

"I always liked him very well," she said, quietly; "and certainly now, when I am under the deepest obligations to him, I shan't begin to change; but I never had any particular regard for him."

"That is right—quite right," cried Sir Harvey; "I was so afraid you would have taken a fancy to him, or he to you."

Lady Ellerton and Alice stared in amazement.

"My dear!" said the former, "what can you mean? I thought that was—" She looked at Alice, and stopped.

Sir Harvey, with infinite humour, related the affair to them.

Her ladyship listened with mute astonishment; Alice crimsoned to the roots of her hair, and silently congratulated herself that she had always treated him as distantly as was compatible with the supposed cousinship. She was silent when her father ceased speaking, and her mother exclaimed—

"Well, and what is to be done? How are we to treat him?"

"The same as ever," replied Sir Harvey, decidedly. "If you saw how cut up he is about it, and how bitterly he repents having done it, you would not say a word."

"Of course not," answered the lady.

"Besides, were we to be angry with him for it, it would be a poor return for what he has done for us; and finally, I really like him, and would be sorry to send him away in anger, although that would not weigh with me, did I not remember that he saved Alice's life. And she, I am sure, will feel the same; don't you, Alice?"

Alice felt, but did not say so, that she liked him twice as well now, for she knew she was safe from any match-making propensities on her father's part, and felt now more unrestrained with regard to him.

"I can never feel anything but grateful to him," she said, "for saving my life, and really I think the plot was so beautifully managed that he deserves great credit instead of blame; and we did nothing wonderful for him; he was very little more here than any other gentleman would have been, and as Charles has really turned up, I think we may be satisfied; for my part, I feel more amused than vexed with him."

"Very well," said Sir Harvey, "then let it be so; let us all agree not to reproach him or make him feel uncomfortable—and we need not make a great virtue of it either, but remember it is our bounden duty for what we owe him. And so, my dear," he added, turning to his wife, "while I go and see the real Charles, will you go and assure him of our continued friendship, for he has got some insane idea into his head that we are going to turn him out bodily?"

Lady Ellerton immediately assented, and both left the room, leaving Alice to ruminate over the extraordinary changes, just taken place, at her leisure. She was thus employed when Grace Mostyn, who had been out with Mr. Sutcliffe doing duty for Alice during her temporary absence, came into the room. Mr. Sutcliffe being one of "Charles's friends," had not been permitted to leave the Castle with the other strangers after the accident, and being rather shy by nature, felt extremely out of place without his friend, on whom to depend; but Grace, mistaking this for anxiety for Fred's recovery, so exerted herself to please and amuse him, by walking and riding with him, that he felt more at ease, although ever fearing the trick being found out.

"You look better," cried Grace, sitting down on the floor before the fire. "What have you been doing with yourself since I saw you? you look brighter and better than usual."

"Charles is nearly well," said Alice, by way of beginning.

"I am very glad of it," laughed Grace, slightly blushing; "but I cannot imagine that would put you in such good spirits. I knew he must be better, as I saw him in the window as I passed, but he looked quite in 'the blues,' as he would say himself, and scarcely smiled when I nodded to him."

"I suspect he does not feel very comfortable," said Alice. "Grace, only imagine, he has played us such a clever trick; fancy, he is not my cousin at all, but has changed names with Mr. Elton, who is the *bona-fide* Charles."

"My dear Alice, are you gone quite mad? What are you saying?" said Grace; but she looked more concerned than she cared to show, as a change of colour and slight tremor of voice proved.

Alice explained all she knew.

"And Sir Harvey, is he very angry?" asked Grace. "Lady Ellerton, too; oh! how could he do so? and yet it is very funny. Are they awfully savage at it?"

"Not a bit," replied Alice; "I think they are very good, for they really made so much of him that it would be no wonder if they were annoyed. Mamma herself has gone to reassure him of her gracious favour, and papa to make up with Charles."

"And you yourself?" inquired Grace.

"Oh, I have nothing to care for," answered Alice. "The very reserve you scolded me for is my greatest comfort now; I like him better even than before."

"Don't you think," said Grace, timidly, "that it was very cleverly thought of? No one else would have had spirit to do it. But really it is exceedingly kind and forbearing of your father and mother to forgive the hoax so readily. Any one else would have flown into a passion about it, although I'm sure he meant no harm by it, only doing it for fun."

"And the best of it is," said Alice, mischievously, "I am to have no more to do with him; he is no longer 'an eligible' for me, papa says. So Gracie, love, as I said before, you may take my share in him—nay, don't blush. I never was a match-maker, but I think I must try now. Oh, Gracie, I shall turn the tables on you now!"

"Be quiet, Alice," cried Grace, the hot flush suffusing her face, but Alice only laughed provokingly. And Grace, in self-defence, ran out of the room.

Fred, after a most satisfactory interview with Lady Ellerton (in which she assured him they fully forgave him for the trick he had played, and even laughed at it, and constantly spoke of the service he had rendered them, making it almost seem that they were completely under a compliment to him, thereby restoring his usual good spirits), sought Tom Sutcliffe in the library, and informed him that he had confessed it all. Tom's consternation was extreme.

"What shall I do?" said he; "I must go away instanter. Oh, Fred, what a mess you've got me into!"

"Not a bit," answered Fred; "it's not your fault, and Sir Harvey is a brick; however, it would be better, I think, for you to go just back to the hotel, you know, for to-night, until we shake down together; it would be pleasanter to be alone."

"Indeed, I shall need no urging to go away," said Tom. "I think you are some kind of fairy, Fred, you get through everything; but I am not of your sort, so I'll hunt up my host, and wish him good-bye, and be off at once."

He did so, and Fred felt really relieved to see him away, as did almost every one, for Tom, though really a good fellow, was not a favourite.

By general consent, the invalids appeared in the drawing-room that evening. The meeting, which both dreaded, passed off very well, and Sir Harvey's unsailing good humour turned the whole thing into a jest. Everyone seemed to try to make Fred feel at ease in his new position, and succeeded famously, he not being particularly bashful. Alice, by deed more than word, was specially pleasant to him, and was far more agreeable to him than she had ever been before, though by no means less so to her cousin Charles, whose devotion to her was becoming apparent. Whether Sir Harvey noticed this or not, he was uncommonly attentive to him, and quite made up for his brusqueness in the day. Lady Ellerton looked placidly satisfied, and Grace, scarcely as lively as usual, was very sweet and gentle, avoiding Alice's eye as much as possible, and not daring to indulge in any private conversation with Fred, much to his evident disgust. Altogether, the evening was a success. Sir Harvey came to the conclusion that Charles was quite as nice a fellow as Fred, "and his father's own son, a regular Ellerton," and decided he would like him far better for a son-in-law,

while Lady Ellerton, at Alice's suggestion, determined to forward the match between her two young favourites.

"An orphan girl with a large fortune ought to be settled," she remarked to Alice, as they sat in the former's dressing-room. "And Charles says he has very good means. We must push it on as much as we can."

"Do, mamma," said Alice; "it is very evident they are in love with each other since the first time they met, so it will not be my fault if they do not come to an understanding. I like him for Grace very much, though for myself not at all," she added, laughing.

To any believer in omens, the next morning would have been prophetic of happiness and success. The sun, bright and warm as on a spring, not a winter's day, shone cheerily on the little party assembled at breakfast—smaller than usual, but certainly happier. Fred was no longer overshadowed by the continual fear of discovery which had haunted him hitherto, and Alice appeared in quite a different character to what he had seen before. Breakfast over, the usual question was asked—"What was next to be done?"

"Considering there are three invalids," said Lady Ellerton, "I think you must choose some quiet amusement to-day."

"I beg to say I am quite well," laughed Charles. "You need not consider me any longer on the sick list."

"And my cold is almost well, so I am not an invalid," said Alice.

"Then, in fact, Elton is the only patient," said Sir Harvey.

"And, excepting my wrist, I am all right again, too," replied Fred.

"I was going to suggest a ride," said Alice, "but I presume a hero with a disabled wrist could not control a horse."

"I fear not," said Fred. "I vote for a walk. I conclude there is no sympathy between hands and feet, so that there is nothing to prevent my joining you, is there?"

This resolution being carried *nem. con.*, the girls went upstairs to dress.

"Do not fatigue yourselves," was Lady Ellerton's parting advice. "Remember, none of you are quite strong yet."

By mutual consent, the lake was avoided, and instead, they took a higher path, leading to "Castle Hill," from which there was a fine view of the surrounding country. Charles and Alice led the way, followed by the others.

Fred had spent a considerable time

that morning in trying to beautify, but, in spite of his efforts, two or three very unornamental strips of sticking plaster would appear, which, with his hand in a black sling, gave him a very wounded-soldier-like appearance.

"I wonder you are not ashamed to walk with me," he said. "I am a very maimed-looking fellow with this bandage."

"Your wounds were obtained in an honourable cause," said Grace. "You ought to be proud of them."

"I am proud of nothing connected with my visit here," replied Fred. "I am ashamed when I think of it."

"Do tell me what put it into your head to come," pleaded Grace. "I am dying with curiosity to know."

Fred related to her the whole affair, with which she was much amused.

"And so Captain Ellerton would not come lest he should be inveigled into marrying Alice?" she said, when he had finished.

"Exactly so," replied Fred. "It would be an unlikely thing to happen—don't you think so?" he added, as, arriving on a little eminence, they saw the others slowly winding their way upward, Charles gazing with undisguised admiration at Alice, who was listening intently to whatever he was saying. Grace saw the twinkle in Fred's eye and burst out laughing.

"It's a pity he came," she said, merrily. "I'm afraid his fears will be realized; he has quite cut you out."

"Me!" said Fred. "Oh, I had nothing to do in *that* quarter."

He glanced at Grace as he spoke, who coloured and looked away. They went on silently some little way, then Fred said—

"To change the subject, Miss Mostyn, what is the matter with you to-day? You are not like yourself; you are quite grave and out of sorts."

"How observing you are!" said Grace. "Well, I have been put out by two or three things. Firstly, I have had a letter from my uncle, saying I must go home soon, which in itself is enough to annoy me."

"What a pity!" said Fred. "And must you go?"

"I fear so," she answered. "I really have been a long time here, and my uncle, who is a very precise old man, is afraid of my staying too long."

"What nonsense!" cried Fred. "Mine is a very harlequin kind of life."

continued Grace. "Sir Harvey is my other guardian and my godfather. So I spend part of every year here, but I live with my uncle; and when I go back to his dingy old house, in the midst of noise and brick walls, from this place, and fun and amusement, it is a great change, and is harlequin's *black* side: this is the *white* side; but I never was meant to be shut up in a town; I love the country."

Fred felt he had no right to say anything, but he could not help thinking of a certain pretty little country place which belonged to him, and where he never lived because of its loneliness. "Sir Harvey is her guardian," he thought; "that is one great thing."

The summit of the hill was at last reached, and there they found their companions admiring the view. Guildford and several other towns were distinctly visible, and the view, in spite of the smoke of manufactories, was very fine. There was a flag-post on the very top, which Charles insisted on climbing, and had got nearly half way, when the keeper came out of his cottage and peremptorily ordered him down—in fact, as Fred said, his colours were only allowed half-mast high. They were a very merry party, and coming down the hill made as much noise as a set of children; but once more on level ground, they again became serious, or at least more exclusive, and started homewards in the order they had at first observed. Returning through the shrubberies, Fred said, smiling—

"Do you remember our conversation, Miss Mostyn, as we walked here last, just in this spot?"

Grace laughed. "What was it?" she said. "My memory is not as good as yours."

"Well," said Fred, "all occasion for it has disappeared. Do you not remember my asking you the reason of Alice's cool manner to me, and your laughing at what you called my fancy? Well, I was right, and, excuse me, you were wrong."

"But how do you make that out?" inquired Grace.

"Simply this way. Ellerton did not like to be disposed of wholesale, so said he would not come here. I, personating him, came instead. Miss Alice, wishing also to have a voice in the matter, would not look at me, until, finding I was not her cousin, she discovered I was no longer dangerous, and treats me most graciously now, while both she and Ellerton have been most gloriously taken in, for I am

no true prophet if they are not following her father's wishes to the letter."

Grace did not answer, she felt it was true, and she did not wish to speak of Alice's affairs to a stranger. So changing the subject, she exclaimed—

"We shall be late for luncheon; it is almost the time. Mr. Elton, are you too dignified for a race? Come, I challenge you to the oak tree."

Away they started: Fred, of course, allowing Grace to win, and declaring it was his lameness which prevented his running well. They were seated at luncheon when Sir Harvey entered, holding a letter in his hand and looking very much put out.

"What does this mean?" he said. "I have had a letter from your uncle, Grace, but never mind, I shan't let you go yet. I can't do without my little girl here. He says he wants you home."

"Yes," answered Grace, nervously. "I did not know I had been so long away, until he told me, but I have been a great while."

"He says," continued Sir Harvey, not heeding the last speech, "that he wants you home for a particular reason. Now, I'll write and ask his reason, and not let you go a step until he gives it. I am your guardian as well as he, and how am I to know what he wants with you? Perhaps he wants to pack you off with some nephew or friend of his. Never fear, I'll look after you."

Grace coloured painfully, and Alice and Lady Ellerton felt most uncomfortable on her account. Sir Harvey's habit of plain speaking before strangers was sometimes, as at present, very unpleasant for his listeners; he, in his interest in the subject, quite forgetting there were strangers present, who, in their turn, felt very much *de trop*. Grace, conscious that her friends felt embarrassed in her cause, recovered herself, and said, in her usual lively manner—

"Well, Sir Harvey, you have not got rid of me yet. You don't know how long I shall stay to plague you still. Recollect we have never played that return game of chess, nor have we yet decided the croquet championship. So, of course, I can't go until that important matter is arranged."

"Are you a chess-player, Miss Mostyn?" asked Fred.

"Of course she is," replied Sir Harvey, "and a capital one, too. She beats me regularly."

"I have not half discovered Miss Mostyn's perfections," said Fred, looking as if he really thought so.

"You will make me quite vain," said Grace; "and I am sure vanity is not a perfection, Mr. Elton."

"Well, really," replied Fred, "every day I find out some new art in which you are a proficient, so I have reason to consider you quite an alarmingly learned young lady. Come, I challenge you now for a game of chess to-night, the best out of three—what do you say?"

"I am ready whenever you are," returned Grace. "I am not afraid of you."

"Take care of Elton, Miss Mostyn," said Charles. "He belongs to a chess club, where he is a crack player, so you must put your men to the work."

"I shan't retract," said Grace. "It is no disgrace to be beaten by a good player; only," she added, laughing, "he must play fairly, and not accuse his sprained wrist of losing him the game, as it did the race this afternoon."

Fred laughed.

"I shall see that all is fairly done," said Sir Harvey. "So after tea the great battle is to take place."

Oh, ye wise elders, when ye permit your young people to play at chess, ye little know the dangerous game that is also being carried on through the medium of innocent little specimens of carving! The quietude and silence necessary for the one game being most advantageous to the other. Fred and Grace were ensconced in a cosy corner of the drawing-room, unmolested by any one. Sir Harvey even, whether designedly or not, leaving them to themselves, and devoting himself to the study of *Bell's Life*, while Lady Ellerton alternately worked and dozed, and Alice and Charles, in a far corner, looked together over a book of engravings. The wonderful game commenced, and with it a series of beseeching looks, soft smiles, mock sighs, and accidental touches of the hands over some particular piece. "If you take me, I'll take you," was repeated often enough to bring a whole swarm of lawyers into a breach of promise court, if such had been their wish. Grace was almost a match for him, and Fred had to play his best to escape her victorious clutches. The one game, intensely interesting to them, proved quite the contrary to Sir Harvey and his lady. The other couple had gone to the piano, and were now soaring away on the wings of Moore's and Tennyson's muse, utterly

oblivious to the lateness of the hour; but Sir Harvey, less interestingly employed, noted the hands of the clock with fatal exactness. He folded up his newspaper and stood by the fire for some time, then walked about the room, putting little trifles into their places, in a fidgetty manner. He then went up to them and watched the game, asking who was likely to win, &c. And, finally, seeing that was no good, he deliberately went into the hall, got his candle, lighted it in a marked way, and was just wishing every one good-night, and begging the chess players not to hurry their game on his account (which they had evidently never thought of doing), when Fred exclaimed, in a triumphant tone, "Mate!" after a hard struggle. Grace looked nearly as pleased, and so ended the all-important game of chess.

Sir Harvey, as he had promised, wrote at once to Grace's uncle, begging to know his reason for wishing his niece to return in such a hurry, but some days elapsed before he received an answer. During this time, the young people had managed to amuse themselves in a variety of ways—walking in the mornings, strolling in the garden after lunch, and music and chess in the evenings. Thrown so much together, they could not fail to like each other, and this liking was rapidly ripening into something infinitely more tender. Each was personally conscious of it, but dared not give utterance to it to another. Alice, who before had bantered Grace on Fred's attachment and devotion to her, now was quite silent on the subject; while the two young men, who had the first day so freely discussed the respective merits of the young ladies and their comparative charms, now felt that to do so would be almost akin to sacrilege.

Time passed with untiring swiftness, each successive hour bringing some new delight, while not a thought once occurred to the gentlemen of hastening their departure. These truly were halcyon days. At length, however, the looked-for letter arrived. Mr. Mostyn seemed to be surprised that Grace had not at once obeyed his command and prepared to depart; but obligingly gave his reasons for it, in a curt but distinct manner. "Tired of leading a solitary life, he said he had, even at his age, persuaded a lady to link her fate with his, and, in short, he was going to be married immediately, the bride being a widow lady of mature years; consequently, he required Grace at home

to prepare his house for her reception." Grace's consternation and indignation was excessive. Little as she liked her uncle's house, still it was her home, and now, if he married, he would no longer require her; probably her new aunt might not like her, and she would, in fact, be left to the mercy of any friend who would adopt her. To a proud spirit like Grace's, this was very galling. Hot, angry tears rushed to her eyes, which she endeavoured to conceal.

"Heyday!" said Sir Harvey. "Very cool of your uncle, I must say, to order you home on that errand. Pray, does he keep no servants, that you are compelled to go and wait on him?"

Grace could not help smiling.

"He wants me, for the last time, to act mistress of his house, I suppose," she said, "by superintending his arrangements—a duty I don't at all fancy."

"Of course not," said he. "Don't trouble your head about servants until you are mistress of your own house. I shall write to him."

"What about?" asked Grace, in surprise.

"Tell him I'm not going to let you away this long time," returned Sir Harvey. "That we—that—what engagement could we get up impromptu?" he inquired, turning to the others.

"Say you are going on a tour to Van Dieman's Land, and won't be home before next winter," suggested Fred.

"Or, let her write herself, and say she has a round of engagements to fulfil before she leaves," proposed Charles.

"That would be true," said Fred; "because she has promised to take a ride with me when my arm is well, and to play another game at chess, to learn those duets we got yesterday, and, the first fine warm day, to come out sketching. Never fear, sir, we shall find you plenty of excuses."

"Well, tell me them all to-night," said Sir Harvey, good-humouredly, leaving the room.

"What do you say yourself, Gracie?" asked Alice, as they sat alone in the morning-room.

"I have no right to go," answered Grace, with spirit. "Uncle has never shown me a bit of kindness to entitle me to obey his least wish. I am of age, and will please myself. As long as you will allow me to stay here, I will not go to him, though for the future I have no home of my own."

Fred, passing the window where they were sitting, caught these words. A thrill of joy rushed to his heart. "She shall never say those words again, if I can help it," he inwardly cried. "Hitherto, I thought it far too presumptuous for me to offer her my house, but now I will venture; she can but refuse me. The idea of Grace Mostyn being dependent on any one's hospitality," he added, indignantly to himself. With heightened colour and compressed lips, he walked hurriedly into the shrubberies, the better to let his indignation escape, and to think over the best way of asking the momentous question. Striding along in haste, he nearly walked into Captain Ellerton's arms.

"Whither away in such a hurry?" he asked, laughing. "You nearly caused my overthrow. What's in the wind?"

Fred hesitated, then thinking, "Well, he can't laugh at me, for surely he's in the same box," he took his friend by the arm, and turning in another direction, said—

"Come Ellerton, I am going to make you the repository of my secrets, conditionally that you help me with your advice, and that you don't make fun of me."

He then related his cherished scheme. Long and earnestly the two paced the narrow path, talking of what most nearly concerned them both, and when at length they returned to the house, each countenance beamed with joyful anticipation.

The sitting-rooms were all empty, so Charles rushed upstairs to his own room, and Fred, having exhausted his fiery spirit, went more pensively into the conservatory, and, his thoughts far away, busied himself among the flowers, choosing from them the sweetest and most beautiful he could find. He was in the act of reaching to cut the single moss-rose bud the conservatory could boast of, when a figure entered. It was almost dark, but Fred instantly discovered it to be Grace. Getting down from his perch, she saw him, and exclaimed hastily—

"Oh! Mr. Elton, I did not know you were here; I thought you were out. I only came to choose some flower for my hair to-night."

"Allow me to give you this," and Fred presented the rose-bud, withholding the more costly blossoms, and adding, "I know you understand the language of flowers, so I need say no more."

Well he remembered that only the

day before they had been studying it together, and he had pointed to her the subject of which a rose-bud is emblematical, *i.e.*, a declaration of love.

Grace coloured furiously. Well was it for her that it was so dark, and so her blushes could not be seen. She took the flower, and stood, trembling visibly, and Fred, on the principle of silence giving consent, took courage to address her.

His revelations were never intended to be made public, so it would not be fair to relate all that passed between them. Suffice it to say, that more than an hour after, Grace left the room, and darting to her own room, threw herself on her knees beside the bed, and from sheer excitement cried heartily. Alice coming in to seek her, and finding her in tears, naturally imagined her to be in grief, and tried to comfort her; but Grace lifted to her a face so full of happiness and joyful satisfaction—smiles and tears so strangely intermingled—that Alice felt she need not fear for her, and instantly guessed the cause of her excitement.

“And is it so, Gracie?” she whispered. “May I not hear it all? I’m sure I know it already.”

Grace sprang up, and with many blushes and smiles confided to her friend that she, the orphan girl, was, with her uncle’s and Sir Harvey’s consent, the affianced bride of Fred Elton.

Alice’s ready sympathy was very pleasant, and dismissing the maid who came to dress Grace for dinner, and whose presence would have been a restraint, she assisted her herself, talking all the while.

“Are my eyes red?” asked Grace. “I don’t want to be a fright this evening, of all others.”

“Not a bit,” said Alice. “Leave yourself to me; I will see that you look nice.” Smoothing her glossy braids, she cunningly inserted some sprigs of geranium and azalias into them. “The rose-bud,” she said, laughing, “you must place here,” and she fastened it with a brooch in the shape of a true-lover’s knot upon her bosom.

Grace was now ready, and charmed with this innocent device, escorted by Alice, went downstairs, when, to her infinite satisfaction, dinner was immediately announced.

The cloth being removed, and the ladies having retired, Fred commenced to Sir Harvey his tale of love, submitting

it all to his decision. Sir Harvey, like most elderly people, dearly liked a love story, and listened attentively all through, his eyes brightening, and looking altogether very much pleased. When it was ended, he exclaimed, shaking him heartily by the hand—

“You have my consent, aye, and probation too. Next to my own child Grace Mostyn ranks in my heart, and there is nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see her well settled in life, and I believe you are a man to make her happy. As the guardian of my dearest friend’s only child, I may say, that from what I know of you, I can place implicit trust in you.”

Fred coloured.

“I believe you to be right, sir,” he said; “but you have known me a very short time, even during which you have had reason to doubt me.”

“I know that,” answered the baronet, hastily; “but I think it has given me a better opinion of you than ever, for now I see you have a sense of honour and high principles. The trick you played was only a boyish frolic; I do not think the worse of you for that. Shake hands, Fred; I give you my unqualified consent, and I am sure the uncle will give his: there never was much love lost between them, and now, as she said to-day, he will no longer want her, so I suspect the cross-grained old fellow will not much care what becomes of Grace. Never fear, I’ll manage him. So now, as I see you are burning to be away, be off, and plead the cause with her which you have so eloquently begun with me, and I wish you good luck.”

Fred needed no second bidding, and hastened to the anteroom, where he found Grace alone, waiting in nervous trepidation to hear the result. A look at Fred’s face was sufficient, and in five minutes they were as busily employed building castles for the future as though they had been engaged for months.

Meantime Charles, finding so favourable an opportunity, when his uncle was in the humour for such things, laid his own case before him, and begged permission to speak to Alice.

Now really Sir Harvey was delighted—the wish of his heart was in a fair way to be realized, and he would have started himself to seek Alice at once, if Charles had not hinted he would prefer doing so himself. The consent had been given in so unmistakably hearty a manner, that

Charles had no hesitation in taking him at his word, and immediately left in pursuit of Alice.

Sir Harvey and Lady Ellerton had the drawing-room to themselves for a long time that evening. The summons to tea had been unattended to, and supper was nearly ready, when the happy couples made their appearance, seeming almost too happy to talk; but Sir Harvey's tongue was never less at fault, and his merry sallies animated the others. Alice, timid by nature, was now far too shy and self-conscious to do more than smile an answer to her father's pleasantries; but Grace, who was never able to resist a joke, fully joined in them, and a merrier party never had assembled within the old castle's walls than the one that night.

The timepiece chimed a quarter past the usual hour for retiring before Sir Harvey thought of going to bed, and then, to make up for lost time, he bustled away in a great hurry. Lady Ellerton followed, and the younger party drew round the fire to enjoy a chat.

"I wonder what uncle will say?" laughed Grace.

"I don't care," said Fred; "he's doing the same thing himself, so he can't say much. Oh! I wish I could tear myself away from this to-morrow, and I would go and see about the alterations at Beau Manor."

"Is that the name of your place?" inquired Alice.

"Yes," answered Fred.

"It sounds very imposing," said Charles. "We shall be always exchanging visits with each other. Beau Manor *versus* Ellerton Castle for hospitality."

"Grace!" said Fred, suddenly, "you have made me lose a bet!"

"How so?—what do you mean?" naturally inquired Grace.

Fred laughed heartily, as he answered—

"The night I came here Tom Sutcliffe bet I would fail and botch the whole concern; or rather, I bet with him that I

would succeed, and then he turned the tables on me, and said that if I did make my way in, I would surely be caught in my own trap, and fall in love while I was there. Nay," he added, struck with a bright idea, "I have won both bets! It was *Alice*, he said, would captivate me, and you see I was charitable enough to leave her for some one else."

"Not so very charitable," said Grace, laughing. "If Alice had not been so very determined from the first that she would have nothing to say to the gentleman destined for her, and had made herself more agreeable to you, I fear I should have had but a poor chance."

She and Fred then had a good laugh at Charles and Alice's expense for their extreme caution with regard to each other.

"Well," said Alice, "you must allow it was very unpleasant for me to have a gentleman invited to the house, whom I knew papa intended for me, and so, in fact, I determined I would not encourage him, although, allow me to add, I liked him well enough all the time."

"Oh, I think that Charles is the best fun," said Fred; "he has been so splendidly taken in. Oh, Ellerton! I cannot help laughing when I think how indignantly you told me you would not come here to be caught for your cousin! As for me, I freely confess," he added, turning to Grace, "that from the first hour I felt I was a 'gone coon!'"

"Well, I little thought," said Charles, "that my visit here, planned for mischief, would have been productive of so much happiness. I little expected that the star of my life would set here."

"And for my part," said Fred, "I little thought that cold wintry night how fraught with event and excitement *my* visit would prove, and," he added, taking Grace's hand, "I am quite sure, were it possible for me ever to forget it with my little wife beside me, I shall be in no danger of forgetting my visit here, and all my 'Adventures at Ellerton Castle.'"

DÆMONOMANIA.

THIS disease is perhaps the most distressing species of insanity ; since, with the exception of the miserable belief of being possessed by the evil spirit, the patient is often in full possession of his other faculties, and will even endeavour to reason with his attendants, with some apparent plausibility, on the very aberration that constitutes the malady.

The word “dæmon” among the ancients was not considered as specific of an evil spirit ; on the contrary, it signified genius, intellect, mind. The first notions of dæmons were probably brought from Chaldea, whence they spread amongst the Persians, Egyptians, and Greeks. Gales maintains that the original institution of dæmons was an imitation of the Messiah. The Phœnicians called them *Baalim*. So far do these early opinions prevail, that among the Anabaptists we find a sect called Dæmoniac, who believe that devils shall be saved at the end of the world.

Plato gave the name of dæmons to the benevolent spirits who regulated the universe. The Chaldeans and Jews considered them as the causes of all human maladies. Saul was agitated by an evil spirit, and Job and Joram suffered under a similar visitation.

Dæmonomania differs widely from the mental disease called Theomania. In the latter state of insanity the patient fancies that he is placed in communication with the Deity or his angels ; in the former, he feels convinced that he has become the prey of the destroyer of mankind.

Perhaps the origin of dæmonomania may be traced to fanatical persecution ; never was the malady so common as during the denunciations of Calvin, when torture was frequently resorted to, to make the victims of bigotry renounce a supposed pact with the devil. D’Agessau was right when, in advising the parliament of Paris to repeal all statutes against sorcery, he recommended that dæmoniacs should be handed over to the physician, instead of the priest or the executioner.

The sufferings which dæmoniacs say they endure must be excruciating ; so powerful is moral influence over our physical sensations. They will tell you that the devil is drawing them tight, and suffocating them with a cord ; that he is pinching and lacerating their entrails,

burning and tearing their heart, pouring hot oil or molten lead in their veins, while internal flames are consuming them. Their strength is exhausted, their digestive functions impaired, their appearance soon becomes miserable in the extreme, their countenances pale and haggard : the wretched creatures endeavour to conceal themselves during their scanty meals, or their attempts to enjoy a broken slumber ; they are persuaded that they no longer possess a corporeal existence that requires refection or repose,—the evil spirit has borne away their bodies, the devil requires no earthly support ; they even deny their sex : they are doomed to live for ever in constant agony. These unfortunate creatures are mostly women. One of them asserts, with horrid imprecations, that she has been the devil’s wife for a million of years, and had borne him a numerous family ; her body is nothing but a sack made of a devil’s skin, and filled with their offsprings in the shape of devouring snakes, toads, and venomous reptiles. She exclaims that her husband constantly urges her to commit murder, theft, and every imaginable crime ; and sometimes with bitter tears supplicates her keeper to put on a strait waistcoat to prevent her from doing evil. Another woman, forty-eight years of age, assures us that she has two devils who have taken up their residence in both her hips, and have grown up to her ears : one of them is black and yellow, the other black, both in the shape of cats. She fills her ears with snuff and grease to satisfy their diabolical cravings. She eats with voracity, but is a perfect skeleton in appearance ; the devils consume all, and leave her nothing. They constantly bid her to go and drown herself ; but she cannot obey them, since eternity is her doom. They are scarcely sensible of painful agents, and are unconscious of heat, cold, or the inclemency of the weather. Their perspiration, frequently profuse, exhales a most unpleasant odour : hence the vulgar fancy that they smell of the lower regions. This circumstance is the usual consequence of many nervous affections, and arises, most probably, from the foulness of the breath, a natural result of impaired digestion, and from a peculiar acrimony of the cutaneous secretions.

Pinel relates the case of a missionary whose enthusiastic aberrations led him into the horrible belief that he could only be saved from eternal torments by what he called a *baptism of the blood*. This fatal mania induced him to attempt the life of his wife, who was fortunate enough to escape from the danger, after he had immolated two of his children, to secure their salvation! Tried for this crime, he was sentenced to perpetual confinement in Bicêtre. In his dungeon he fancied himself the *fourth person in the Trinity*, maintained that he was sent upon earth to baptize with blood, and all the power of the universe could not affect his life. During ten years' confinement, this miserable wretch betrayed the same insanity whenever religious subjects were touched upon; in all other matters he reasoned most soundly. His lucid intervals at last became so long in their duration and calm, that it was questioned whether he might not be liberated—until on a Christmas Eve his sanguinary monomania resumed all its intensity; and having by some means or other obtained possession of a leather-cutter's knife, he inflicted a desperate wound on one of his keepers, and cut the throat of two patients who were near them; many other inmates of the establishment would, no doubt, have been sacrificed by the desperate maniac had he not been secured. This case might decidedly be considered one of true dæmonomania.

It has been generally remarked that cases of dæmonomania are more common amongst women than in men. Their greater susceptibility to nervous affections, their warmth of imagination and strong passions, which habit and education compel them to restrain, produce a state of concentration that must cause increased excitement, and render them more liable to those terrific impressions that constitute the disease. These terrors, from false notions of the Deity, make them anticipate in this world the sufferings denounced in the next. One woman has been known to become dæmonomaniac after an intense perusal of the Apocalypse, and another by the constant reading of the works of Thomas à Kempis. Women, moreover, at certain critical periods are subject to great mental depression, which they have not the power to relieve by exciting pursuits like men. Melancholy succeeds a dull sameness. Religion, viewed in a false light, becomes her refuge; more especially at an advanced period of life,

when loss of youth and beauty is bitterly felt, as galled vanity compares the present with the past. Hysteric symptoms are now developed: the passions, which are too frequently increased even to intensity, rather than cooled, by years, prompt her to rebellious thoughts that religion and virtuous feelings strive to restrain; and these powerful agents, acting upon a predisposition morbidly impressionable from ignorance or the errors of education, accelerate the invasion of this cruel malady. Jacobi informs us that this is still the character which, in some Catholic countries, insanity connected with superstition frequently assumes.

Pliny tells us that women are the best subjects for magical experiments; Quintilian is of the same opinion; Saul consults a witch; Bodin, in his calculations, estimates the proportion between wizards and witches as one to fifty. It is, perhaps, owing to these remarks that many ungenerous writers have denied women a soul, as not belonging to mankind. One Simon Geddicus, a Lutheran divine, wrote a serious confutation of this libel upon the fair sex, in 1595, and promises the ladies an expectation of salvation on their good behaviour. According to a popular tradition among the Mahometans, women are excluded from paradise: St. Augustin, however, calls them the *devout sex*; and in the prayer to the Virgin of the Romish Church we find "*Intercede pro devoto femineo sexu.*" An hypothesis still more absurd was broached by a Doctor Almaricus, a theological Parisian writer of the twelfth century, who advanced that, had it not been for the original sin, every individual of our species would have come into existence a complete man; and that God would have created them by himself, as he created Adam. Our worthy doctor was a disciple of Aristotle, who maintained that woman was a defective animal, and her generation purely fortuitous and foreign to nature. Howbeit, my fair readers will learn with satisfaction that the doctrines of this aforesaid Almaricus were condemned by the church as heretical, and his bones were therefore dug up, and cast into a common sewer, as an *amende honorable* to the offended ladies.

"A woman," says one of the primitive fathers of the church, "went to the play, and came back with the devil in her; whereupon, when the unclean spirit was urged and threatened, in the office of exorcising, for having dared to attack one of the faithful, 'I have done nothing,'

replied he, 'but what is very fair; I found her on my grounds, and I took possession of her.'

St. Cyprian informs us, that when he was studying magic, he was particularly intimate with the devil. "I saw the devil himself," he says; "embraced him; I conversed with him, and was esteemed one of those who held a principal rank about him." Who can doubt the assertion of a saint! It appears, that in those wonderful days the devil usually wore a black gown, with a black hat; and it was observed that, whenever he was preaching, his *glutei muscles* were as cold as ice.

At all times satire has endeavoured to make invidious distinctions between the sexes: this is not fair. Women are generally what men have made them. In a physical, and, consequently, to a certain degree in a moral point of view, their organization is essentially different from ours; therefore, a masculine woman is as intolerable as an effeminate man. The education of females tends in a great measure to increase that susceptibility to trifling excitements, which in after-life urges them to the extremes of good or evil. While the toys and amusements of boys are of a manly nature, a girl is taught to practise upon her darling doll all the arts which a few years after she will practise upon herself. Many intelligent writers have doubted the expediency of giving woman any education beyond the sphere of her domestic pursuits and occupations.

It is this nervous flexibility in women that exposes them to that constant succession of emotions which are expressed by a rapid transition from tears to smiles; and, anomalous as it may appear, they are more exposed to fond impressions in their grief than at any other moment; they then feel more helpless, and stand in greater need of consolation. The story of the Matron of Ephesus is not so great a libel on the sex as one might imagine. Their mind is prone to romantic enthusiasm; they delight in the extraordinary, the terrible, and as Madame de Sevigné, who well knew her sex, expresses it, they enjoy in chivalric tales *les grands coups d'épée*. Prudence preventing them too frequently from expressing their thoughts, thinking becomes more intense; but when the suppressed volcano bursts forth, its eruptions are boundless. No passion is more overwhelming than when it has been kept down by dissimulation; opportunity

is their curse. Denham has beautifully illustrated its fearful circumstances—

" Opportunity, like a sudden gust,
Hath swell'd my calmer thoughts into a tem-
pest.
Accursed opportunity!
That works our thoughts into desires; desires
To resolutions; those being ripe and quick-
ened,
Thou 'giv'st them birth, and bring'st them
forth to action."

To what prejudice against women are we to trace their sex having been chosen to represent the Furies, stern and inexorable ministers of Divine wrath; the Harpies, who defiled all they touched; the perilous Sirens; unless it be to woman's fascinations in youth, and envious bitterness in old age—the conventional type of witchcraft? This unhappy selection of woman for working *malefices* has been attributed to the facility which the devil found in tempting Eve. A witch is supposed by the most learned in the black art to be in compact with Satan, whom she is obliged to obey; whereas a sorcerer commands the devil himself by his knowledge of charms and invocations, but more especially of perfumes that the evil spirits delight in when properly suffumigated, or abhor when maliciously given them to smell. Thus the burning of a fish's liver by Tobit drove the devil into the remote parts of Egypt; and Lily informs us, that one Evans having raised a spirit at the request of Lord Bothwell and Sir Kenelm Digby, and forgotten his favourite fumigation or incense, the angry elf whipped him up, and carried him from his house in the Minories to Battersea Causeway.

Although fairies are mostly considered juvenile, and many of their kind acts are recorded, yet are they in general mischievous imps; Mr. Lewis describes those he saw in the silver and lead mines of Wales, as only being about half a yard high. As a punishment for their vagaries, all their children are stunted and idiotic; and this accounts for their abominable custom of substituting their own "base elfin breed" for healthy infants. Hence are idiots commonly called changelings.

Daemoniacs are prone to commit suicide, less from their loathing an irksome life than through fear, not of future torments, but of the renewal or the continuance of their worldly sufferings. Perhaps they may entertain some doubts as to the punishment of another existence, while their actual condition is intolerable; we

not unfrequently see desperate men rushing to meet the very fate they dread.

Daemonomania may be referred to a false view of divine justice—ignorance, and consequent weakness of intellect—and a pusillanimous apprehension of perhaps a merited chastisement. It is a disease which seldom admits of a cure. If the consolations of true religion are proffered, they are either spurned with anger, or merely produce an evanescent melioration. *Zacutus* relates the case of a daemonic who was cured by a person who appeared to her in the form of an angel, to inform her that her sins had been forgiven: it is possible that strata-gems of a similar nature might prevail.

Daemonomania has been known to be epidemic. From 1552 to 1554 no less than eighty-four persons became possessed in Rome. The endeavours of a French monk to exorcise them proved of no avail; and as most of the unfortunate victims of credulity were Jewesses who had consented to be baptized, the Jews were of course accused of sorcery. About the same period a similar disease broke out in a convent near Kerudrop, in Germany, when all the nuns were possessed, and denounced their cook, who, having confessed that she was a witch, was duly burned alive with her mother.

Daemonomania has been considered an hereditary visitation, and whole families have therefore been deemed in pact with the evil one. Insanity is unfortunately known to attach itself to certain generations; but perhaps it has not been sufficiently observed, when endeavouring to account for this melancholy fact, that the mind becomes gradually influenced by the nature of the constant conversation we daily and hourly are exposed to hear; and it is not impossible but that this transmission of mental disease may be attributed to morbid moral and physical sympathies, which might be avoided by withdrawing the persons exposed to it from the sphere of their action.—Constant anxious thoughts and painful reflections tend to produce an increased sensorial power in the brain, with a diminished sensibility to external impressions. So great has been this effect upon the senses, that maniacs have been seen to gaze upon the meridian sun without any sensible effect on the organs of vision. It is therefore possible that an individual who beholds with incessant horror insanity in his family, or who constantly hears of their aberrations, may

ultimately experience a similar peculiarity of the mind! hence wit as well as madness have been known to be the heir-looms of a race. Although the examples of vice, one might imagine, would inspire a love for virtuous actions, yet we daily see profligacy the characteristic of an entire family; and there are names which have been rendered by misconduct synonymous with depravity. This sad fact can only be attributed to natural temperament, whether it be sanguine or melancholic. It has been observed that our constitutions exercise a control over diseases, that modifies them in a peculiar manner. The more acute the sensibility, the greater is the predisposition to insanity.

Amongst the various motives that induced the evil one to pay his sinister visits to frail mortality, that of inflicting upon them a salutary, or a vexatious fustigation, is frequently recorded by the fathers and other writers. It was more especially upon the backs of saints that this castigation took place. St. Athanasius informs us that St. Anthony was frequently flagellated by the devil. St. Jerome states that St. Hilarius was often whipped in a similar manner; and he calls the devil "a wanton gladiator." St. Francis of Assisa received a dreadful flogging from the devil the very first night he came to Rome, which caused him to quit that city forthwith. Abbé Boileau's remarks on this circumstance savour not a little of impiety and free-thinking, for he says, "It is not unlikely that, having met with a colder reception than he judged his sanctity entitled him to, he thought proper to decamp immediately, and when he returned to his convent told the above story to his brother monks." Howbeit, Abbé Boileau is no authority, and it is to be feared that, partaking of the satirical disposition of his brother, he sacrificed piety to wit; for it is well known, beyond the power of sceptic doubts, that the aforesaid saint's assertion cannot possibly be impugned by proper believers. His power over the fiery elements was established; whereby he possessed the faculty of curing erysipelas, honoured by the appellation of St. Anthony's fire. In the like manner St. Hubert cured hydrophobia, and St. John the epilepsy.

It is, however, pleasing to know that it was not always that the beatified succumbed to these Satanic pranks, and many instances are recorded of the devil's

being worsted in these sacrilegious amusements, as fully appears in the history of the blessed Cornelia Juliana, in whose room, one day, says her history, "the other nuns heard a prodigious noise, which turned out to be a strife she had had with the devil, whom, after having laid hold of him, she fustigated most unmercifully; then, having him upon the ground, she trampled upon him with her foot, and ridiculed him in the most bitter manner."

This partiality of devils for flagellation can most probably be attributed to their horribly jealous disposition; for it is well known that the saints took great delight in fustigating, not only those who offended them, but their most faithful votaries. Flagellation was therefore the most grateful punishment that could be inflicted to propitiate the beatified; and we have several well-authenticated facts which prove that the Virgin was frequently appeased by this practice. Under the pontificate of Sextus IV., a heterodox professor of divinity, who had written against the tabernacle, was flogged publicly by a pious monk, to the great edification of the bystanders.

Dæmonomania may be considered the result of a morbid condition of the mind, and the dread of supernatural agency. The belief of an incarnation of the devil leads to the natural apprehension of his having taken possession of our bodies, when a credulous creature fancies that he has fallen into his snares, and forsaken the ways of the Omnipotent. This sad delusion has been admirably illustrated by Sir Walter Scott in his curious and learned Demonology. "It is, I think," says he, "conclusive that mankind have, from a very early period, their minds prepared for such events (supernatural occurrences) by the consciousness of the existence of a spiritual world. But imagination is apt to intrude its explanations and inferences founded on inadequate evidence. Sometimes our violent and inordinate passions, originating in sorrow for our friends, remorse for our crimes, our eagerness of patriotism, or our deep sense of devotion, these, or other violent excitements of a moral character, in the visions of the night, or the rapt ecstasy of the day, persuade us that we witness with our eyes and ears an actual instance of that supernatural communication, the possibility of which cannot be denied. At other times the corporeal organs impose

upon the mind, while the eye and the ear, diseased, deranged, or misled, convey false impressions to the patient. Very often both the mental delusion and the physical deception exist at the same time; and men's belief of the phenomena presented to them, however erroneously, by the senses, is the firmer and more readily granted, that the physical impressions corresponded with the mental excitement."

From the foregoing observations we may venture to conclude, that an individual who gives credence to apparitions will also believe in the incarnation of the devil. In both cases we infer that spiritual beings can assume corporeal forms; and although we may not presume to question the possibility of such appearances when it may please the Omnipotent so to will it, to believe in possession is actually to admit that the devil is a spiritual being endowed with specific attributes and powers, and acting either independently or with the consent of the Almighty. This admission would to a certain extent border on the heresy of the Manicheans, who believed, with the heresiarch Cubricus, that there existed a good and an evil principle coeternal and independent of each other. We find in Holy Writ that indulgence was granted to Satan to visit the earth. But the period when miraculous power ceased, or rather was withdrawn from the church, is not determined. The Protestants bring it down beneath the accession of Constantine, while the Roman Catholic clergy still claim the power of producing or procuring supernatural manifestations when it suits their purpose; but, as Scott justly observes, it is alike inconsistent with the common sense of either Protestant or Roman Catholic, that fiends should be permitted to work marvels, which are no longer exhibited on the part of religion.

Cullen's opinion on this disease is worthy of remark. He says, "I do not allow that there is any true dæmonomania, because few people nowadays believe that demons have any power over our bodies or our minds; and in my opinion the species recorded are either a species of melancholy or mania—diseases falsely referred by the spectators to the power of demons—feigned diseases, or diseases partly real or partly feigned."

Esquirol, moreover, justly observes that, "in modern times the punishments that the priest denounces have ceased to

influence the minds and the conduct of men, and governments have recourse to restraints of a different kind. Many lunatics express now as much dread of the tribunals of justice, as they formerly entertained of the influence of stars and demons."

We frequently meet with despondent monomaniacs labouring under the fatal delusion of having forfeited all hopes of salvation, and being in fact inevitably doomed to perdition, but who are apparently of sound mind when touching upon other subjects. The case of one Samuel Brown was peculiarly striking. This unfortunate man, at a period when all his intellectual faculties were in full vigour, fancied that his rational soul had

gradually succumbed under divine displeasure, and that he solely enjoyed an animal life in common with brutes.

Esquirol affirms that this form of lunacy is of rare occurrence, and that out of upwards of 20,000 insane persons whom he has observed, scarcely one case of dæmonomania could be found in a thousand, and these were amongst the lowest and most uneducated classes of society. The most powerful charm to withstand the efforts of the evil spirits, is the following one generally made use of in Livonia.

*Two eyes have seen thee—may three eyes
deign to cast a favourable look upon thee,
in the name of the Father, the Son, and the
Holy Ghost.*

A PLEA FOR OXFORD.

THE engine screams the knell of parting day,
A cloud of smoke winds slowly o'er the lea,
The heavy goods-train puffs its weary-way,
And leaves the town to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a sooty sadness holds,
Save red and green from yonder signal light,
Like surgeon's glass which coloured water holds;

Save that from yonder gas-illumined tower,
The switchman sad doth to the guard complain
Of such as wandering near his quiet bower
Molest his ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged sheds that slaty shade
Where heaves the coke in many a dusty heap,
Each in his narrow cell till morning laid
The locomotives of the Western sleep.

The wheezy call of sulphur-breathing morn,
The porker's grunting in the brick-built shed,
The shrill steam whistle, like an echoing horn,
Again shall rouse them on their lowly bed.

For them again the stifling coke shall burn,
The lusty stoker ply his daily care,
And porters watch the engineer's return,
And climb his box the envied pipe to share.

Oft do the proctors to their clamour yield,
Their puffing oft the student head hath broke;
How joyful if they further went a-field,
And saved us from the piston's throbbing stroke.

Let not directors mock our useful toil,
 With classic tomes in subject oft obscure,
 Nor rude surveyors scholarship beguile,
 From studies which for ages should endure.

The boast of architect, the dome and tower,
 And all that Genius, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Must these await, th' inevitable hour
 Which makes our peaceful city like a grave.

Nor you, shareholders, blame it as a fault,
 If we would see no factory chimneys raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Shall swinging crane, or animated dust,
 And smoke, which vomits like a demon's breath,
 Encase our temples with a blackened crust,
 And make each college look as grim as death?

Perhaps this ancient glorious spot hath made
 Some hearts now pregnant with celestial fire,
 Taught hands that since the rod of empire swayed,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to our eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, will ne'er unroll,
 If noise and clatter chill her noble rage,
 And freeze the genial current of the soul.

These honoured stones from insult pray protect,
 Nor let tall chimneys be erected nigh,
 Of uncouth shape, and by a smoke-wreath decked,
 Making the sad Oxonian halt and sigh.

On common sense the student soul relies,
 Some peace and quiet college life requires;
 From every tower the voice of learning cries—
 Save us from noise, and smoke, and factory fires!

J. V.

THE MARKED MONEY.

THE Northern Railroad, that great, puffing, driving, hospitality-destroying monster, winds through the village now.

But there was a time—

Certainly there was a time when those yelling, screeching engines did not rush at one end of the place at all unseemly hours of the day and night, wind themselves about it, rushing off at the other, after a horrifying coil, and roaring over the bridge like a great serpent, such as we read of in legend, seeming to say, "Well, I have spared you this time—only swallowed a few of your people. The next time I come I'll take the whole of your tiny village."

Yes, there was a time when the little place was still smaller than now. Not so very long ago either. We can all remember it—all who can see the little lines of silver streaking through their hair. They can remember how, when they were young, this spot was a favourite on sleigh rides, about a half-way house in the progress, where a fiddler (since become a violinist) was always to be had at a moment's notice; where they had a way of knocking up the nicest little suppers while hot punch (oh, whisper it low!) was being discussed, and where there was just room enough for a party to dance, and no more, no matter how large the party.

What! in the village?

Nonsense! I am speaking now of the little white house that stands about midway as you pass through. That is "The Village Tavern," always has been the village tavern for more than half a century, until within ten years the last word was painted out, and that of "Railway Hotel" substituted.

There was a time when, as I said, this "Village Tavern" was the great place for riding, driving, and fishing-parties to stop at for dinner and supper. It was a spot, too, for travellers, when they did not scud over the land and arrive at the places of their destination in less time than they could stay at home. Many a traveller who came only for the night's rest, for his supper and breakfast, stayed over a day or two, perhaps for a week. There were trout and pickerel in those days, that could be caught in the clear, bright waters of the mill-stream, which ran stealthily by the foot of the garden, less than a stone's throw from the back garden,

and was not banged, and whirled, and beaten by a thousand mill-wheels, and rumbled over by half a hundred of steam-trains daily. There was woodcock, too, five minutes' walk away, and a partridge; or, if you liked a little longer walk, something of larger growth worthy of your powder and shot.

John Gordon kept "The Village Tavern." Gordon was a hard-headed, stout-bodied, red-faced, jolly, humorous Scotchman. He was liberal, with an eye to the main chance. He was proud of his position as landlord, proud that his house should be known and spoken of in the great city of London, and particularly proud that so many *connoisseurs* thought it well worth their while to drive out to "The Village Tavern," that they might drink Gordon's inimitable punch, made from the peculiar whiskey of which the landlord had trace from the moment it came from the still, just close by the foot of Ben Nevis, to the hour it went gurgling down the drinker's throats.

Of all these things was John Gordon proud. This was the pride of his profession; but there was one thing more of which he was proud, and to which all other things were but as accessories. This was his daughter Letty. Letty Gordon was the landlord's only child. He had married an English wife, and ten years after his marriage there came to John Gordon this one child. On the day that little Letty could count eight years Mrs. Letty Gordon, senior, was called to another and a better world, leaving little Letty heiress of all the goods, chattels, and real estate of which she died possessed, the last item being "The Village Tavern," with its furniture and belongings: a comfortable little setting out which, with true Scotch thrift, her good father had settled upon her the day she was married, and from which John Gordon had garnered some solid wealth, which lay stretched out in various farms in the country round.

Letty Gordon had great blue eyes, very blue, very large, and sparkling with suppressed mischief. Letty Gordon had light-brown hair that danced about her head, laughing all combs to scorn, and almost repudiating a ribbon. She had the whitest skin, and the whitest teeth, and the—Oh! this sounds too much

like an auctioneer's summary. I shall end it by saying that she was just the merriest, sweetest, and most enticing little fairy I had ever seen, and I am not alone in so believing. There were a few of the favoured guests of "The Village Tavern" who could occasionally see Letty Gordon; but to the mass who came and went like shadows, Letty was herself a shadow. They had heard of the landlord's beautiful daughter; once in a long while some one more fortunate than the rest would catch a glimpse of the little maiden, but from whence she came, or whither she went, the glimpser could never tell. They drank the health quietly of the mysterious beauty of whom they heard so much, of whom they knew that she breathed the same atmosphere as themselves, and yet to them was a sealed book. This was the treasure that John Gordon watched and guarded—she who, already an heiress in her own right, was to inherit all the acres that he had been adding year by year from the overflow of "The Village Tavern." Letty was not only the admiration of the gay groups who came from the city, but she was the ambition of every rustic beau, who looked with covetous eyes upon the fair face and the broad acres of the landlord's daughter. They looked, but they looked in vain; for John Gordon had long resolved that whoever came wooing to his Letty should be no common man, but should outdouble her in wealth.

Letty Gordon was not the only fair attraction that brought the gallants to "The Village Tavern." There was another bright face, another comely shape, in the person of Martha Field. Martha and Letty were of an age—both eighteen. Martha was an orphan, and had been taken when a child by the late Mrs. Letty Gordon to "care for." Martha was the right hand of "The Village Tavern;" she was here, there, and everywhere, as John Gordon expressed it. If extra company came, and aid was wanted in the kitchen, Martha was able and willing. Whether Martha's hand was wanted in the bedrooms, in the parlours to wait on the guests, to attend in the bar, it was always the same—she was there. Whatever she did was well done. Many a smart farmer's son, who came as suitor to the mistress, made a desperate effort to amend the hopelessness of the case by falling in love with the maid, only to find out that his fate was the same in either quarter. Martha Field had already dis-

posed of the little beating heart that lay beneath her trim, well-fitting bodice. She had given it, subject to certain conditions, into the keeping of David Bigelow, a smart and promising carpenter, who, by some special art lurking under his tongue, had managed to secure the little girl to himself in the face of the most startling opposition. Under these circumstances there can be no wonder that Martha should be given to reading romances, and sympathizing generally with lovers, particularly with those in distress. There were some who said that when Martha Field married, John Gordon would come down "warm" with a trifle for the couple to start with; but those who knew the landlord better declared that as long as breath was in John Gordon's body he would not part with a pound of all he had so carefully hoarded, and now so strictly watched. In proof of this they pointed to Letty and Martha, upon whom he never lavished a penny, putting off their desires for showy dress, so inherent in the sex, by telling them that their faces would make their fortunes without ribbons and silk.

This was John Gordon's household, save only aunt Judy, who reigned supreme in the kitchen department. One bright day in June, when the leaves fluttered with more than ordinary gladness, and the sun glanced over the waters of the river, sending its light to the clear, gravelly bottom till it showed the lazy fish in their very homes, the Paterson stage rattled through the village, and dropped one passenger at "The Village Tavern." He was a tall, dark-complexioned man, somewhere about thirty, with a quiet, assured manner, that told the crowd of idlers who stood always ready to stare at the stage passengers, if they were capable of receiving any impression, that the new-comer was one not easily stared down, and well accustomed to all the attentions that could be thrust upon him.

He told John Gordon, who stood ready to receive him, that his name was Philip Conger, and his intention was to spend a week with him, and try his hand at the fish. John was pleased at the announcement, and told his guest so; more pleased as he noticed that the young man's luggage bespoke that money was plentiful; and still more pleased when he found that his liberal orders did full justice to his looks. Philip Conger fished until the venerable old trout and pickerel trembled

in their watery beds. He shot with such success that he awakened the jealousy of the stereotyped sportsmen of the place. He walked, he rode, and drove, and so the week passed away, and yet he remained a guest of "The Village Tavern." Another week, and Philip Conger was still there; but he no longer fished, no longer hunted, his walks and rides were shorter, and the house had more attraction. In a few words, he had seen Letty Gordon, had spoken with her, and from that moment all things that carried him away from where he could feel that she was near had lost their charm. And stranger still than this, Letty, who had been so invisible to all other eyes, now went flitting uneasily about the house. If Philip sat upon the settle, there were large chances but he would see her within the hour. If he walked roaminly about the garden, Letty had a bouquet to make up, some berries to pick, or something to do which he always could take a hand in. Those about the village who always see everything told John Gordon occasionally that Letty was at that moment under the charge of the stranger, being paddled leisurely along the river bank in a skiff, or had been seen at some past time walking with the stranger in some near lane, or sitting in some half-secluded place earnestly talking. They could see that the landlord's face grew dark whenever such intelligence was brought him, and those who were most about the house could observe that he no longer treated his guest with the same attention as formerly; there was a lack of that welcome and greeting that John Gordon had always for well-paying guests; and then the gossips foretold a storm. They said that when John Gordon's face darkened there would be lightning flashes, which would strike somewhere. There were other signs besides these foretelling this coming storm. Letty was seen once, twice, perhaps three times, in tears, and Martha Field had been heard openly to declare all fathers tyrants.

One day John Gordon, with redder face than usual, and quicker step, went from bar to stable, from parlour to cellar. Something there was in the wind more than common. The busy-bodies looked around and abroad for the cause, and were not long in finding it out. There, almost opposite the house, and in full view, lay the little skiff fast at anchor, while Philip Conger, with Letty Gordon as his pupil, was back at his old employ-

ment of fishing. Now they said the long-gathering storm would burst; but they were to be woefully mistaken when they believed it would break with violence over the head of Philip Conger. In their own good time the couple came back; they were too happy to hasten much; and then John Gordon, with his vials of wrath all charged sought Philip. For an hour they were together in the room of Philip; but those who listened for the thunder of the storm heard nothing. There was only the confused sound of the two voices, sometimes that of Gordon above the other, then as instantly calming down. What the mesmerism was that held the usually violent man was a mystery, but at the end of the hour John Gordon came forth pale and silent, and in another hour Philip Conger had turned his back on "The Village Tavern," never to be its guest again.

It was for his daughter all his harshness was reserved, and poor Letty had now not only to bear with her father's dark looks and stern words, but, what was worse, with a curtailment of her liberty. How she would have borne this it would be hard to tell but that Martha had brought to her a letter from Philip, written within that hour before he left the house, filled with his promises of love, and his declarations that he would not depart from the vicinity, and would find means to communicate with her. How well these declarations were kept she knew the next day, when Martha brought her intelligence that Philip Conger was within a mile, having found quarters at a farm-house scarcely that distance away, on the opposite side of the river. It may be held as a certainty that John Gordon was not long in knowing this; and further, he knew that many days would not elapse ere the lovers would find means of correspondence. Nor was John Gordon wrong in this. To Martha Field, Letty had confided everything, and Martha was now the Mercury that managed, if she did not carry the correspondence between Letty Gordon and Philip Conger, and David Bigelow the worker who, at the bidding of Martha, performed the postman. Without actually knowing this, John Gordon suspected, and with him suspicion generated active measures. David Bigelow was at once forbidden the house, and the full weight of his displeasure rained down upon the head of Martha.

For weeks things remained in this uncertain state. Whatever measures John

Gordon intended to take were locked within his own breast. There was a mystery in progress through which none could fathom, and to which Letty Gordon bent her ear seriously and tremblingly when Martha Field brought her the gossip she had heard stirring. John Gordon had been known to have several private interviews with old Brown, the village constable. The old man had been seen lurking around the village suspiciously, as if smelling out some trouble. He spent a great deal of time at the tavern in talks with the landlord, or sitting watching everybody and everything under his lowered brows. The gossips were busy again. They declared that between John Gordon and old Brown there was something that would bring trouble to Philip Conger or David Bigelow. They had heard the landlord declare his intention of driving them both out of the village, and of turning Martha Field into the road to seek a home where she would. Perhaps he would not go so far; but every one who knew John Gordon knew that he would not stop half way in his efforts to reach any end upon which he started. Of late he had talked much about ingratitude—about those he had fed turning from him—about conspiracy—about nursing vipers in his bosom that turned and stung him; and for a long time these pickers-up of unconsidered domestic trifles were divided in opinion whether the old man made allusion to his daughter or to Martha Field. They were soon satisfied when they perceived that he ceased to speak with Martha unless forced by necessity to do so, and then only with an expression that betrayed his unwillingness. Martha laughed at the threats of John Gordon to expel her from his house. She knew that she was essential to the success of "The Village Tavern," and that if its landlord did not understand when he had a good and faithful servitor, she knew enough that would, and to these she would go. Martha Field set him at defiance, and still continued, with the aid of David Bigelow, to carry the letters of the lovers.

It was one evening in the early autumn, following a day that John Gordon and old Brown had been engaged in numberless consultations. The plot seemed to thicken, and those who had been peering about until they knew more of the matter than the actors themselves said that it was near its catastrophe. The habitual redness had deserted John Gordon's face;

it was pale instead—very pale for John Gordon. He stepped more quickly that night than was his custom from the bar to the parlour, and so upstairs to where Letty and Martha sat. Those who spoke of it afterwards said that many things passed that evening that were strange, but were not thought of in that way until the next day. They said that soon after dark a rower, in a skiff looking very like the one Philip Conger was sometimes seen in, came slowly up the river, and lay for some minutes under the great willow that grew at the foot of the garden; and one of these gossips, living on the opposite side, says he saw this single rower leave his skiff, and stand under the willow, where in a few moments he was joined by one in a light dress; that they stood together for a short space, and parted—the skiff and its single rower returning the same way that it came. Another, equally as veritable, two hours later, saw a carriage and horses, entirely unknown in that part of the country, travelling at great speed on the road toward London, and declared this carriage to contain a lady and gentleman, who, with corroborating circumstances, were believed to be Philip Conger and Letty Gordon.

Those who were nearer home saw, that same evening, a cart drawn up in front of "The Village Tavern," with old Brown as its driver. They saw him and John Gordon go together to the vacant parlour, where, after a talk, Martha Field was sent for. Within a few minutes the more inquiring, who pressed out of the bar-room for that purpose, saw Martha Field, John Gordon, and old Brown drive away together from "The Village Tavern;" Martha without bonnet or shawl, and with a calm, scornful look; John Gordon with white face and pale, tight-shut lips; and old Brown with a complacent expression of face, that would leave the impression with all who did not know him, that he had just performed one of the most benevolent and praiseworthy of actions.

The next day the village was startled from its sleep with the intelligence that Philip Conger had carried away Letty Gordon, and they were believed to be in London; that Martha Field, at almost the same moment that the runaway couple were commencing their flight, had been arrested on a charge of stealing money at various times from John Gordon, and was now in the county jail entirely re-

fusing to confess; that the stolen money had been directly traced to her by a plan of John Gordon and old Brown, the different coins having been marked to lead to detection, and spent by Martha Field at different places in the village; and that John Gordon, upon his return from the squire's, where Martha was committed, and finding that Letty had fled, started in pursuit, and was brought in half an hour afterwards with a broken arm, having been thrown from his cart. This was news indeed for the gossips, and great capital they made of it. The stories that flew from mouth to mouth did not lose in the telling. Some had it that Martha had robbed John Gordon of many hundred of pounds, in revenge for his refusal to bestow a marriage portion on herself and David Bigelow; others, that Martha was thrown into prison by the landlord in revenge for her assisting Letty in a marriage that would surely throw him out the tavern stand. These cried shame, and asked each other if John Gordon was not rich enough to give Letty her little property, and if he was not old enough to give up to younger men. It was strange then how many had seen and foretold all these things to themselves long ago; how many knew it would be so, and were not surprised in the least; and how many were ready with the charitable hope that it would be a lesson to John Gordon, and lead him to see that there was an instability in wealth, and nothing really true but their advice.

A week rolled by, and John Gordon left his room, with his broken limb in splints hanging by a sling. He had altered, people said, in that week to be at least ten years older. His face was drawn and haggard, and the rosy, healthy hue had gone out of his cheeks. His eyes were dim, and there was no loud, hearty laugh ringing through the house as in the old days. The loungers and gossips watched the old man as he went vacantly about the place with something like awe. They watched him as he was confronted in his own bar, that spot which only one short week before was his stronghold, by another face as pale and haggard as his own, who asked for justice on behalf of Martha Field, and was refused. Then this man, who was none other than David Bigelow, stood up before the landlord and the curious crowd, and told how Martha Field was guiltless, and that John Gordon knew it, when, in his base anger and desire to

remove the means of communication between his daughter and Philip Conger, he sent an innocent girl, who should have been as dear to him as a child, to a criminal prison. John Gordon trembled with the rage he was obliged to suppress, and David Bigelow went on. Yes! he knew that the money which he had marked as a trap was taken by his daughter Letty, as she had a perfect right to do; for was not the house and all within it—ay, and all its profits, even to the last penny, even the lands he had bought with those profits—hers? Yes! And he, John Gordon, knew this, and more. He knew that Letty Gordon had taken this money as she would take any other thing that was her own, and had given it to Martha Field to purchase such articles as her father wrongfully denied her—paper, pens, and ink, that she might write to the man to whom she had betrothed herself, and such things as were necessary to have when she fled from the home where she was a prisoner.

This he said, and more. That Martha Field had refused to say anything on the night of her arrest, knowing that Letty would step forward for her protection at the proper time; that it was Letty's intention to have left her home with Philip Conger within a few days of the one on which Martha was arrested; but why the flight should have occurred on that evening, so prematurely, was an unexplained mystery. One thing was certain, that when Letty Gordon left home she did not, nor did she now, know of the arrest of Martha Field, or she would come forward at any risk and show her entire innocence.

The old man sneered at David's story. There was law, he said, and justice for all. If the girl was innocent, let her show it, and all would be right. She had chosen silence when she was examined before the squire; now let her wait until her trial. There was law and justice for all, and protection for him, too, and he would have it. John Gordon accompanied this last declaration by a blow upon the table with his clenched, uninjured hand, that brought back to the listeners some memory of the week before, when it would have been dangerous to have provoked his wrath. David Bigelow drew himself up to his full height, and speaking as calmly to the maimed man before him as though his address were the commonest topic, he told him that from that time forth no

appeal should be made to him again for mercy ; that he would go forth, and, if Letty Gordon was alive, he would find her and bring her there to do Martha Field justice, and to confound his villany. From that time forward John Gordon could look upon him as his deadly enemy, and remember that, as he had denied mercy, so would it be denied to him. David Bigelow strode out of the room, while the old man glared fiercely at the group, who murmured their admiration of the carpenter, and one by one followed him out.

David Bigelow had left the village, none knew exactly where, but the surmise was that he had gone to London. Days and weeks slipped by, and nothing was heard of him. Martha Field was still a prisoner awaiting trial. John Gordon was gaining strength in his arm, the bone was knitting finely, the doctor said, but he was not gaining strength in "The Village Tavern." The neighbours came less, and gossiped less. The story crept about. Even those who drove up from the city knew something about it. There was one thing they could all see, which was that John Gordon's face was pale, and the strength of his welcome gone. The day for Martha Field's trial came. There was great sympathy for her through all the county. Her story was believed, but there was no evidence. The prosecution made its case very clearly and distinctly. The loss of the money was proved, the marking, the tracing of the marked money to the village shops where it had been passed by Martha. There was no defence, the very able counsel, who had volunteered for her, said he could only make the statement on behalf of the prisoner; and then he gave Martha's story of how she became possessed of the marked money. There was a dead silence in the court-room as he closed a beautiful appeal for mercy for the prisoner. In its midst came a loud groan, and in a moment after a shuffling of feet, and several persons were straining to lift a man who had slipped from one of the benches, and lay prostrate upon the floor. It was John Gordon, the strong man. Weak enough now he was, as they strove to raise him to his feet. His eyes were wide open, and looking eagerly towards the judge—

"Acquit her!" he said. "I am sorry. I know she tells the truth."

"Put that man back upon the stand," the judge says sternly.

The man was put back upon the stand, but he had nothing to say only that his heart had softened, and he could see truth in the story the prisoner told now, when he would not see it before. And so they carried him away to his cart, and drove him home.

As they bore the old broken-down man out by one door, there were eyes met Martha's from the other that made her heart leap. Each of that jury said, when speaking of the case afterwards, that they would have acquitted the prisoner through sympathy, without any evidence for the defence. When the eyes of David Bigelow and Letty Gordon met Martha's, she knew that she wanted no sympathy now to send her out upon the world with a stain upon her name for ever. The truth had come, and when Letty Gordon, now Mrs. Philip Conger, threw her arms about the prisoner's neck and kissed her, while she cried and laughed by turns, everybody knew the story as well as though it had been told. As a form the evidence must be given, and before the tears had dried upon Letty's cheeks the verdict was rendered—

"Not Guilty!"

How the people shouted, until the judge was obliged to adjourn the court for an hour, to allow the enthusiasm time to cool! How the news spread like wildfire through the country town, and the ladies looked out of their windows and waved their handkerchiefs to Martha as she passed up the street from the courthouse! And how the little boys burned up all the stray barrels and boxes that night in her honour!

John Gordon retired from being host of "The Village Tavern," and David Bigelow and Mrs. Martha Bigelow took his place, and for twenty years dispensed its hospitalities; after which period, rotund in purse and person, they gave way in turn. John Gordon lived many years after, undisturbed in the wealth that by legal right belonged to Letty. Philip Conger was not rich, but fortune prospered with him, and he grew so.

On the night of Martha's arrest, with the instinct of love, he knew that something was being plotted by John Gordon, without knowing what, and believed it to be a scheme to remove Letty. Watching, he saw old Brown drive to the door with his cart. He stole noiselessly to the back of the house. He heard Martha summoned to the parlour. There was no time

to lose. He knew every step of the house, and in a moment was beside Letty. There was no time for preparation, for thought. While the two men were accusing Martha in the parlour, the lovers were flying through the garden, and ignorant of all that occurred, until David Bigelow, by

never-ceasing search, found them and told the story.

I hope that it is not taking away the romance of my tale to tell that Letty Gordon and Martha Field, that were, are both grandmothers, comely and handsome at that.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

THE cultivation and improvement of the mind is a subject in which all are concerned, for, though there may be persons who pass through life without troubling themselves about learning, yet they are indebted to those who have cultivated their minds, for nearly all the comforts and advantages they enjoy. The proper performance of duties, and the power to make use of privileges, are mainly dependent on improvement of the mind. The subject, it will thus be seen, is one of high importance; it is one, at the same time, of hope and encouragement, and deserving of earnest attention. Whatever tends to remove or enlighten ignorance, is worthy of consideration; and it is gratifying to know, that, notwithstanding the ignorance which prevails, especially among the humbler classes of society, there are many, very many, individuals, who have a real desire to cultivate and improve their minds.

The reply of some people when self-improvement is recommended to them is —oh, what's the use? our fathers got along well enough without it, and so can we. But our forefathers lived in caves and woods, and painted their bodies blue—is this a reason why we should do the same? Where would be all the comforts and advantages we enjoy, had no one made attempts after improvement? Progress is one of the laws of our nature; a law which must be obeyed by high and low, learned and unlearned, because there can be no standing still; if not going forward we are going backward.

We thus perceive a grand physical necessity for exertion; but the moral necessity is not less imperative. What is it that distinguishes man from the other animals? Why can he do things which animals never attempt? Because he has a mind; he has reason. It is true that bees and beavers, and some

other creatures, act as though they were able to reason, but we see that the habits of these animals never change, they build and work just in the same way now as they did thousands of years ago. But by the aid of his mind and reason, man is enabled to alter his condition: instead of going naked, living on raw roots, sleeping under a tree, he can procure clothing, till the ground for food, and build a house for shelter. If he be ignorant, he may enlighten his mind with knowledge; and, as God in his goodness has seen fit to make man a reasoning being, so does every man's duty become more impressive, more binding upon him to do all in his power to improve the mind with which he is endowed.

As it is the mind that raises men above animals, so it is the cultivation of the mind that raises one man above another. It is a noble thing to improve the mind; and what one man has done can be done by another. We cannot all succeed to the same extent, but it is best to try for the highest prize. He who aims high is far more likely to hit his mark than he who either aims low or badly. Ignorance is the parent of nearly all crime and misery: ignorant people do things which those who are better taught never think of, and if they meet with misfortunes, they are quite at a loss as to the proper means of remedying them. Ignorant people may be said to be stuck fast in a bog, from which they will never get out, until they lay hold of the friendly hand of knowledge.

But we often hear the inquiry,—What is the use of knowledge? and there are many persons who believe that knowledge is not worth the trouble it costs to get it. There are few good things, however, which have not been despised or slighted when first brought under notice. How many useful inventions which have

added to the welfare of mankind were laughed at when first made known! This should teach us not to be discouraged by ridicule: when once engaged in a good cause, we have only to press steadily onwards. Knowledge opens a man's eyes, he understands what is going on around him; he does not take things upon trust, he finds himself armed with new powers and capabilities. Who are the steadiest workmen? those who have done most to improve their minds. Who are the best husbands and fathers? those who have the best knowledge. We do not mean to assert that goodness and kindness cannot exist without education, for it is very possible for a man to be altogether unlearned, and yet be kind and trustworthy. A man may improve both his mind and his heart, and yet know nothing of what is commonly called learning. But the chances are, that if an ignorant man do right it will be only by accident; the educated man knows how and why he ought to do right, and to avoid evil.

The means for self-improvement are more simple, and more within reach than would, at first, be believed by those who have never thought about the subject. Some of them already exist within us; the others are round about us: they are self-control, diligence, perseverance, and reading, study, observation, and conversation. It must be carefully remembered, that, without the first three, the latter will be but of comparatively little use. The hand of the diligent, we are told, maketh rich. Working by fits and starts is about as profitable as digging up a newly-planted bean day after day to see how it is growing. More is lost in the idle season than was gained during the short spell of activity. Not by such means can the store-houses of the mind be filled.

But some will say, what is the use of talking about diligence and perseverance to us, who cannot become diligent or persevering try what we will? To such we answer,—have you ever tried the right way, or in real earnest? In what way are machines set in motion? By power! if power cannot be had, the wheels and cranks will not move; but once apply power, and the works keep going as long as you please. So it is with the mind; there must be impulses or motives, which are the same as power, and, when these come thoroughly into action, we shall not be long in finding out that habits of diligence and perseverance grow out of them as naturally as chickens from eggs. There-

fore we say, do not sit down despairing, or persuading yourself that it is of no use to try. Perhaps you feel disheartened at the difficulties to be overcome: never mind—railway tunnels were dug out a spadeful at a time. Do but make a beginning, and, once having begun, be content to plod on. Don't expect too much; don't be impatient, but keep on. Perhaps you are not of a hopeful disposition: again, we say, never mind! keep on, although you may feel sure that no benefit will come. It seems like groping in a mist or in the dark; plod on, plod on; light will break through by-and-by, and you will wonder at having got so far. It is better, as the Dutch say, to move only an inch an hour than not to move at all. It is astonishing what a great deal may be accomplished by patient perseverance, and it must be borne in mind that every step is so much clear gain—it is cumulative, and remains as a store to which something else may be added, as with money in a saving's bank, or a little lump of snow which boys roll about till it grows as big as a haystack. Whether you feel hopeful or desponding, sad or cheerful—whatever be your expectations—keep on, persevere! For one thing is certain—perseverance will conquer in the end, and perseverance in one thing leads to perseverance in everything.

Self-control, diligence and perseverance mutually sustain each other; the man who can persevere in self-control has gained a great victory. Self-control helps us to shun all that tends to depress and degrade us, and to seek that which refines and elevates.

Well, suppose the habit of perseverance conquered; to be lying within you, ready as a steam-engine to work whenever called upon, it may at once be made to assist all your endeavours. The next step is to begin to read. Perhaps the remark may be made, I have been reading all my life. This is said by many persons who look into books just to pass the time away, and call it reading. But the true way is to read as you would take food—to digest it, to make it a part of yourself. Books are now cheap, and by the exercise of a little self-denial any person, even in the humblest circumstances, may become the possessor of histories, biographies, travels, essays, poetry, and increase his knowledge a hundredfold, and store his mind with the best thoughts of wise men. To read of the good that men have done may stim-

late us to follow their example, and to read of their errors may teach us to be watchful over our own ways; and thus we shall profit by the experience of others. But some will say we have no time for reading—we work early and late, and have no leisure. To this we would answer: get some books about you, and opportunities for reading them will not be lacking. Five minutes in a morning before going to work, and the same on coming home to your meals, or half an hour at night, even such small attempts as these will be profitable. Remember the Dutch proverb—an inch an hour. Inch by inch the tortoise creeps a mile; and five minutes to five minutes will take a man or woman, boy or girl, through a book. Besides, great economy of time may be effected by planning it out beforehand; those who have hitherto been content to "get along," will be astonished at the benefits to come from foresight. For instance, on waking in the morning, you may fix in your mind on certain duties to be done between the time of rising and breakfast, others from thence till dinner, and others again from mid-day till dusk and bed-time. The minor details of life might thus be made to go on almost of themselves, and leave you more at liberty to follow the bent of your inclinations in matters of greater importance. With a plan arranged beforehand, every moment of time may be provided for; and wherever there appears to be a spare minute, not wanted for household duties, playing with the children, or attending to the garden, let it be filled up by reading, study, music, or conversation. Time is too precious to be wasted. You may read aloud if you will, and you will have not only the pleasure of informing your own mind, but of seeing your wife and children become listeners. Who can tell how many words in season might thus be spoken in little shreds of time now looked on as worthless!

This planning out of your time may seem to be very troublesome, but is not so in reality. After a little practice your various arrangements grow into habits, which by-and-by become as natural to you as any ordinary movement of the body or limbs. But even if it be troublesome, we are not to shrink from it on that account. Nothing worth having can be obtained without trouble; and that which we have gained by exertion, we prize more, and turn to better account than that which costs little or no labour.

There must be no flinching; those who are afraid of exertion may stand aside, and make way for those who are more persevering or less faint-hearted.

What we have said on the subject of reading, will apply equally to all kinds of study—to conversation, and observation. Whatever you undertake let it be a fixed principle with you to keep on till you have accomplished your wishes. And here a habit of observation will also be of great assistance. By observation is meant the paying attention to what is going on around us—making proper use of our eyes. There are thousands of persons who never see anything—that is, they shut their eyes to everything but the mere mechanism of life—the three meals a-day; dressing and undressing. But observation will show us a thousand facts that will add to our knowledge and experience. Note well the different characters of the people you work with, of those you meet in your daily business, and by-and-by you will find out they are not all alike, and learn to value the best. Pay attention to handcrafts; how many hints you may pick up which otherwise you would never have known. Are you taking a country walk: you will find in the trees and hedgerows, in weeds and stones, many things to make you thoughtful and increase your pleasures. It is not all barren; there is a multitude of delights for those who will take the trouble to look for them. Observation leads a man to form correct judgments; if he has any notions in his head he can always test their value by observation—by comparison with others. And, what is not least, by observation at home you will learn to understand differences in the character of your children, and to train them so as to bring out the good that is in their nature, and thus avoid the error of governing them all by one uncompliant rule.

Perhaps it will be some time before you can entirely make up your mind to what appears to be such a hard task. But is it really hard? By thus giving yourself continual employment, you are in fact promoting your peace of mind. Occupation prevents the mind from dwelling upon little cares, makes a man sensible of his true value, and makes him happier if not richer. Think over all the good examples of which you have heard or read, and little by little your mind will come to a determination. When once your mind is made up, set to work im-

mediately. You have come to the conclusion that you want knowledge, and knowledge you must and will have. You will become a thinking animal. Do not, however, be frightened at the first difficulty; keep on, go a-head, as the Americans say. We do not mean that you are to master all the sciences; but you are to aim at that knowledge which will make you a good husband, father, citizen—which shall save you from being led astray by false arguments or false pretences. We are all responsible for the pains we take to inform our minds; to gain such prin-

ciples as shall enable us to judge correctly between right and wrong.

Although we have here recommended what we consider a proper course to be followed in self-improvement, we do not say that no other course is to be chosen. We have indicated what may be called the mechanism of the pursuit; the power that must set the mechanism in motion depends on your own will. Do not rest content with being an imitator, but try to obtain a correct notion of what it is you are aiming at, and then follow it up in your own way.

MARION DE LORME.

COUNT DE GRAMONT, after the siege of Turin, passed some time in that city with his friend the Chevalier de Malta. They were not long before they each chose a lady-love. Count de Gramont addressed his vows to Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain, and recommended to his friend, Madame de Senantes. The count made an early impression on the heart of his favourite, but in spite of his vivacity and insinuating address, was not able to bring her passion to the conclusion he wished. In the meantime he observed that De Malta was not more successful with Madame de Senantes, for though not difficult of access, certain preliminaries were requisite, by no means agreeable to the blunt sincerity of the chevalier. The count, who by this time despaired of succeeding with Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain, resolved to seize on the good fortune his friend neglected. He flattered himself it would be an easy task to render himself agreeable to Madame Senantes, but the difficulty was how to deceive her husband and the Chevalier de Malta. The following stratagem, which the count employed for this purpose, is laughable, and does honour to the wit of the little god who inspired it. "The two friends having supped at the country seat of Monsieur de Senantes, Count de Gramont gave De Malta to understand that it was necessary to return the civility at their own apartments. M. de Senantes was accordingly invited. His figure was not calculated to interest any one in his behalf, and he was rendered perfectly disgusting by his conversation, which was entirely destitute of wit or information. Previous to this visit, the count had in-

formed M. de Senantes that De Malta was a very learned man, though in reality there was nothing the chevalier detested more than books and erudition. During supper, M. de Gramont requested his guest to tell him the name of his lady's family? He replied (as the count expected) by a genealogy which promised to be endless. De Malta becoming wearied, attempted to change the subject, but M. De Senantes, shrugging his shoulders, continued his narrative. The chevalier, at length growing desperate, interrupted the discourse by saying, "Do you not remember, sir, that it is better to know too little than too much?" M. de Senantes took offence at these words, and a serious quarrel would certainly have ensued, had not Count de Gramont interfered, and so far reconciled them, that De Senantes, at parting, invited them both to his country seat the following day. In the morning De Malta went out on a hunting-party, and M. de Senantes to his country seat, to prepare for the reception of his friends. The count, in the meanwhile, artfully circulated a report that the Chevalier de Malta and M. de Senantes had disputed during dinner on the preceding day, and that they had been absent since an early hour. The princess, alarmed at this intelligence, immediately sent for the Count de Gramont, who feigned great surprise, but confessed that he had been present the night before, when some words passed between his friends. He added, if the mischief was not already done, the shortest way would be to have them both arrested. They found M. de Senantes at his country house, where the officer, without assigning his reasons, consigned

him to the guards, in whose custody he remained in utter astonishment. When De Malta returned from the hunt, the princess sent the same officer to request that he would not leave his house till the next day; and, to his great surprise, without assigning any reason. He therefore dispatched a messenger to his friend, but De Gramont had not yet returned from the country. The count had found Senantes highly incensed at being made a prisoner in his own house, on account of a man he designed to entertain as his guest. He complained of Malta with great asperity, and begged the count to assure the chevalier, as he loved so to dispute, on the first opportunity he would give him enough of it. Count de Gramont assured him that his friend had not the least knowledge of this unlucky affair; but on the contrary, esteemed him greatly. He said it must have originated from his lady, who was probably alarmed at the reports of the lacquies who served at table, and had been to the princess to prevent the fatal consequences of a supposed duel. He added, that he had no doubt himself increased the fears of his lady, as he had frequently mentioned to her that Malta was one of the most adroit swordsmen in France. M. de Senantes, much softened by this recital, said that he should severely reprimand his wife for her impertinent tenderness, and was anxious to see again his dear friend Malta. The chevalier enjoined the guards not to suffer De Senantes to escape, as he still retained the resolution of encountering De Malta, and they would be accountable for the consequences. Having by this means secured De Senantes, Gramont wished equally to secure the other. Without loss of time he returned to the city. De Malta no sooner saw him than he exclaimed, petulantly, "What the devil does this all mean, and wherefore am I detained a prisoner on parole?" The count replied, "It is because thou art so absurd as to dispute with a fantastic fellow, fit only to excite your laughter. Some officious valet has no doubt published the contest of last evening. This has caused the princess to take these precautions. Senantes is under arrest, but your word is considered sufficient. This certainly demands your gratitude instead of anger, and you should return your humble thanks to her highness for the interest she has taken in this affair. I am now going to the palace, where I will endeavour to clear this mystery. In the meanwhile, you had better

order supper, for I shall join you in a few moments." Malta, considering the views of his friend as perfectly reasonable, charged him not to omit to testify his gratitude to her royal highness. The Count de Gramont soon returned with several friends, who had come to offer their services against the peaceable Senantes. Malta, after expressing his thanks, detained them to supper. Gramont then drew Malta aside and told him, in the greatest confidence, that the little Saint Germain had at last appointed a rendezvous. It is for this purpose that I shall leave the company under pretence of going to play at court. Malta, charmed with this confidence, returned to the table, and exerted all his spirits to comply with De Gramont's request. The party did not separate till late, and Malta rested content with the services he had done his friend. The tender Senantes, meanwhile, received the bold intriguer with gratitude, and appeared everything that was seducing.

Love, who favoured the count in this instance, was not always so kind. Upon the death of the Cardinal Mazarine, Gramont became enamoured of Mademoiselle de la Motte Housancourt, one of the daughters of the queen-mother. Nothing was more imprudent than this passion, as he was not ignorant that the king had cast a favourable glance upon this lady. The count soon observed that his passion was troublesome and disgusting, but he resolved to overcome all obstacles. It was then he learned that if love renders all conditions equal, it was not so between rivals. He was banished from the court, and went to England. Before his departure he had a pleasant adventure. He had obtained a promise of a rendezvous with Marion de Lorme, a girl of singular beauty, wit, and caprice. The count was congratulating himself upon his good fortune, when he received a billet from his mistress, filled with complainings and despair, that a severe pain in the head would deprive her of the pleasure of seeing him till the next day. This sudden illness appeared suspicious to the count, and he sent out spies, who confirmed his fears. He then determined to interrupt the happiness of his rival, and profit by it himself. As he had some distance to go from his own house to that of his mistress, when night came, he mounted his horse without an attendant. As he went out of the Royal square, he saw a man whom he knew to be the Duke de Brissac, and feeling that this was his

rival, jumped from his horse in great haste. "Brissac, my friend," said he, "you must do me a favour of great importance. I have an appointment for the first time at the house of a person a few paces off. Lend me your cloak if you love me, and walk my horse till I return; but do not go far from hence. You see I use you freely, but it is a matter of vast importance."

The count took the cloak without waiting for an answer, and the duke the horse. He glided along under the arches to the door of De Lorme, who opened it without hesitation. Gramont was so well disguised in the duke's cloak, that he was mistaken for him, and the door being shut, he passed unquestioned to the parlour of the lady. He found her reclining on a sofa, in the most becoming dishabille, and never appeared to better advantage. Seeing her confusion, he said—

"How is it, my charmer, that, being indisposed, you are so elegantly attired? The headache, I suppose, is gone?"

"No," replied she; "I still have it, and you will oblige me by leaving, and let me retire to my bed."

"As to leaving you," said Gramont. "I cannot; we do not take so much pains to adorn ourselves for nothing."

"You will see, nevertheless," replied she, "that it will gain nothing to you."

Finally, after much discussion, the count, seeing that she carried rather a high hand, said—

"Mademoiselle, I am aware of your discomposure; you fear the arrival of Brissac; but be easy on that score, for he will not pay you so early a visit. He is now at the top of the street, walking my horse; and if you will not believe me, I have left his cloak in your ante-chamber, where you can see it."

Here a fit of laughter succeeded to her astonishment, and, embracing the chevalier, said she—

"You are too amiable not to be forgiven all."

The count then related the particulars, and De Lorme was ready to die with laughter, and, separating good friends, assured the count that his rival might walk horses as long as he pleased, for he should not visit her that day.

The count found Brissac faithfully where he left him, and with many thanks for the service he had done him, returned him his cloak. The duke, perfectly friendly, insisted upon holding his horse till he had remounted.

MOONLIGHT IN THE WOODS.

Away, ye deceivers!—ye charms that I knew!
 Ye can fascinate much; ye are fair, but untrue!
 Give place, ye false comrades, that nurture unrest!
 Let this light calm the passions that beat at my breast!

I think, as I enter the terrible shade,
 Of foul apparitions that glance in the glade;
 But all is so tranquil—so holy—I fear
 Only I am the demon that wanders down here!

For the leaves sing a lullaby over my heart,
 And the bird keeps her nest without quiver or start,
 And the great distant ocean so mutters his glee,
 That it seems the same sorrow that weeps within me.

As travel together the pale moon and I,
 Ah! loudest of all sounds I hear my own sigh:
 'Tis the storm-wind that dwelt in my bosom, dark-caved;
 It has gone, and left quiet the home where it raved.

Oh, most turbulent idol! come never again!
 Go weep o'er the mountain, the sea, and the plain!
 I will welcome the pangs of remorse: they shall cease,
 If thou rest on my spirit the moonlight of peace.

So ye, ye gay pastimes, may never more taunt;
 I have driven you far, far away from your haunt:
 As ye came like dark clouds, like the clouds ye unroll,
 And have let in the moonlight to soften my soul.

R. E. M.

POLITICAL ECONOMY; ITS OBJECT AND BOUNDS.

POLITICAL ECONOMY is a comparatively new science—so new, indeed, that it can scarcely be said to have attained to the rank of a science at all for much more than a century, or to have been generally acknowledged as such till almost within the memory of the present generation. Our forefathers had no suspicion of its now commonly received principles, and among the more ancient civilizations we look in vain for any knowledge of even its most primary truths: among many ingenious and sometimes lofty speculations upon man's nature and duties on earth, among many guesses at the great unknown approaching almost to veritable inspirations, there is still the one great want apparent, the want of a true theory of human nature founded upon induction and deduction alike, and not upon purely imaginary ideas of perfectibility.

While the forces and elements of external nature have occupied the attention and enjoyed the services of almost all the great philosophers of past ages, the mechanism of that society of which they were themselves units, has attracted comparatively little notice. The dominion of man over nature has been increased and extended, but the dominion of nature over man has been till lately but little studied, and has been at all times still less understood. People have for the most part been content to believe that they were governed by no laws except those which they saw visibly in operation before their eyes, and the uncertainty of human affairs has been cited as proverbial. Fatalists have urged predestination, and sceptics the doctrine of chance; and it has occurred to neither to test the value of their tenets. The idea of a Social Science, which would embrace every concern of man in his relation to his fellow man and the mass, has been deemed illusory, and Political Economy, the first great step towards that end, been viewed in a dubious light; weary of the perpetually conflicting theories which would make of man now a civilised monkey, and now a sort of sub-ethereal angel, now a blind agent in the hands of fate, and now a being solely regulating his destiny by his will, many have regarded all investigation by mankind, on the subject of himself, as mere

waste of thought, and attached to Political Economy as in a measure having that for its aim the stigma of uselessness. They have found in it a pure science, in which, among other things, the actions and motives of men are criticised, and confounding it with mere theories on the same subject, have refused to enter upon the study at all: aghast perchance at the startling discoveries it has made, and the strange ignorance it has revealed, they have refused to regard it otherwise than as a speculative science, interesting indeed to the philosopher, but possessed of no practical, every-day importance or applicability to the material concerns of life. They have, in short, placed it in the same category as abstract theology, metaphysics, and the like, as not unworthy of thought truly, but worthy of it only as an exercise for the mind, or a recreation for the powers of the imagination.

Yet there is not in the whole range of pure sciences a more practically important or theoretically perfect one than this; there is not, and has never been, one of greater consequence to the human race! Never before has a science made such extraordinary progress in so short a time, or with such magnificent results, and never has there been one which has held out such vast hopes to the future. When we recall the ideas popular in the earlier part of the last century upon such important subjects as wealth, property, population, &c., and reflect upon our truer conceptions of them now—when we regard the deep ignorance on the simplest social subjects that then prevailed, and the comparatively wondrous enlightenment which we enjoy—words must be wanting to us to express all that we owe to this study; when still further we learn to appreciate its more lofty aims—when we see how intimately the future of the human race for good or evil is bound up in the knowledge and application of its laws, how inevitably we are swayed by them—not only words, but thoughts themselves must confess their inability to grapple with the tremendous truth. How small do our greatest teachers and statesmen of a former era then appear; the great Pitt is found the eloquent defender of absurd fallacies, and even the liberal-minded Fox confessing to “no

liking for the disquisitions of Adam Smith." It is positively sad to think of the great talents thrown away, absolutely wasted, from ignorance of Political Economy, and curious to reflect what great progress might now have been made had its truths become earlier known. It may be, as Mr. Buckle asserts, that successful discoveries are never made till the world is ready to appreciate them; but if so, we cannot but regret that the world was not sooner ready to appreciate this, the most momentous which it has ever yet known. It was reserved for Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson, and still more for Sir Robert Peel, to utilise for legislative purposes the discoveries which shed the greatest lustre over the eighteenth century, and to afford them, on the largest possible scale, that practical trial which was alone wanting to render them unsatisfiable, till now, in the middle of the nineteenth, we find them the admitted principles by which the greatest nation on the earth is governed, and on their way to become the sole ones for the successful government of every civilised community. We find the theories which our grandfathers laughed at as visionary, stronger even than the prejudices they bequeathed to us, and gradually but surely rooting them from out a soil ever too prone to their reception. The condemned science of Adam Smith and Malthus has increased in strength and growth till it has come to overshadow the land, and not a voice dares now to raise itself against it—not a voice at least which would not be met with such a peal of derision as it is to be hoped would effectually silence it for ever.

It is seldom that great discoverers reap the reward of their ingenuity or labours in their own persons, and the early disciples of this science were no exception to the rule. We all remember the thanks accorded to Galileo for his great discovery, and a somewhat similar fate awaited those bold and noble men who first pointed out the path to this. People are as unwilling to believe in their own ignorance now as at any former time, and if the pillory and torture are out of fashion in our more enlightened age, there is still a moral pillory and a social torture, of whose existence we are all aware. It so has happened then that Political Economy, which so ruthlessly upsets the foolish theories of an earlier stage of mental culture, has ever met with great opposition among the

less educated and reflecting, and its exponents have been harshly treated. Like most other true sciences, whether of ancient or modern date, it had difficulties to encounter at its outset all but insurmountable, and foes to overcome only too willing to profit by its tender years. Its birth was hailed with calumny, and its growth watched with suspicion; those everlasting bars to progress, ignorance and prejudice, stood in its way, and it required all its own innate strength and the eloquent advocacy of its promulgators, finally to triumph over these. Nor can this be said to be quite accomplished as yet; great things have no doubt been done, but great things still remain to do: the old enemies are defeated, but not slain, and if they will not now, as formerly, give battle in the open plain, they can still hang upon the flanks, and start up at unexpected times, occupying unguarded positions, and harassing the great force which they dare not any longer to assail. Political Economy is still in its youth, though its infancy is long since past; the penalties of youth are upon it—the penalties of rashness and hasty inference; the difficulties of youth are around it—the difficulties which the intruder ever meets in life; the old theorists glare fiercely upon it, and the familiar absurdity which assigns wisdom to age, is hurled in its comparatively untried path; the nervous stand aloof, the weak give way, and the fools push boldly on. Perhaps on no single subject—certainly on none of such vast importance—is there so great and strange a misapprehension as on that of Political Economy. Not one of the sciences, recognised as such, is less generally understood or more bitterly condemned, and not one is less deserving of condemnation. To contemplate the obstacles with which it must struggle before obtaining its proper position, is to contemplate a field ever fertile in difficulties and danger—difficulties proceeding in the first place from simple ignorance of its laws, and in the second from pre-conceived antipathy to its result. It is, then, solely with a view to removing these, and of setting the subject in a fair and impartial light, that we have undertaken the present essay, convinced as we are that nothing is of more importance at the present day, and persuaded that nought but a faithful exposition of its recognised principles is what is required to satisfy every candid mind, and to obtain for it that popularity which, far more

than any study which has ever been, it so justly deserves.

First of all, then, let us ask whence comes this misapprehension, so common, of its uses and functions, and how the confusion, which is certainly associated with it in the minds of some? We believe that both the misapprehension and the confusion proceed chiefly from two causes—an erroneous idea of its object and an uncertainty of its bounds.

In order fully to understand the *object* of any science, and easily to retain it in the memory, it is important to desire as comprehensive, and, at the same time, as short a definition as is possible, and it is here that our first difficulty occurs. Other sciences are defined at once; as Arithmetic, the science of numbers; Geometry, of extension; Astronomy, of the heavenly bodies; but not so Political Economy. Various economists have at various times and places defined it variously, and in many cases even the very terms of the definitions themselves have still admitted of more than one meaning. A definition, to be perfect, should be at once exhaustive and precise, foreshadowing the limits as well as the objects of the thing defined, and yet in as few and as simple words as it is possible to employ. Now, this is precisely wherein all definitions of this science must be deficient; it is impossible to define it in few words without ambiguity, and all such attempts hitherto have but ended in re-defining the definition, by which very little is gained, or in stating it at such length as to form but a summary of what is to follow; scarcely two great writers have ever yet agreed upon the exact form of words most fitted to their purpose, and each has always had a little to add or a little to subtract from that of the other. This fact, however, must by no means be taken as a reflection upon the science, or yet upon those who have endeavoured to reduce its many functions to a formula; in whatever words described, its main objects have always been to these thinkers essentially the same, and whatever difference of opinion may have existed has been only in respect of its limits, and the terms by which they should be designated; it is language, and language only which is to blame, and which has not yet furnished us with a sufficiently comprehensive set of words for our purpose. We must always remember of this subject that it is an

entirely new branch of knowledge, having no vocabulary of its own, and consequently compelled to express itself in loose and inexact phraseology, inadequate to the requirements of an exact science; many of the words it is obliged to employ are words of common and even vulgar use, whose meanings are perpetually undergoing change with the multitude, and to most of which predetermined and erroneous meanings have already been attached; the earnest student of political economy must prepare to unlearn a great deal of the slipshod talk of society which he has learned, to know the value of words, and attach fixed and definite significations to every one. As an illustration of this, we have but to take the name Political Economy itself, an expression which conveys, in any case, a very imperfect, and in many a most false notion of the science it represents; popularly, people attach the idea of government to the word political, and the idea of a saving of expenditure to that of economy, and the result is a dim and confused notion that this is not a science for the generality of mankind, but rather for those specially interested in the monetary affairs of states, for legislators, capitalists, and traders. That such a notion is absurdly false will be seen as we proceed, but there can be no doubt of how widely it has prevailed, and no doubt, unfortunately, of the evil results it has produced; in its literal sense, "political" simply means of or belonging to a state, and "economy" is an expression referring to the judicious management of a household; evidently, then, those who devised this somewhat fanciful name did so in the desire to describe a science which would produce similar benefits to a state that "economy" or judicious management does to a family. If people would only satisfy themselves upon the merits of a subject before condemning it merely upon its name, such a folly could never have been possible.

Fortunately, it is no part of our duty here to compare the various attempts to define political economy which have at one time or the other been made, or to enter into a critical analysis of their merits, still less to substitute one of our own for them. What we want now is, not an exhaustive and unassailable definition, mathematically correct, but merely one which our readers may be able most thoroughly to comprehend, which will come home to their understandings in a

popular and complete form, and from which we can lead them safely and gradually on to the subject matter. Though undoubtedly important that a subject should be accurately defined, it is not absolutely necessary, especially when a little intelligence is brought to bear upon it, and, for our part, we shall be well satisfied if we can make our meaning clear, even at the expense of a little repetition, and without any pretence to great originality or exactitude. For this purpose, then, we think we can do no better than take the definition originally supplied by Dr. Adam Smith, and in a greater or less degree copied by most modern writers. Adam Smith is, moreover, commonly regarded as the father of the science, and precedence must, whenever possible, be accorded to him. We shall explain this definition—that is, our comprehension of it—to the best of our ability, and thus arrive at what he considered the object of the science; from this and such arrangements as we shall afterwards adduce, we may, perhaps, be able to infer something of its bounds.

Political Economy, then, is “the science which treats of the production and distribution of wealth”—that is, as explained by Mr. M'Culloch—“of those articles or products that are necessarily useful or agreeable to man, and possess an exchangeable value.” The laws which effect the “production and distribution of wealth” are, therefore, primarily the object of the science.

At first sight this seems a somewhat limited range for a science so highly vaunted, and one experiences a feeling almost of disappointment at finding that the mere acquisition and disposal of riches is apparently its only end and aim. But this feeling passes away after we have once crossed the threshold, and as we advance the prospect brightens, the horizon gradually extends, the view continually enlarges, till finally we find ourselves in presence of a sight of matchless grandeur, embracing almost every concern of life and man's social relations, from the meanest to the most lofty—from the law which governs the payment of the poor day labourer up to that which regulates and defines the conditions of his very existence itself—of the existence of us all; while here and there we catch glimpses of the mechanism through which this vast machine is kept in motion, and, still grander privilege, the means by which it can be impeded or

assisted on, to suit the wants of the unconscious subjects of its sway. We find ourselves in presence of a science of mankind!—of mankind in relation to at least one great passion of his nature, that of acquisitiveness, or love of gain—the poet's dream, the legislator's hope, a science including in a greater or less degree every concern of the individual or the state except the absolutely physical, exhaustive in its nature, and magnificent in its results. We can conceive nothing grander than the first glimpse obtained by the young student of the truths of Political Economy; we can imagine nothing at once more stimulating and satisfying to the earnest and enquiring mind. The apparently mysterious and inexplicable laws which govern society, which seemed almost to his uninstructed mind not to be laws at all, and yet were so wonderfully regular in their results, are here visibly disclosed; he feels as if admitted to a new world; it is the entering behind the scenes of the great theatre of life, but with this vast exception, that the machinery is even greater than the illusions it contributes to produce. Henceforth he views the occurrences of life through a different medium, the scales have fallen from his eyes, and he has learnt what he is; formerly he but knew one half of nature—if, indeed, he knew so much—but now he has caught a glance of the other and greater half also; he knows the unalterable law of supply and demand, of population and the means of subsistence, of capital, of agricultural industry; laws which have created the society in which we exist, and through which alone it can ever again be altered. How monstrous does his former ignorance appear, how puerile his conceptions of nature and of man. Then he looked upon himself as a blind instrument in the hands of chance, or invented a sacrilegious scheme of supernatural interference, or an almost equally degrading one of secondary causes. Now he knows that the great All-seeing has not done things by halves, that there can be no compromise with Omniscience, and that the laws which govern the seasons and restrain the elements within their allotted bounds are not more certain and invariable than those which regulate the meanest occurrences of our lives, which prescribe that we shall pay our butcher and our baker, or how many children there shall be added to our race.

The reason of this is that we do not at

first realise all that is included in the word wealth, and when we come to do so are naturally astounded at its immensity; we associate it in idea, perchance, with money, or with houses, or jewels, or lands; we do not at first distinguish the vulgar from the true meaning of the word, and still less do we comprehend the extent of that knowledge to which an inquiry into its production and distribution must inevitably lead us. But wealth has a far vaster meaning than any we have set down for it here, and extends very far beyond the ordinary acceptation of the term; when Adam Smith named his great work "The Wealth of Nations," he never meant that wealth should mean simply riches in the popular sense; he meant that by the perusal of that work, and a rigid adherence to the great truths therein disclosed, the wealth, that is the "weal," the well-being or happiness of nations might best be promoted, for the philosopher knew that a nation to be happy must be prosperous, and to be prosperous, must have knowledge. That a portion of political economy is devoted solely to a consideration of the means and causes through which communities, and therefore individuals also, become enriched or impoverished, and the various phenomena attendant thereupon, is undoubtedly true, but it would be mistaking a part for a whole to suppose that its benefits ended there; that another is supposed to concern itself entirely with the distribution, and a third with the exchange of the wealth thus produced, is true also; but it is not so much the knowledge of these laws, important as they are, which is the chief advantage we derive from it, it is the incidental information on the subject of our own selves which the inductions furnish, the knowledge we meanwhile gain of Nature, and of her relationship to man. The laws of the production of wealth must necessarily depend not only on the laws respecting those objects or things from which it is produced, but also of those individuals by whom it is produced, that is, of mankind; the laws of its distribution and exchange; the laws, customs, and habits of those among whom it is distributed; together with the *value* of the thing exchanged, how much it ought to cost, and how much it will cost under any conceivable circumstances. Thus we see what an important position we ourselves hold in this science, and how intimately we are connected with it; we also gain some insight into its object.

"Writers on Political Economy (according to Mr. J. S. Mill) profess to teach, or to investigate the nature of wealth, and the laws of its production and distribution; including directly or remotely the operation of all the causes by which the condition of mankind or of any society of human beings in respect to this universal object of human desire is made prosperous or the reverse." And again—"In so far as the economical condition of nations turns upon the state of physical knowledge, it is a subject for the physical sciences and the arts founded on them. But in so far as the causes are moral or psychological, dependent on institutions and social relations, or on the principles of human nature, their investigation belongs not to physical, but to moral and social science, and is the object of what is called Political Economy;" so that in the opinion of the greatest philosopher of modern times, the very principles of human nature itself are included in its grasp. The importance of the knowledge of these laws it is evidently impossible to over-estimate; through them individuals and nations are rich or poor, prosperous or the reverse, happy or miserable; by means of them the most fatal diseases of society can be traced and clearly shown; in their just application alone lies the cure; it is the singularly glorious privilege of Political Economy not only to point out the evil but to suggest the remedy—nay, to prove the imperative justice, if not the absolute necessity, of seeing that that remedy is applied. By happiness of course is meant prosperity, that is, the means of being happy, the gratification of those appetites, aspirations, and passions which are a portion of ourselves; with happiness considered from an ethical or moral point of view it has nothing whatever to do, nor can it admit of such entering into its calculations at all.

Viewed then in this light it is scarcely too-much to say that the happiness of mankind is the object of the science called Political Economy, and that not in the secondary sense in which all sciences may be said indirectly to have the same object, but directly and immediately, to exactly the same extent that physical welfare is the object of medical science and physiology. If people see the means of being prosperous before them they will generally grasp them, and it is an axiom in the science that "everyone is at all times most concerned about his own in-

terests ;" of course if they refuse to do so it is their own loss, but so it is if they refuse to take precautions for the preservation of their health, or its restoration when injuriously affected. Political Economy shows individuals and nations why they are rich or why they are poor, and how it is in their power to alter their condition ; it can go no further ; if people prefer poverty to wealth, or if they prefer obstinate prejudice to either, then the path to that form of happiness which they propose to themselves is open also, and it can light them just as surely on the way. For all practical purposes, however, it may generally be pretty safely assumed that the tendency of human wishes is not in the direction of self-abnegation, and that the science therefore is eminently one of progress and prosperity ; that it has hitherto proved so is certainly unquestionable, and as long as human nature and it both remain unchanged there need be little fear for the future ; with such a groundwork as it affords to work upon there is apparently no reason why at some time a great and comprehensive social science should not be created, of which it would be but one, though a most important branch, and which would at length furnish us with the means of meeting those terrible evils which so deeply underlie all modern social life. On the superlative importance of such a science we need not insist ; one has but to look round them, and the want of it is visible in the abject misery which everywhere degrades this world : this alone, of all sciences which have ever been, has held out to us any hopes of such an end ; but this alone suffices to make the possibility of that end almost a foregone conclusion. It especially concerns, therefore, all those who have the interest of their kind most truly at heart, that the truths of Political Economy should be most widely disseminated, and the science itself held forth as the most worthy of careful study and further elucidation : the good that it has already done mankind is great, but the good that it is yet capable of doing is far, far greater : it is not enough that it has cheapened the bread of the poor, that it has taught them the advantages at once of the division and the combination of labour ; it is yet within its power to propagate still grander truths than these, to lift us still further from the great "slough of despondency," into which the teachings of many philosophers of the past must ine-

itably plunge all thinking men. The various social and political systems which at different ages of the world have tyrannised over the human race, have ever been formed without the light of this science for a guide, and the consequences are known to all : oppression for the weak, license for the strong, and misery for one-half the community. But it is now in our power to look forward to a better time : in Political Economy we see, as yet at a distance, but still distinctly, the dawn of a happier state of things ; we see why so many have suffered, and why wealth, in its larger character of "well-being" as well as in its less comprehensive one of material riches, has been so unequally distributed ; we know how unjust it is that it should have been so, and the means for preventing that injustice in the future. It teaches us who are our real benefactors on earth, and to whom chiefly we owe honour ; it is a mentor, with the stern lessons of the past for its examples, with the sad ones of the present for its illustration. It is perhaps as a first step towards the creation of a Social Science that Political Economy challenges most our admiration and gratitude, though it has doubtless more immediate claims upon both : to our early adoption of its doctrines we certainly owe the position which we occupy in the commerce of the world, and the financial prosperity which we enjoy ; true, we were comparatively prosperous through a variety of causes before it was known to exist, but the wondrous advance of late years has been coeval with its legislative adoption as the one only sure road to riches, to influence, and to power. Not merely, then, metaphorically or indirectly is the happiness of mankind the object of Political Economy, but absolutely, literally, and directly the happiness of *all*, of every class and portion of the community, without distinction and without compromise.

Here, then, we may pause, and as from a height survey the immensity of our subject ; we have seen its first modest pretensions—to treat "of the production and distribution of wealth"—and we have seen how vastly these have expanded when the true meaning of the word wealth has come to be perceived. We have found that the production of wealth is dependent as much upon the individuals *through whom* as upon the materials *from which* it is produced, and consequently that mankind is as natural and inevitable

a part of its study, as land, labour, capital, or any of the other essentials of it. We have seen that in investigating the phenomena attending its distribution we are led to the consideration of those great problems which have ever puzzled the wisest of all ages, and which were reserved for it alone to solve—the problems of poverty, population, and the like—dependent upon the laws of its production as natural consequences, but still, through distribution, partially, if not entirely within the control of man. And, finally, we have found that this science is not a cold and narrow branch of study, as some would dishonestly have us to believe, that it is not a science for statisticians only and hard-hearted material philosophers; that its object is the noblest for which mankind can strive: to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, to render even justice to all, and to worship "God manifest in his works" through, perhaps, the greatest revelation of his grandeur and power that he has ever vouchsafed to us. It is not difficult to imagine why the true objects of Political Economy have been so often perverted and misrepresented, or why its doctrines have met such determined opposition in high quarters; it has first of all the great fault of being new, which to the minds of those ever fonder of looking back than forward is the greatest possible crime of which either an individual or an idea can be guilty; and such minds are unfortunately but too abundant amongst us. But still more than this, it is from its very nature opposed to forced inequality of rank, it is far too noble a science to raise distinctions of class, which to those already in the enjoyment of so-called distinction is an unpardonable offence. Political Economy teaches us by stern scientific analysis what poetry from the mouth of our great-hearted poet laureate has ere now so eloquently asserted—namely, that "tis only noble to be good;" and this, the creed which all generous minds have ever professed, from the pure though unsupported convictions of their own souls, it demonstrates with as much certainty as ever Euclid did the most self-evident of his propositions. So far from it being a science for the rich only, it is eminently a science for the poor; for no one is honourable in its eyes who does not labour, and no one is above him that does so. So far from it being a science recommending the accumulation of riches, in their vulgar sense of money or material

products, in the hands of a few to the detriment of the many, it is precisely the opposite, there is nothing it more strongly reprobates than "hoarding," while the individual for whom it can find no excuse whatsoever is the individual spending the proceeds of other persons' labour in riotous living and unproductive extravagance. True it is that it recommends the acquisition and accumulation of riches—but why? Simply that such riches by being accumulated may be again distributed, and that all may at length have their share in the advantages.

The *object* of Political Economy is now apparent: of its *bounds* we have yet to treat. After what we have said in a former part of this essay, the course we are about to pursue in this will easily be guessed; it will not form any part of our endeavour to state with any degree of exactitude where those bounds should be placed, for that is a question which has never yet been quite decided, and which perhaps never will; we shall be content if we can show in general terms, and in a few instances, where they evidently must exist, and where this science has been made to trench upon others in an unwarrantable manner. We shall consider ourselves eminently successful if we shall but be able to remove a few vulgar misconceptions, without attempting to lay down any science of our own; the study of a great dogma should be attempted with caution and respect, without hasty inferences, and above all, no general rules be laid down except those which are capable of the strictest mathematical demonstration.

The two great obstacles in the way of Political Economy—as has already been observed—are ignorance and prejudice; by reason of ignorance results are laid to its charge which it never contemplated nor could produce, and objects assigned to it existing only in the imaginations of those who have not given themselves the trouble to master its real principles. By reason of prejudice, it is in the first place condemned because it militates against pre-conceived pet theories; and in the second place, because the facts it brings to light, however true in themselves, are too often distasteful to those not hitherto aware of their existence. Some pretend to mistake its bounds, others willingly pervert them, while unfortunately a portion of its too eager well-wishers prove, as is

usual, its most formidable enemies, and assign it limits of so very uncertain and shadowy a nature, that it is sometimes doubtful if they have intended to place any practical limit at all. It has always seemed to us of the very greatest importance, both for the honour of the study and for the advantage of those who shall hereafter devote themselves to it, that this uncertainty should, to the greatest possible extent, be removed, and that while the great grasp and purpose of the science be recognised and confessed, it should still be seen that there are domains upon which it should not trespass, and other fields of thought which it cannot invade with impunity. To our apprehension, the difference between it and other branches of knowledge, such as Ethics and Moral Philosophy, with which it is sometimes confounded, is broad and well marked, while nothing surely can be more foolish or dishonest than to mix it up with Theology or Religion, things which, from their very nature, can stand in no possible relationship the one to the other. Religion is a matter of conscience and of faith: Theology is a matter of speculation and belief. How, then, can a science like Political Economy, the offspring of human reason and research solely, be placed in antagonism to matters involving spiritual and supernatural agencies, the direct work of the Creator? and yet this has before now been attempted by its assailants, to their eternal disgrace, and much absurd and ignorant opprobrium heaped upon it by a device at once mean, fallacious, and sacrilegious. Indeed, one of the earliest and most persistent difficulties which economic science had to contend against in respect to its bounds was this very one; and it is a question if even in these advanced days the difficulty does not in some quarters still exist; certain persons tried to raise a half sentimental, half religious cry against it, and with many of the unthinking the artifice was successful. It was said that Political Economy took too much upon itself, that it "put itself in the place of God;" the immutability of its laws was cited against it, and it was somewhat curiously argued that because it expounded and verified the laws through which humanity is governed, that therefore it usurped the place of those laws, and therefore of Him who framed them. To call such a doctrine a simple absurdity would only be to bestow upon it a compliment to which it is in nowise

entitled, for it is something considerably beyond the grossest absurdity that ever was—namely, a palpable fallacy, and a transparent contradiction in terms. Science is simply a name given to the knowledge of those laws by means of which God himself acts upon the universe which he has created: the more we know of science the more we know of Him, and Political Economy is simply a name given to a science; to be guided by those laws and to facilitate their progress is to aid in carrying out the great design which He has planned, and we could no more put Political Economy in place of God than science in place of science, knowledge in place of knowledge, or God in place of Himself. All sciences are *discovered*, a science can never be *invented*, it is simply the result of human knowledge applied to what already exists; this distinction should never be lost sight of: it would be as irrational to charge the discoverer of a science with the evil effects of it—supposing that it possessed any—as it would be to charge the physician who first noticed the disease of cholera with all the evil results that it has ever produced. Surely those who can talk of science being opposed to truth must have a very strange idea of what science is, and they who would put a stop to the advance of knowledge, lest it should interfere with their religious beliefs, must have founded those beliefs on very poor ground indeed, and have but little confidence either in themselves or in them. The limits of Political Economy in this respect are precisely the same as the limits of any other science which has ever been, and exist always within itself, and not upon the outskirts of any other science, or in the place of any other notion, or belief, or fact; where those limits do absolutely exist no one can say, because no one can place a limit to knowledge, but where they do not exist may very safely be predicated, and that is, in the mind of Omniscience; objects moving in different places cannot ever interfere with each other, nor can human reason interfere with Divine, still less usurp its place.

Having now disposed of one objection to Political Economy on the score of its bounds extending too far and seeking to include matters beyond the pale of human wisdom, we have now an objection of a precisely opposite kind to consider—namely, that its bounds do not extend far enough, that instead of being too wide

they are much too narrow, and do not embrace within their circumference much of what is finest in life and most deserving of respect. Political Economy has been reviled as "a selfish science"—a science which teaches mankind how to get rich, but not how to become great, or good, or generous; nay, there are those who would go even farther, and say that its influence is directly opposed to the cultivation of these desirable qualities, and that in showing mankind how to become rich and nothing more, it holds, as it were, all other improvement in comparative contempt. For the sake of argument, we will for the moment allow this latter allegation to be correct, and suppose that to point out the means of becoming rich is the only object of the science, and that it therefore ignores the far higher considerations of virtue, charity, human kindness, &c. But what then? Does it profess to teach these? What would be said if the same charge were brought against geometry? that because it treated of lines, planes, and angles, ignoring other important things, it was therefore a "selfish science," and its tendency immoral? What of experimental philosophy? or chemistry? Political Economy professes to treat of wealth, and of wealth it does treat, but it does not upon that account recommend every one to get rich at the expense of more lofty aims; it shows us how we can get rich, but it does not force us to do so; it shows us equally how we can get poor, but will it on that account be stigmatized as a science recommending poverty at the sacrifice of comfort and convenience? But, moreover, its tendencies and indirect influences are precisely opposed to this view of its influences; compare it with any other science which has ever been, and we do not find one in which virtue, charity, and human kindness are more surely and strongly inculcated. A science which would treat of virtue and vice, good and evil, as primary considerations, would be a science of morals, not of wealth; but it may be permitted to any science to give indirect encouragement to one or other of these, and we unhesitatingly affirm that there is not one fair inference to be drawn from Political Economy in favour of evil. No science commands us to act upon the facts it adduces, it simply states those facts, and leaves the rest to conviction and common sense; it would, indeed, be a difficult task to set the bounds of any

study, if that particular one was to be chosen as the standard whereby every concern in life was to be regulated and adjusted, whether bearing any reference whatever to it or not. In as far as Political Economy treats of man, it is of man in his relation to his fellow-man and the globe which he inhabits, but never of man in his personal relations to himself, that is the object of a very different science.

These are what appear to us the two most prevalent errors in respect to the bounds of that science which is now called Political Economy, and they both proceed from the same cause—the confusing the legitimate results of a science with the voluntary deductions from it; people may draw almost any inference they please from a premiss, the only question is, will the inference be a legitimate one? and in that, as in many other things in life, it is the wish which is too often "father to the thought." Those who are prejudiced against Political Economy from the fact of it upsetting what in an earlier stage of human knowledge they were taught to believe as true, are much too fond of making their own deductions according to their loose and antiquated ideas of economic and social subjects and charging them upon the science, while others, too lazy to make the inquiry for themselves, accept these upon authority as fundamental doctrines, and are kept in perpetual darkness as to the true nature of the subject. Precisely the same has happened with every other great discovery in science, and with precisely the same results: the Copernican system was not accepted as a fact until eternal damnation had been considerably adjudged many times over as a fitting reward to all who believed in it; Free Trade was long pointed to as the sure precursor of starvation, famine, rapine, and general disorder; the general application of machinery to manufactures was, according to many, the surest and shortest way of depopulating a country: and why all these strange errors? Simply because people would draw their conclusions from their own unsettled convictions and not from the subjects which they pretended to understand, because they would follow out their conclusions only as far as they wished them to go, and not as far as they could be legitimately pushed. We now have the results of these great changes in opinions and in facts before us, and we regard them dif-

ferently, and so it will be hereafter with all the great truths of Political Economy: they *must* prevail, people will not always refuse to credit the evidence of their senses, though they may do it for some, for even a considerable time; truth is like matter—it is indestructible, and even though it be pulverised a thousand times over, it can never be actually destroyed. All that is wanted now in this great matter is, a little less ignorance, a little less presumption, and a somewhat more honourable way of dealing with established facts; let but the utility of a great truth be generally conceded, and it will be generally recognised; let it be but generally recognised, and it will find a host of disciples. At present, it must be confessed that Political Economy is not a popular study among the young, and the reasons are sufficiently obvious—it has not the traditional attractions of those others which have long been considered as the high road to distinction; nevertheless, no man at the present day can pretend to a sound education who has not, at all events, some acquaintance with it, and none, certainly, should ever attempt to instruct their fellows upon social subjects who do not take it for their basis. It is a mistake to suppose that the science is really a difficult one as compared with other sciences, or that it is dry or disagreeable, as is sometimes supposed; 'tis true that the intricacies of Economic Science may not be congenial to all minds, but the few elementary propositions are exceedingly simple, and are also by far the most important of all. How much the world owes, and will yet owe, to the discovery of these alone, it would be impossible to calculate; and how strangely they are interwoven with our existence and with all that we see around us, no one can imagine who is not acquainted with them. Wonderful science, which reveals to us so much and is yet so little understood: the knowledge of the whole world's history for six thousand years, and all the experience of mankind which can be gained therefrom, is but a delusion and a hollow falsehood without the light which you can shed upon it!

Finally, we are painfully conscious of many shortcomings in this brief attempt to defend and elucidate the all-important subject which we have chosen for our theme. It is no easy thing to define the "object and bounds" of any science, much less such a one as Political Economy, which, dealing with some of the most complex phenomena of life and that state of society in which we live, possesses, as it were, a personal interest for us, and is always before and about us in everything we do, and in whatever direction we turn our gaze. It is absolutely impossible to do justice to so comprehensive and grand a subject as this in a short essay; it is even difficult to treat of it at all. To those who are already familiar with it, it is but a bare repetition; to those to whom the science is a novelty, the explanations are insufficient and incomplete. Nevertheless, we accept all this, and yet do not lay down our pen without hope; these difficulties were present to us long before the essay even was commenced, and these difficulties we determined to encounter for the sake of the object which we had in view. If any one into whose hand this paper should fall will find in it something which he has not before known, if the perusal of it will induce him to inquire a little further into a subject which seems to him startling and of surpassing interest, if he shall be led on to inquire until at length the great truths of Political Economy are clearly displayed to his comprehension, then that object for which we have struggled will have been attained, and the very faultiness of the attempt have been its greatest worth. Unable to recognise the foundation of a great science in our poor description of it, and yet struck with some truths which seemed to him like the solutions of enigmas that he has long pondered, he has been led to seek further, till at length it has appeared to him, even as it now appears to us, the noblest theme upon which the pen of man can be employed, the grandest and most hopeful revelation which has ever been accorded to us by a beneficent and omniscient Creator.

R. W. C. T.

THE LITTLE ACROBAT.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

It was in the month of September, and the thoroughfares leading to Smithfield, where Bartlemy Fair was to be held on the morrow, were thronged with people going thither. Some with wares to sell, and others with caravans, theatres, Punch, waxwork figures, dancing dogs, and every kind of raree-show likely to attract the crowds who were in the habit of flocking to this celebrated fair.

As a portion of the troop came through Islington, Arthur Graham, a little boy about eight years old, got leave from his father to stand at the garden-gate, in charge of his nurse, and watch the motley crew pass.

"Oh, Margaret!" said he, "how I should like to be at Smithfield, for then I should know what all these people are carrying there; whereas here we can see nothing."

"Your papa will, perhaps, take you to the fair to-morrow, Master Arthur."

"Oh, I shall beg him so! I shall beg him so, that I am sure he can't refuse."

As Arthur spoke, a big, red-haired man, carrying a table, a chair, and a hoop, stopped before the house. The man was followed by a little boy, bearing on his back a heavy box. The child was so pale, and looked so tired, that Arthur could not see him without feeling pity; and this pity was increased when he observed that the little fellow, who might be about his own age, secretly dried his eyes, which were full of tears.

The red-haired man had entered into talk with a baker's wife.

"My children have long been looking forward to your coming," said she. "Will you not amuse us with some of your tricks before you push on to Smithfield? You know you did not make a bad thing of it when you exhibited here last year; and, when it is over, you can come in to us, and get something to eat."

"But I must change all my dress for that," said the acrobat.

"Well, come in; come in. It will not take you long to do that."

The man followed the baker's wife into the house; and the poor little boy, who seemed sinking under the weight of what he was carrying, walked slowly behind him.

"Come on, you lazy little wretch," said the man, looking behind him, "or I will make you find your legs." And so saying, he gave the poor little fellow a kick with his foot, who, crying bitterly, redoubled his speed.

"What a cruel man!" said Arthur, ready to cry too. "He sees very well that the poor child cannot carry that heavy box. Why does he not take some one else with him?"

"You think, then, that these gentry keep servants," said Margaret, laughing. "They who are ready to exhibit to us for a trifle to buy bread."

Arthur fumbled in his pockets, to assure himself that he had still some money besides the shilling which his father had given him the evening before, and waited with impatience for the performance to begin.

After a few minutes, the red-haired man re-appeared in the dress of a tight-rope dancer. The little boy had also thrown off his ragged clothes, and wore a white spangled tunic, and a scarlet bodice edged with gold lace; while his pretty fair curls were confined by a blue velvet fillet. People were not long in assembling at the sound of the drum, which the child beat, and to which was joined the hoarse voice of the red-haired man, vociferating—

"Draw near! draw near! Come and admire the great and the little Hercules. You are now going to behold things that you have never seen before."

But Arthur was far from enjoying the pleasure which this announcement seemed to hold forth, when he saw the poor little boy in whom he was so much interested, not only walking on his head with his feet in the air, but put into all kinds of painful postures by the vigorous hands of the red-haired man, and then standing, on tip-toe, on the leg of a chair, which the other held up in the air; and this at the risk of falling and breaking his limbs if he lost his balance for an instant.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Arthur, turning away his head. "He is going to fall! he is going to fall! Do take him down."

Happily, the little mountebank did not fall; and Arthur, to his great comfort,

saw the performance close—for, to him, it had only been a source of torment.

"Ask those ladies and gentlemen not to forget the little Hercules," said the red-haired man to the child. Whereupon the little boy took his braided cap in his hand, and made the round of the people, holding it out to everyone, that each might drop something into it. The big man, though all the while talking to those about him, never for a moment lost sight of the little boy, and, with a menacing look, signed to him not to pass over those who were unwilling to give. At length the child came to Arthur, and smiled sadly, without saying a word. Arthur dropped sixpence into his cap; and then putting the shilling into his hand, said, "That is to buy you fruit" (Arthur was very fond of fruit himself); "it is all for yourself." But the little boy hastily threw it into his cap.

"If I only kept a farthing," said he, sighing, "I should be dreadfully beaten."

"By whom?"

The child cast a frightened look towards the red-haired man, and was silent.

"How old are you?"

"I don't know."

"What? not know? Why, I know my own age. I am eight years and a quarter."

"But I don't know what I am."

"If you had been alone," said Arthur, "I should have asked you in, that you might rest and have something to eat, for you seem very tired."

"Does that fine house belong to you?" said the child, looking hard at the pretty garden.

"It belongs to my papa!"

"Valentine! Valentine!" cried the big man; "are you going to be all day making your rounds?"

The little boy cast on Arthur a look full of sadness and gratitude; and when he had collected what there was yet to receive, hastily carried the cap to the mountebank, whom he then followed to a public-house.

Arthur could not help thinking of the little acrobat all the evening, so that his father, seeing he did not amuse himself as usual, inquired if he were unwell; whereupon, Arthur told him all that had passed, and was much affected in relating the sad condition of the poor little boy.

"The greater number of these gentry," said Mr. Graham, when Arthur had finished his story, "are very worthless subjects, who, not having been willing to

learn to read and write when they were young, nor to apply themselves to any useful trade, are forced to turn acrobats to get their daily bread."

"This little boy, I am sure," said Arthur, "would learn everything that was taught him, for he is already very expert at these horrid tricks; but no doubt his wicked father will not send him to school, or have masters for him at home."

"To do that, Arthur, requires money. By working when I was young, I have earned enough to pay for masters for you; and, some years hence, I hope you will do the same, that you may be able to provide for the education of your children."

Arthur threw his arm round his father's neck, and shuddered to think that, but for this good parent, he might have grown up in complete ignorance, and have even become an acrobat.

Next day, after breakfast, Arthur ran down as usual into the garden; but instead of passing this time of recreation in play, he sat down on a seat, and began to think of the red-haired man and the little boy, whose gentle, sad face was still present with him. He had been sitting there for some minutes, when he saw the branches of a lilac-tree, just in front of him, move.

"Cæsar! Cæsar! come here," cried he, thinking that the house-dog had not been tied up, and was running about the garden.

"It is not Cæsar. It is I," replied a plaintive voice, and the little acrobat showed himself, dressed in his old clothes, and looking even paler than yesterday.

"How did you get in here?" asked Arthur, beyond measure surprised at this sudden apparition.

"I came in last night. I slipped by the gardener when he was locking the gate in the dusk, and I have passed the night in this tree."

"You have left your father?"

"He is not my father."

"So much the better! But, doubtless, he will have a search made for you; and, perhaps, he is looking for you now."

"Very likely; and, if so, you can probably save me, by not telling any one that I am here. And, oh! will you bring me a piece of bread, if you can, for I have not eaten anything since yesterday morning? I escaped last night, while that bad man was drinking and feasting at the public-house."

"I cannot keep your being here quite secret; because I always tell papa everything."

"And your papa, is he as good as you?"

"Oh, yes; much better. Besides, he is wiser, and knows more than we do, and will tell us what is best to be done."

"Then ask him to have pity upon a poor unfortunate child; and try to get him to let me hide in the cellar, or dog's kennel. If only I am not given back into that horrid man's hands, I shall be content;" and the poor child began to cry bitterly, and tremble all over.

"Wait here for me," said Arthur, who had never been more affected. "In the first place, I will go and get you something to eat." So saying, he made but one spring to the house; the breakfast was still on the table, and he soon returned, bringing a large slice of bread and butter, which the little boy gratefully ate, while Arthur went to find Mr. Graham.

The latter was a good, compassionate man, and immediately gave his son leave to bring in the little acrobat; very sure that he should soon find out whether he was deserving of the interest which Arthur took in him.

Arthur led him up to his father, and the poor child cast a piteous pleading look at Mr. Graham, but did not venture to utter a word.

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Graham.

"I am called Valentine, sir."

"The man with whom you came yesterday is not your father?"

"No, sir."

"Who, then, are your parents?"

"I do not know anything about them, sir. That man always said he did not know who they were; and that he brought me up from charity."

"And how long has he thus brought you up?"

"Five years, sir, I think."

"You seem to be about eight or nine. Have you no recollection of your father or mother?"

"Oh! yes, sir. I remember that my mother was very kind to me, and that we lived in a house much smaller than this, and not near so pretty. I don't know if I only dreamt it, but I always fancied our house was burnt down."

"Do you think it was then that that man took you off?"

"I think so; but I cannot be quite sure."

"But surely he must have told you something about yourself?"

"On the contrary, sir; he always forbade my asking questions, and when I wanted to speak to him on the subject he would begin to beat me."

In spite of the child's worn, suffering look, his face was very pretty, and greatly prepossessed you by its expression of candour and sweetness; so that, after many questions had been put, and all answered by Valentine in the same straightforward manner, Mr. Graham agreed to let him remain with them some days, that he might save him from the cruel fate which awaited him with his wicked master.

Being desirous of further studying the character of his son's *protégé*, Arthur's father decided that the boy should have his meals in the parlour, and had him dressed in a suit of Arthur's clothes, which fitted him very well. Margaret was the only servant in the house who knew the little acrobat, and Mr. Graham had cautioned her not to disclose the secret. As for the other domestics, they only saw in him a little friend of Arthur's who had come to spend a week at Islington.

The poor child, overflowing with joy and gratitude, was so good and engaging that ere three days had passed Mr. Graham had become very fond of him.

As for Arthur, he had never been so happy; and his play-hours were delightful now that he had a companion in Valentine.

One morning the latter expressed his regret at not being able to take part in Arthur's lessons, as he did in his amusements, for the poor child could not even read.

Arthur immediately proposed to teach him his letters, an offer which Valentine received with the greatest delight. Nearly a month had now passed, and yet Mr. Graham did not talk of sending Valentine away; true, once or twice he had spoken of apprenticing the boy in London, when an advantageous opportunity presented itself; but Arthur lived in the hopes that this good opportunity would never occur, when one day he had the following conversation with his father:—

"I declare, papa, that Valentine astonishes me; he can already put his letters together, and so anxious is he to learn that soon he will be able to read fluently, and then I shall teach him something else."

"You think then, Arthur, that he is always going to remain here?"

"Oh, papa, you would never turn him out of doors in winter without food and fire!"

"No, certainly not; I would place him with some one to learn a trade, for I am not rich enough to maintain and bring up another child. To do that I must give up many comforts to which I am accustomed, and which have now become necessary to me."

"Oh, papa, I should be very sorry if you did that; but could not I do without something? For instance, you might buy me plainer and less expensive clothes, and could not I share many things with Valentine?"

"Oh, ah! these projects are good enough in words; but when the time came for you to deny yourself anything to which you have been accustomed, you would find it very hard."

"No, no, papa; do try. In the first place, I will not eat any more sweetmeats, and you know how fond of them I am."

"Listen, Arthur! In a fortnight your birthday will be here, and I was going to give you a watch, which you have long asked me for. Now if Valentine is to stay, I cannot afford it you."

"Very well, papa, I will do without the watch."

"Next year I meant to have given you a pony, which you have set your heart on, but now you cannot have this."

Arthur, after hesitating a moment—

"I will do without the pony."

"I fear, my boy, you will regret giving up the watch and pony, and will be constantly wishing for them."

"Never, never! If ever I find myself wishing for them, I will think of Valentine, and say he is worth far more than a watch and pony, and I have made a good exchange."

For five weeks Mr. Graham had studied Valentine's character, and had found in him great sweetness of disposition united to an intelligence much beyond his years; and he was just the companion whom of all others he would have chosen for his son. He kissed Arthur affectionately, and promised that Valentine should not leave, but he also told him to remember at what price his companion remained.

It would be difficult to express the poor child's transport of joy when he heard this good news. He laughed, he jumped, he kissed Mr. Graham's hand, and threw his arms round Arthur's neck,

promising that he would be so good, so very good, in order to deserve all their kindness. And as time went on, Mr. Graham had no cause to repent his act of benevolence; so exemplary was his *protégé's* conduct, he gave him the advantage of Arthur's masters; and so diligently did Valentine work that in six months he had overtaken Arthur. The emulation that arose between them was good for both, serving as a stimulus to each without causing any ill-feeling on either side.

Winter was not long over when one morning Valentine carried Mr. Graham a letter into his study. It was the first time he had entered this room; and while Mr. Graham was reading his letter, he amused himself with looking at the many engravings with which the walls were hung.

Mr. Graham's sister lived at Guildford, and had given her brother a view of the place. Valentine had scarcely examined the other prints; but before this one he stood motionless for some time, and then began to talk to himself with much agitation.

"What is the matter, Valentine?" asked Mr. Graham.

"Oh, sir, I know all this; *there* is the river and the bridge over which I have often been."

"In your childhood?"

"Yes, sir, long ago, when I was with mamma."

"Then your mother lived at Guildford?" said Mr. Graham, who immediately conceived a hope of finding out the poor child's family.

"Oh, I don't know what the place was called, but I recognise it—I recognise it all."

This clue was enough for Mr. Graham. He hastened to obtain some more information by writing to his sister, and putting her in possession of the little he knew, at the same time begging her to try and obtain any further particulars that might throw light on Valentine's birth.

A very few days brought his sister's reply. She had seen the vicar, who had been there upwards of seven years, and who thought he could identify the child; for he and many others remembered a Mrs. Benson, the widow of a timber-merchant, who had once been very rich, but ruined himself by some unlucky speculations. His poor wife, on the death of her husband, had retired with her infant to a cottage on the banks of the Wey.

About six years ago this cottage had been burnt to the ground, and Mrs. Benson had perished in the flames. Her child, a boy of about three or four years old, who was known to have been saved, nevertheless, then disappeared, and what had become of him was never ascertained. The description given of the child was, that he had curly fair hair, pretty features, and large blue eyes. This portrait, which exactly tallied with Valentine's personal appearance, joined to the other particulars, corroborating his own story, so clearly identified the boy, that Mr. Graham had no longer any doubt. He immediately wrote to the vicar of Guildford, offering, if the child was not claimed by any relative, to undertake the charge of his education and future establishment in life. It was not long before he received a reply, enclosing a copy of Valentine's baptismal register, and informing him that the child had no near relatives, and that no one had put in a claim to him. From henceforth Valentine was treated by Mr. Graham as a second son, and his conduct rendered him worthy of this benevolence.

He was gentle, obedient, and truthful: made great progress in his studies; and loved Arthur to such a degree, that he could not be happy if separated from him an hour. Mr. Graham congratulated himself more and more, at having yielded to the prayers of his son, and adopted Valentine. But after a time, he thought he discovered a very grave fault in him, which tarnished all his other good qualities. Valentine seemed to prize money above everything. Mr. Graham gave him, as well as Arthur, a shilling weekly for pocket-money. Nothing could induce him to part with any of this; and, not content with hoarding all that he got from his benefactor, he would raise money in every possible way, even to the point of selling to other boys the pretty toys which had been given him in London, by friends of the family. One day, when Mr. Graham was out walking with the boys, he asked Valentine for some pence to give away in charity. The latter looked confused, and said his purse was empty.

"What!" cried Mr. Graham, "did you not get your weekly allowance yesterday? Have you already spent it?"

"No!" answered Valentine, reddening; "but I lock up my money in my desk."

"Oh, yes, papa," broke in Arthur, thinking to serve his friend; "he must have saved much more than I have done; for he is very economical, is Valentine."

"I do not call that economy," said Mr. Graham, half aloud, with a look of contempt. Valentine, perhaps, did not hear, or did not *choose* to hear; for he made no reply.

Mr. Graham racked his brains to discover what possible pleasure a child could have in thus hoarding; and his love for his *protégé* greatly diminished. In vain Valentine showed himself obliging, attentive, and affectionate. Mr. Graham seeing him thus, would feel a return of his former love for him; but a minute after, he would say to himself, "No, he does not really love me. A miser is incapable of affection."

Summer passed over. Arthur's birthday was at hand; and Mr. Graham said to himself, "We shall see if he will give his friend anything; Arthur is always making *him* little presents."

The day came. Arthur received some books from his father; trifling remembrances from all the servants; and even congratulations from the watchmaker, who came that day to regulate the clocks. Valentine did not show himself; he had only made his appearance at breakfast, and then he did not even offer his good wishes.

"Oh! this is too bad," said Mr. Graham; "if he will not spend his money, he could at least find a nosegay of flowers in the garden."

At this moment, the door flew open, and Valentine, looking quite excited, and with his eyes full of tears, rushed into the room.

"Arthur, Arthur!" cried he, throwing his arms round his neck, "here is the watch! here is the watch! Margaret told me all; and you shall have the pony some day, dear Arthur."

One may readily imagine with what pleasure Mr. Graham kissed the poor child; and how greatly he reproached himself for his unfounded suspicions.

Arthur and Valentine grew up together; the former became a banker; the latter, a celebrated barrister. And their strong love for each other formed a great part of their happiness.

L. W.

PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS ALL THINGS.

THE proverbs which pass current amongst men often contain a great amount of sound, practical wisdom, compressed into a very small compass, and that one which we have selected as the title of our paper does not by any means fail in sharing the general character of its class.

“Perseverance conquers all things.” If we were called on to give a motto to a young person just entering into the realities of life, just quitting childhood, and beginning to realize the importance of gathering together and treasuring up that knowledge which is so requisite in after years—whose mind is just opening to the fact that it is in vain for the most zealous teachers to expend their care and instruction, if there be not a corresponding diligence and untiring co-operation on the part of the pupil—we should be strongly inclined to select this as the one especially suited to the wants and perils of the youthful aspirant. The path of knowledge is not one easily traversed by all, nor is it free in any part of its course from pitfalls, which often catch the feet of the unwary. We need not pause here to enumerate all of these, but there is one so pre-eminent over the rest in its danger, and so consonant with the besetting iniquity of many who are, to all appearance, quite distinct in disposition, that we should be acting very unwisely if we neglected to point it out, and warn the traveller against the snares.

When a new study is entered into, we often find that the few first steps are invested with a kind of charm which greatly assists those who take them, but as the road becomes more known, and the freshness and novelty of our situation wear off, difficulties begin to thicken, and we feel half alarmed at the prospect before us; the enthusiasm which, in an earlier stage, animated us, begins to evaporate, and we are disposed to relax our efforts entirely, or at least to slacken them, imperceptibly, perhaps, at first, but only too surely. Now is the time for us to look to our motto, to draw that lesson of encouragement from it which it is so well calculated to yield, and bracing up the sinews of the mind for renewed exertion, keep in our path undauntedly, until at last, as it assuredly will if we but per-

severe well and conscientiously, success comes to crown our brows,—

“Till all is one that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.”

But while we would counsel the student to assume this proverb as his motto, we would not have it supposed that, when that phase of existence has passed, the magic token is to be buried in oblivion, as though its virtues had vanished. To the young man just entering into the busy arena of active existence it offers assistance which cannot be lightly passed by without serious disadvantage. Now indeed is the time when he may reap those harvests of good habits which have been sown through its instrumentality, and surely it would argue somewhat of ingratitude were he to adopt any but that badge under which he gained honour in the former fields of his ambition; he need not fear that, time-worn as the blazon is, it will fail to lead him on to victory in the present combat. He will find numberless instances in which adherence to its precept will be followed by its promised result. There are not wanting many, and doubtless our readers will be able to recall to mind several in their circle of acquaintance, who to such a course of conduct owe the distinction and credit which they at present enjoy. At the first opening of the scene, it may be that the prospect before them looked gloomy enough, beset as it was with difficulties and embarrassments on every hand; but by simple true-heartedness, by remembering, and not only remembering, but acting upon the proverb, “Perseverance conquers all things,” they succeeded in overcoming the first few obstacles, and, with the courage and self-reliance this achievement gave them, went on hopefully, and finally conquered the whole. Do you not think that this example is worthy of imitation—can you avoid confessing that happy is that young person who has the good sense and decision to set it before him on his own entrance into active employment?

It is not alone as applying to a continuous course of action, such as we have alluded to above, that our motto is of service; there is a constant demand on its good offices in the smaller, or, as some

might be inclined to term them, insignificant affairs of life. Often on undertaking some little matter which concerns the comfort of those around us, we find that it involves more trouble than we at first anticipated, and that our unskilful hands are but poorly suited to its fulfilment. Unimportant as the whole may appear, it is no idle waste of mental resources to repeat the proverb, and go forward with patience and resolution until the end is attained. Moral discipline consists in minor as well as greater things, and in all probability the conquest gained over the natural indolence of the mind is as considerable, in a case like the present, as in one of a magnitude sufficient to attract the attention of our fellow-men; and, however trifling the amount of bodily comfort may be depending on the completion of the job in hand, the mental training involved is of too momentous a value to be slighted.

In the foregoing remarks, it is true we have had more especially to our minds the advantage the young would gain by the adoption of the proverb which we have selected as our subject, but we would by no means desire to limit its efficacy to one age, any more than to one class or position in society. It is of most comprehensive importance, applying equally to all those who desire to perform the task allotted to them in their respective stations.

There is one division of difficulties to which all are equally exposed, and in which, perhaps, as strikingly as in any other, is assistance to be gained from the teaching of our motto. When the advocacy of any cause falls to our share, and we are called on, it may be in opposition to the general tone of the circle in which we move, to maintain a course of action differing from our companions, we may, and in all probability we shall, be subjected to a full measure of obloquy and derision; very serious obstacles may be placed in our way—very determined exertions may be made to hinder our attainment of the aim desired, and there may even seem to be a universal feeling against us; but dark as the horizon may look, and though our experience may truly prove that it is—

“ Hard to bear the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friend's falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving.”

yet we may, even in this trying hour, turn to our faithful monitor, and gain, through its instructions, courage to go forward.

“ Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's hard fallow;—
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvest yellow.”

A. D. P.

MUSIC.

OH! music hath a magic power,
To charm the soul by grief oppress;
To pass away a tedious hour,
And lull the troubled heart to rest.
And chords that long have silent slept,
Awaken at its gentle tone,
As if some master-hand hath swept
The lute no other hand would own:
And mem'ries oft of bygone years,
When hope's bright rainbow-dreams were young,
Ere life's dark veil of doubts and fears
Its shadow o'er the spirit flung;
Music will waken in the heart
Of those who oft have sadly strayed
Through life's most dark and dreary path,
Whose dearest hopes too soon decayed.

THE MYSTERIES OF HAWLEY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN ADVENTURE, LEADING TO OTHER ADVENTURES.

WARREN so far acted like a man and a hero, in the true sense of the term; for from that evening, he did not set his foot in the house of the Batherleys for a long time—ay, for a lover—a very long time indeed! Certainly it was a twelvemonth, as that period had passed ere I have now again to take up the thread of his adventures. A year had rolled away, and it was early autumn again.

How Helen had spent her time and how Sinclair had progressed I must leave till another chapter. One of the most important events which really did take place was the marriage of Charles Batherley. But even that is not what this eighteenth chapter is to be about. I am going to tell you how Frank Warren fell in with a gentleman who subsequently greatly assisted him in the solving of those mysteries which hung over his head.

From Islington to Highgate and Hampstead is no great distance. You know what these places are like at the present day, when suburban building and neat little villas on the outskirts of the metropolis are all the rage. But in Warren's time all these things were very different. Forty or fifty years have worked no little changes in these localities. Where was the present populous Camden Town, or St. John's Wood, or Haverstock Hill at the period when our hero used to betake himself sometimes to the top of Primrose Hill, and there indulge himself with a prospect of the mighty city, crowned with its proud cathedral lying at his feet?

These are visible at this day. How many joyous children, with their balls, their shuttlecocks, and their kites (whose tails, by the way, are always getting entangled), how many honest working men, with their sprueely-dressed wives and shiny-faced families, meet there together on the Sunday evening or the afternoon to breathe a little of the purer air on the seventh day their God has given them, to rest their hard-wrought limbs, their unstrung brains from the racking of their six days' toil!

But forty years ago! Why, that grand

public-house, (replete with beer, laughter, and tobacco-smoke, as well as pewter pots, and which but recently was a crazy-looking building, old and whitewashed, and more appropriately than its successor, yclept Chalk Farm,) used then to be—unless I have been misinformed—famous for the duels which were fought there in the good old times.

Avaunt, ye shadows! Let me to the weaving of my tale.

Highgate, Hampstead, and the surrounding parts were frequently the scene of Warren's evening rambles. It was about this time that Frank, having started from Islington for a stroll, found himself tramping listlessly across the far-famed heath of Hampstead.

He had been straying heedlessly about, and sometimes sitting down by the water's side, casting stones into the smooth-faced ponds in all the luxury of idleness. In this way he passed at least two hours, and in that time the only human creatures he had seen were two men and a woman, all apparently there with the same object as himself, and three bare-footed little boys, who were indulging in the innocent but exciting pastime of catching tittlebats. He looked at his watch, for the shades of twilight were coming on.

“Half-past eight! I must be getting back, I suppose, or I shall have Mrs. Evans wondering what has become of me. It is getting dark, and I confess I don't much relish being on this lonely heath after nightfall.”

Saying which, he rose from his recumbent position, and stretching himself, he turned his course homewards.

He had not gone very far, when, on turning off the heath into a by-lane, he perceived a gentleman struggling with a couple of footpads, against whom he was striking out with his cane right manfully. To take the part of the weaker side in such an unequal contest, was with Warren the work rather of instinct than a process of thought. Inhaling a deep-drawn breath, and with clenched fists, he rushed forward to the rescue.

In another moment the tallest of the ruffians was sprawling on the ground, and his not very chivalrous comrade observing his reverse, and adopting the axiom that “self-preservation is the

first law of nature," at once took to his heels, leaving the vanquished to make the best terms with his victors that he could.

"You rascal, how dare you!" cried the now triumphant belligerent with the cane, which—he being a very hot, choleric gentleman—he waved menacingly over the place of honour of his prostrate foe.

"There, get up and be off with you after your rogue of a companion, and think yourself lucky to get free as you have. I'll teach you and the like of you to stop a gentleman and demand his money, I will—St. George stick me if I don't!"

The abased culprit very wisely acted upon the suggestion, and ruefully rubbing his jaw, which had been nearly dislocated by Warren's blow, took himself away with as much speed as he was capable of.

The stranger, with a hot, flushed face, and still flourishing his cane, remained gazing after the retreating form of his late antagonist until the latter was out of sight. Then, hastily turning to our hero, he frankly offered him his hand.:

"I have to thank you, sir, for your timely assistance, for without your ready and efficient help I doubt the rascals—devil take them! would have been more than I could have managed. And yet (another most energetic flourish) confound 'em, there is nothing I should so much have liked as giving them a good thrashing with my own hand; I would have skinned them alive before I had done with them—the impudent rogues!"

"That is an operation which I should think would be pleasanter, sir, if deferred till they had washed themselves," said Frank, gravely. "Their skins were none of the cleanest, and I profess that my hand, where it struck that fellow, is positively black; but whether it is so from the bruise or the dirty face I don't exactly know."

The choleric gentleman looked sharply into his deliverer's face, which was just then as serious as that of a judge. He then burst into a peal of laughter, the energy of which was a sufficient guarantee of its whole-heartedness.

"St. George!" roared he; "but gad, sir, I think you are right. The spoils of the enemy were not worth capturing, and so we'll e'en show them quarter, sir, as we did the rascally French at Salamanca;

but I beg your pardon, my young friend," added this eccentric gentleman, suddenly bringing his unaccountable speech to a close, and feeling in his pocket for his card-case. "Here, sir, is my card; if you are disengaged this evening, I hope you will favour me with your company. My home is not a quarter of a mile distant, and I can promise you a glass of good wine, a first-rate cigar, and what is more, sir—gad, a hearty welcome."

Warren thanked his new friend for the invitation, which, however, he was thinking how he could courteously decline, when the other, perceiving his hesitation, at once locked his arm in that of the young man, and with a frank, open smile that was peculiar to him, led him away.

"There, I see you are not engaged elsewhere, so you must e'en submit to your fate, my young comrade," said he, in a sharp, quick, yet polite and kindly way. "If you have far to return home I will promise to let you off early, but I cannot part with you until I have thanked you under my own roof, for—St. George! those rascals, my blood boils when I think of them."

As Frank suffered his new acquaintance to lead him as he pleased, he had some opportunity of examining his appearance.

Mr. Grantham—for such was the name inscribed on the stranger's card—was a man of about fifty years of age, military in his appearance, and though his speech was quick and sharp, sometimes almost abrupt, there was something in his clear, bright eye and frank engaging smile which won on those with whom he came in contact. A fair, florid complexion and hair, which in a man, was decidedly red—though in the other sex it might have passed for auburn—sufficiently explained the irritable disposition which Warren had already seen display itself.

The two presently reached a neat little cottage (which at the present day, I suppose, would be exalted into a villa), round which ran the prettiest garden that Warren thought he had ever seen. On either side the steps leading to the door were antique urns, in which geraniums grew, and in the midst of a grass-plot, which graced the front, uprose a magnificent aloe, while a jessamine climbed up the wall, making a canopy for the lower windows.

"Here we are, then! Pretty little place, isn't it?" cried Mr. Grantham, giving the bell one fierce and violent jerk

after the manner of irritable gentlemen in general.

"Pretty! It is lovely!" answered Frank, glancing round in raptures.

"My little Katie is the gardener," chuckled Mr. Grantham, much gratified; "and gad, sir, but a tasty little wench she is, though I am her father who says so."

"You are married then, sir?" said Warren, in surprise; "I was under the conviction — I confess without any grounds—that you were a bachelor. I must apologise for the remark."

"A bachelor!" repeated the other, merrily. "Ha, ha! you are out there, my friend. I have been a widower these many years. Bless my heart! what a while they are answering the bell; when they know, too, how I hate to be kept waiting. I'll—I'll! — confound them, why don't they come?"

And the hot-tempered gentleman having worked himself into a fury, gave the bell another wrench that was enough to pull the handle off, although since his first summons scarcely half a minute had elapsed, certainly not the time necessary for any ordinary two-legged Christian to have answered it.

Barely, however, had this second application to the bell been made when the door opened, and a slight girlish form came, key in hand, tripping down the steps. And this young lady began to entreat her father (for such he was) not to be angry at the delay, when all at once perceiving a stranger, she stopped short, blushed in the prettiest way imaginable, and then dropped such a prim matronly curtsey that a hooded nun in a cloister could not have seemed more demure.

"This is my daughter, Mr.—Mr.—I beg your pardon!" said Mr. Grantham, introducing our hero, who certainly thought that the young lady had a pretty face.

"Warren is my name, sir," rejoined Frank, who had before felt in his pockets for a card, and found he hadn't got one.

"Warren? — Warren?" repeated the other with a slight start; but immediately recovering, he finished the introduction:—"And," added he, "you must thank Mr. Warren, my dear, for doing battle in my behalf, and perhaps preserving your old father from a broken head. Oh, those rascals!"

At this the cane performed a complete orbit round his head.

"I assure you, Miss Grantham, that

your father exaggerates my poor services, and that he would himself have been more than a match for them."

"By St. George, my dear, but I don't know that. The rogues had ugly-looking sticks, and if they had only had the courage to use them, I doubt I should have been put *hors de combat*!"

Then little Miss Katie went up to our hero, and placed her tiny hand in his, and looked up into his face with so much gratitude and winning confidence, that if he had not been so desperately in love with Helen Batherley, I think he might have fallen a victim to the tender passion then and there, and Katie's willing slave. As it was, he only thought her a charming little girl.

They ascended the flight of steps, the young lady loitering behind to close and re-lock the gate after them. This reminded her fiery sire of his fancied grievance, and so when she rejoined them he tried with all his might to work himself into a passion again, that he might scold her for keeping him outside; but somehow he was so pleased, he *couldn't* get into a passion, and chucking her fondly under the chin he burst forth, pretending to be fierce:—

"How was it, miss, that you were so long before you answered the bell? There—don't tell me; run in-doors, you puss, or you may catch cold; and don't let it occur again—mind that!"

Everything within doors was as neat and elegant as the little garden without. There was nothing that betokened extravagance nor luxury, but comfort seemed studied with frugality.

A piano was in the room. It was open, and there was some music standing also open upon it, as though some one had been playing there recently. Warren at once divined that this must have been his host's pretty daughter.

"You are a musician, Miss Grantham, I presume?" said Frank, turning over the leaves to see if there were anything he knew.

"I am very fond of music, sir," replied Kate, modestly; "but in fact, since we have been in England, I have not practised so much as I should have done."

"In England! You have been abroad, then?"

"Oh, yes; I have only been in this country about four years."

"But your father is an Englishman, is he not?"

"Yes; but I was born at Brussels, and have lived there nearly ever since."

Mr. Grantham, who had been absent on an underground expedition to the cellar, for the discovery of a bottle of his oldest and most imposingly crusted port, at this moment returning, put an end to this conversation. After the dirty bottle had been held up to the light, sufficiently admired, and emptied into a decanter, and a decanter of sherry placed by the side of it, glasses and cigars were produced, and Warren confessed upon his honour that both wine and cigars were excellent.

Two circumstances struck Warren in the course of the evening: the first, that his liberal and generous host wore a silver medal on his breast; the second, that his left hand was *minus two fingers*.

Both these circumstances made Warren disposed to think that Mr. Grantham was, perhaps, a soldier; which opinion was strengthened by that gentleman's somewhat eccentric remarks and expletives. And he speculated, as people will, that Mr. Grantham had lost his fingers battling in his country's cause, and that he had received his medal from that grateful country to requite him for the loss.

Warren was right in the premises, but wrong in the conclusion. Little did he imagine how much his own fate was involved in those two missing digits.

The evening passed in such pleasant conversation and other agreeable amusements, in which Miss Kate and her piano bore their parts, that Warren found it very late before he could have credited he had been there half an hour.

Mr. Grantham appeared as much pleased with his guest as Frank was with him and his daughter, and he, in his straightforward way, coming at once to the point, told our hero that there was a spare bed-room in the house, and that he should be very pleased if the young man would accept it for the night, promising at the same time to allow him to depart as early as he pleased in the morning!

Warren thanked his host, and was about to decline—somewhat unwillingly—the invitation, when the other interrupted him briefly—

"Have you any one at home expecting you?" he demanded.

Our hero certainly had not, except, perhaps, Mrs. Evans.

"Then," said Mr. Grantham, with decision, "I hope you will not decline my request. If you had a father or a mother,

my young friend, who would be uneasy at your absence, I would be the last man to say stay; but as it is, young man, we cannot think of letting you off to-night." Katie looked her entreaties, so Warren consented.

Frank slept soundly that night. What his dreams were is of no importance to this story. He awoke early in the morning, but on jumping out of bed he perceived through the window that his host was already astir and out in the garden; he therefore quickly dressed himself and prepared to descend.

His chamber was on the same floor as that of Mr. Grantham, and as the door of the latter was wide open, he could not avoid looking into it as he passed. Hanging on the wall were a sword, pistols, and dingy military hat, and these confirmed Warren in his conclusion that their owner was a military man.

Upon reaching the breakfast-parlour he found everything ready for the early meal, but no one was in the room; consequently, discovering the way as well as he was able, he joined his kind entertainer in the garden.

"Good morning, sir; you are a very early riser," said he.

"Yes," responded Mr. Grantham, having courteously returned the greeting, "old soldiers who have had to encounter flood and field in their more youthful days, like I have, are from habit no great patrons to their pillows."

"I thought you were a soldier, sir!" cried Warren, eagerly.

"You did? What, from my medal, I suppose?" returned the veteran, looking down upon it with a natural pride. "Ah, sir, that little thing which I have paid for with the peril of my life in many a hard-fought scrimmage, was placed upon my breast by the glorious old duke, at Salamanca!"

"Not only from that," said Frank, "but I saw your sword and pistols hanging in your bed-room, and—and—"

He looked at his companion's maimed hand. But a feeling of delicacy made him suddenly stop short, and he blushed and hesitated.

"Oh, you mean this?" said Mr. Grantham, carelessly, perceiving his embarrassment and holding up the unfortunate member. "Well, it was a natural guess; but, gad sir, you must remember that a man may have his fingers shot away who has never seen the strife of a battle. The bullet which cut off my poor fingers,

found its way also to my breast, and nearly sent me to kingdom-*come*, as the saying is. St. George! but it was a near chance! I served as a volunteer in the Peninsular War, and have received a scratch or two in the course of my life, but I never was so near my end as then. I was a younger man at that time, Mr. Warren, and I doubt a hot-headed fool into the bargain. But never mind, I paid the penalty for my folly at all events. And now let us in to breakfast."

The meal, over which Miss Kate with matronly dignity presided, having been dispatched, Warren set off towards the city, but not until he had pledged his word to the kind-hearted soldier that he would pay them another visit at an early time. Perhaps, when he gave the promise, he little anticipated the circumstances under which it would be kept.

Thus began the morning of a day which was replete with important incidents connected with his destiny.

CHAPTER XIX.

A PRIZE.

THERE had been a light shower of rain in the night, which made the heath smell fresh and fragrant, as Warren bent his rapid course across it, on his way to business. He had to turn down that same lane in which on the previous evening he had rendered such timely aid to Mr. Grantham, in his encounter with the footpads; and he chuckled in his sleeve as he thought of the latter's ignominious defeat.

As he approached the spot at which that encounter had taken place, the morning sun, which had as yet been shy, and hid his face behind the murky clouds, peeped out. A bright and golden beam, darting downwards, pierced its way through the foliage of the trees which stood by the roadside, and lighting up the rain-drops that clustered on the leaves, made them glitter and sparkle like a million diamonds.

But Warren thought he saw something glitter on the ground. Feeling well assured that *that* could be no rain-drop, and wondering what it was, he stooped to pick it up. To his surprise and pleasure, it was a tiny golden locket. On the back were engraved the initials, "E. W." But if he had been surprised at the first sight of his discovery, much more so was he when he examined its

face. It was the miniature, most exquisitely executed, of a girl in all the beauty of budding womanhood. To speak in the exaggerated strain which fiction allows, the sight, as Warren gazed, almost took away his breath. He continued to examine it minutely for full five minutes without moving a single step. At length, with a sigh, he put his treasure carefully in his waistcoat pocket.

"It is strange," he muttered, putting his hand to his forehead thoughtfully, "but I cannot but fancy I have seen that face before—where, how, or when, I cannot think!"

He then resumed his walk, concluding that the trinket probably belonged to Mr. Grantham, and that he must have dropped it in the scuffle last night.

"I will preserve it until I see him again," continued the young man, musing, "and if it is his, I will return it him. But come, Frank Warren, my friend, time is slipping by; you must remember you have a Little Western to call you from your romantic speculations on a lady's miniature!"

Roused into action by this reflection on the duties of every-day life, Warren essayed a laugh at his dreaminess, and resumed his journey at a speed which would soon have made up for lost time, had not fate willed it that he should be again delayed. Indeed, it almost seemed as though he were to emulate the knights-errant in the days of chivalry, thus making him a hero, in the only sense in which it could be doubted that he was one. Last night he had valiantly thrown himself into an unequal combat, espousing the weaker side, and achieving a triumph in the cause of justice, and this morning he was to do a deed which, if less daring, was somewhat similar in its results.

The lonely lane which Frank was then traversing, though still, I believe, in existence, was very different even in appearance from what it was when I saw it last, which was about ten years ago, at which time neat houses and gardens were dotting it on either side. It ran from the heath slightly in a circuitous direction, jutting out into the high road about a quarter of a mile this side of Jack Straw's Castle. A house then, was a comparative rarity, and a traveller might think himself lucky if he met a single human being—an honest one, I mean—in journeying from one end of the lane to the other.

If Warren did not exactly meet such, he, however, came across a man, and that under rather singular circumstances.

He had not gone very far after his discovery, when he fancied he heard a feeble cry for assistance a little way in advance. Rather startled by the unexpected sound, he halted to listen and ascertain that it was not the mere delusion of his imagination. He had scarcely done so when the cry was repeated. It seemed to come from a field on the right-hand side, and without delaying a moment in further reflection, he cleared the hedge at a bound.

He could hardly restrain a laugh when he perceived the cause. There was certainly no need for him to have hurried.

With his hands tied behind him, and bound to a stout branch of a tree, was some unfortunate wight, who was ever and anon giving utterance to the cries which had attracted our hero's notice. Frank pulled out his clasp-knife from his pocket, and called to this unfortunate victim to be of good cheer, as he would soon set him free. But on drawing nearer, an exclamation of surprise, which but feebly represented the actual wonder he felt, burst from his lips as he recognised in the captive no other than Mr. Hopkins's lodger, Manning.

"Why, Mr. Manning, it is under strange circumstances indeed that I am to renew your acquaintance," said Frank, as he cut the thongs which bound the other prisoner; and unable to repress a superstitious feeling that this was another page of his history turned by the hand of Destiny.

Nor was Manning without emotion of some kind when he saw who his liberator was. He shaded his eyes with his hand for a moment, and then replied, in a voice that trembled slightly—

"It is indeed most strange that I should owe my liberty, perhaps my life, to you, Mr.—Mr. Warren."

"Why more strange that *I* should be that one than anybody else, Mr. Manning?" retorted Warren, sharply, forgetting that he himself had been the first to make the remark. But there was something in the other's manner which struck him.

"Nay, nay, I meant not you in particular," replied the other, hastily; "but that it should be a person who knows me, rather than a stranger. But I feel weak this morning, my young friend, and scarcely know what I do say," he added,

shifting his eyes uneasily, as Warren still regarded him with a sharp, penetrating scrutiny. "I am faint and ill; I have been confined in this position ever since yesterday evening."

"Indeed? then, sir, you are unfortunate of a verity!" replied Frank, shrugging his shoulders incredulously at this statement.

But when the other entered into particulars, and described how he had been attacked by a couple of ruffians, who had dragged him out of the pathway into the adjoining field, bound him to a tree, rifled him, and then left him, he could no longer doubt the speaker's veracity.

"Ha!" he ejaculated, "will you describe these men to me?"

Manning did so, and the young man was at once convinced that these were the same he and Mr. Grantham had encountered.

He briefly stated the circumstance without entering into particulars, and demanded at what time of the evening they had accosted the other.

"It must have been—let me see,—yes, it was about eight o'clock," replied Manning, after reflection.

"Then, when *I* came across them it was subsequent to that, for I remember looking at my watch just before I left the heath, and it was then half-past that hour. But now, sir," Frank continued, "if there is nothing further I can do for you, perhaps you will excuse my hastening on, as *I* have to be at business by ten o'clock, and *I* am rather late."

Manning poured out his thanks once more to his deliverer. His voice trembled somewhat, and he held out his hand, which trembled also. Warren took it kindly; for though he was disposed to regard the other with suspicion, his heart was melted towards him by his agitation, which he thought might be occasioned by the recollection of the dangerous position he had escaped from.

—But when he pressed the hand which the youth had given him between both his own, and Warren, looking into his face, saw the tears coursing each other down his cheek, the latter felt other sentiments thronging upon him.

"Well," thought he, as he hastened on his way to the city, "this mysterious friend of my uncle's, whom he seems so anxious to keep me in ignorance about, that he must tell falsehoods of him and call him Farmer Morrell, forsooth, I confess puzzles me not a little. Upon my

word, he seemed most sentimentally grateful towards me just now. Either I have wronged him very much by mixing him up with my uncle (who has acted unfairly to my poor father with respect to me and the property, I do not doubt), or he is a most confounded hypocrite. By Jove, I think the latter!"

Pondering thus, he arrived at length at Crosby Square and the offices of the Little Western two-and-twenty minutes behind his time. Bustling Mr. Nimble-trees coughed, perked up his little head, and looked deprecatingly at the clock—as a disappointed canary might do when the sugar is taken from his cage. But as Frank was pretty regular and punctual no remark was made.

I am afraid that Warren thought more that day about the events of the last night and that morning, than he did of the work he was doing. For certain, he made many mistakes in his books, and the eraser was much in demand, to the great nervousness and anxiety of the secretary, whose head peaked forward with dread that the knife might go through the paper, whenever he heard the ominous sound of the scratching.

Office hours over, he repaired direct to his lodgings at Islington, and having taken his tea, and the numerous children to whom Mrs. Evans had given birth, having been put to bed, he sat himself down to muse in quietness.

He had a couple of novels placed by his side and the easy-chair drawn up to the window. For Warren read novels, and liked them. It was so pleasant to compare himself to the hero and Helen Batherley to the heroine; and then to think, that however hardly the latter might use the former, she was sure to relent and make it all right to him in the last chapter but one. He almost wished that *he* was the hero of a novel. He little thought, I dare say, that forty years after I should make him one.

These books were, however, quite neglected that evening, and for full half an hour after Frank was comfortably seated, they remained on the table precisely in the same position as Mrs. Evans had placed them there.

Presently he felt in his waistcoat pocket, and out came the little golden locket with the lady's miniature, and the next instant he was holding it up to the light, so that he could see it to the best advantage. It certainly wanted minutely looking into, for it was so small that it was a wonder

how the artist could have painted it, and yet it was so beautifully finished, nevertheless.

"What a gentle, lovely face!" murmured the young man for the twentieth time that day "Where can I have seen it, too? For that I *have* seen it somewhere, I cannot but think. If it belongs to Mr. Grantham—Hah! now I come to think of it, I remember hearing something jink and fall to the ground in my scuffle with those men!" As he uttered this exclamation he clapped his hand to his forehead violently as though an idea had just flashed across his mind; for he remembered also seeing Manning feel anxiously about his neck, as though he had lost something. These were the premises, but before he could well draw the conclusion and examine it logically, Mrs. Evans entered the room.

"Oh, please, Mr. Warring," said she, "there is a gentleman as wants to see you."

"To see me?" returned Frank, rising from his seat in wonder.

Ere Mrs. Evans could reply, a man's form appeared behind her, and Martin Warren entered.

CHAPTER XX.

TO WHOM DOES IT BELONG?

"WELL, nephew Frank, I dare say you are surprised to see me here," said Martin, shaking hands with the wondering young man, "and you will be more so, when I tell you that I have come with no particular object. But I had to pay a visit to my solicitor; and so, nephew, as I do not return till to-morrow, I thought I would look you up."

"It is a pleasant surprise, sir, however," replied Frank, and he spoke the truth too. For somehow, despite all the suspicions he had of his uncle, his heart still clung to him, and in the first moment of greeting Warren thought only of the other, as he used to think of him in the kindness of childhood, before these doubts and suspicions had obtained a place in his mind.

Warren drew a chair up to the window for his guest to sit near him, and Mrs. Evans having left the room and closed the door behind her, the two entered into a desultory conversation.

"I suppose matters are going on the

same as usual at the Hall, sir?" said Frank.

"Just the same," replied Martin, rubbing his chin. "By the way, nephew, do you and your friend mean to pay me a visit again this year? The autumn is slipping by, you know. If you do—"

But here the speaker came to a sudden halt.

Now it had happened that the sudden entrance of his uncle had so startled our hero, that instead of replacing the little golden locket with the miniature in his pocket, as he probably would have done, he laid it upon the table, and forgot all about it. And it also happened that when his uncle came to the above sudden stop in his speech, the eye of that gentleman had fallen upon that locket. It might have been curiosity or some other feeling which actuated him, but Martin took the little trinket in his hand, and scrutinized it most minutely, and when he demanded, "How did you come by this, nephew?" it was in a hurried and almost excited manner, that was very different from his usual slow, precise, and cautious way of speech.

Whatever it might have been with his uncle, for certain Warren had watched these proceedings with curiosity and vivid interest also.

"How did I come by it, uncle?" said he, sharply; "why, I found it this morning. But what makes you ask such a question? Do you know anything about it, may I ask?"

By this time Martin had recovered his composure. His dark-complexioned face was unruffled; his keen, bright eye looked firmly into that of the young man, and though the latter sought to read his thoughts, they were impenetrable.

Martin's face was a grave one. It did not seem natural for him to smile. And yet it was with a smile, or rather a cold, sarcastic sneer, that was meant for such, that he put the locket down upon the table.

"I know nothing about it, nephew," said he, carelessly; "I merely thought it a curious little thing. I should take care of it, if I were you. And you found it this morning, did you?"

As Martin put this question, he threw himself listlessly back in his chair, as though he attached no importance whatever to the answer. Nevertheless, his eyes sparkled with a restless brightness from under his close and arching brows.

Frank was not deceived; he felt as-

sured that his uncle knew something more about that little trinket than he thought proper to admit.

I have before said, that when Frank first made his discovery, he had thought that the miniature had probably belonged to Mr. Grantham. I have also said, that just as he was interrupted by the arrival of Martin, another thought had struck him.

For it occurred to him that the locket *might* have been dropped by the footpad with whom he had struggled; indeed, he recollects fancying that he heard something fall. He remembered also that Manning had searched anxiously about his person, as though for something he could not find. The attack upon Mr. Grantham had occurred *after* that on Manning; therefore, thought Frank, might not that locket have belonged to the latter, and been taken from him, and subsequently dropped on the ground by the former's assailants?

The belief that his uncle recognised the locket confirmed Warren in the latter opinion. He reflected that Martin was certainly acquainted with Manning; but that, so far as he knew, Mr. Grantham was a stranger to him. Thus, I think the young man's deductions were logical enough.

These deductions, true or false, he however drew in a much shorter period than it has taken me to enunciate them, and almost as soon as his visitor had made his last remark, he had determined upon the course he should pursue.

He briefly related his adventure with Mr. Grantham of the previous night, giving an emphatic emphasis to the name, and watching his uncle's countenance as he spoke. Not a muscle could he see to move.

"I thought, sir, that perhaps this pretty little thing might have been his. I shall reserve it for him, and ask him if it is so, when I chance to see that gentleman again."

"A very good guess, nephew; I should recommend you to do so by all means," replied Martin, nodding his head. "It belongs to this Mr.—Mr. Grantham, without doubt."

A half-sarcastic smile played about the speaker's lips, which puzzled our hero greatly.

Frank next related his encounter that morning with Manning, and at this a slight twitch of the other's mouth was just perceptible.

"I thought also, sir, that the locket might have belonged to *him*," said Frank, on whom this had not been lost.

"That is a clever guess also, nephew," replied Martin, in the same cool, satirical tone, "though how, if you thought it belonged to the one, you concluded it to belong also to the other, I must confess, my dear Frank, puzzles me a little."

"I will make inquiries of both, sir, and then I shall most likely get at the knowledge as to whom it does belong. Do you know, uncle, that I somehow feel a strange interest in all this? Would you believe it, sir, but I have a dreamy kind of fancy that I have seen this lady's face before?"

"Upon my word, nephew, you are getting quite romantic!" interposed the other, still with a sneer upon his lips. "And so you have seen her before, eh?"

It seemed as though our hero were very unlucky; for just as, by means of his inuendos, he might possibly have extorted some interesting admission from his uncle, he was doomed to be interrupted, and the conversation to be broken off.

A sharp, quick tread was heard in the passage, the door was opened without much ceremony, and Mr. Charles Batherley marched in. But, good gracious! can this bustling, quick-stepping, business-like person in the broad-brimmed hat and the well-brushed, shabby-genteel coat and trousers, be the dilatory, work-detesting, spruce, and devil-may-care Charles Batherley of yore?

Of a verity, good friends, it was he and no other; but he was a year older, and perhaps more than a year the wiser man. For, recollect that in those short twelve months not only had he married, but, *grande merveille!* had become the father of a son, just born, and the engrossing object of his paternal love and solicitude—which, I think, taken on the whole, and considering the brevity of the period in which it had been done, was a sufficient proof that Charles had shaken off his old habits, and become a man of thorough activity and energy; at least, if he had not done so, it must be allowed that, with his prospects before him, it was high time he did.

"Hulloa! Frank, old boy!—hah, I beg your pardon; I didn't know you had company," cried he, stopping short on observing Warren's guest.

"Never mind, Charley, come in; it is only my uncle," said Frank.

"Ah, Mr. Warren! bless my heart, sir, how d'ye do—how d'ye do?" and Charles Batherley flopped his broad-brim down upon the table, quite in a bustle; flopped his gloves into the broad-brim; blew his nose loudly on his pocket-handkerchief, and then flopped the handkerchief on the gloves. After which he shook hands with Martin and his friend quite in a medical-practitioner sort of way.

Indeed, the enterprise of matrimony and the conscious duties of a father now pressed upon him; he felt that he must do *something* for his wife and child, and no mistake. If he had been so fortunate as to have patients who wanted attending to, he would have attended to them most energetically. As he had them not, the next best thing was to *seem* to have them, and to try and make the world *believe* he had. Perhaps, poor fellow! he was half disposed to believe it himself, when he didn't *think*, that is. However, let us hope we shall find that his patients came to him in good time; at any rate, there is a good deal done towards catching them by keeping up appearances.

As soon as the shaking of hands and mutual congratulations had been gone through, Charles made his old joke about those miserable steps at Mrs. Evans' gateway, declaring he nearly broke his leg coming down them again. Then Warren said, with equal facetiousness, that it wouldn't do for him to break *his* leg—that other people must break *their* legs, and that he must mend them, &c., &c.; which small witticism provoked a peal of good-humoured laughter from its perpetrator as well as Charles himself, Martin contenting himself with smiling grimly.

"Yes, by Jove!" said Charles, "if you would lend those steps to me in our neighbourhood, they would give me plenty of employment, I'll be bound. As to the profit!" and he shrugged his shoulders humourously, at which they laughed more heartily than ever.

"And how does Mrs. B. get on, and the baby?" said Frank.

Parental delight beamed in the eyes of Charles Batherley as he replied, "First-rate!"

"You haven't been round to look at him, though," he added. "In fact, that is what I came about this evening, old boy. Come round and have a cup of tea with us to-morrow, and then you'll see him. By Jove, he is a stunner!"

This invitation our hero at once ac-

cepted, expressing his great anxiety to behold the baby, and promising he would leave business the next day as early as possible on purpose.

But notwithstanding the gratification he experienced at the unexpected visit of his friend, and the interesting conversation about his baby which had resulted from it, it must not be supposed that Warren was not a little chagrined at the interruption of that still more interesting conversation with his uncle which that visit had produced. He therefore sought an early opportunity of introducing the subject of the locket once more.

"Look here, Charley," said he, taking up the article in question and displaying it to his friend, "I was just telling my uncle of a little stroke of good fortune which befell me this morning."

But it happened that just as he was getting into particulars, Martin Warren rose from his seat, took up his hat, and pulled on his gloves.

"Well, nephew," said he, "if you and Mr. Batherley will excuse me, I must be off. It is a long way, you know, from here to the Saracen's Head, where I am putting up, and I shall not get back, as it is, till late, so I think I'll say good-night. When you feel disposed for a trip to Hawley, nephew, you know, as I just now said, I shall be pleased to see you. As for you, sir," he added, as he shook hands with Charles, "since you have now relinquished bachelorhood, I suppose it is no use asking you to come with your friend; but some day, perhaps, you'll run down and see me and introduce me to your wife and baby;" and with a half smile, Martin made his final congées, and withdrew.

Charles did not remain long after; and perhaps Warren, who almost longed for solitude to commune with his own thoughts, was not altogether sorry when he retired also.

When alone, he continued some time with his eye fixed on the little trinket which had produced such an effect upon his uncle. "Mystery, more mystery, deep, and to me unfathomable!" he muttered, rising from his chair and pacing the room; "I believe that this belonged to Manning, and that my uncle knows something about it which he desires to keep concealed from me. I will, however, show it to Mr. Grantham, and watch him closely as I do so; and if I detect, or he acknowledges no recognition, my opinion will be confirmed. What will transpire

next I cannot guess, but something will turn up to lead me on to the end, no doubt. I am carried along by circumstances; though I seek them not, they search out me. I will leave the deep future to be unfolded by the hand of Fate. Meanwhile, thou tiny portrait of a face which haunts my memory like a weird fantastic dream, there shalt thou remain until I have unravelled the thick veil which wraps thee up in mystery!"

Saying which, Warren fastened the golden locket upon his watch-guard, and hung it round his neck.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CLIMAX.

THOUGH I think that all practised novel readers will admit that a golden locket, under such exciting circumstances, was likely to weigh heavily on a young man's mind, and inflict upon him restless nights; yet, nevertheless, if Warren's head ached slightly on the following morning, he was not sufficiently prostrated by it as to deter him from rising at his usual hour, from eating his usual hearty breakfast, and from reaching Crosby-square, according to his custom, as the hands of St. Ethelburga's clock—which, by the way, is a rather dismal-looking affair, and reminds the beholder somehow of a black eye—pointed to the hour of ten.

It was also Warren's custom, precisely at one o'clock, to shuffle up his papers, close his desk with a bang, lock it with a click, seize his hat in a "jiffy,"—polite reader, pardon the expression—and scamper through the archway in Crosby-square, to which allusion has before been made; through St. Mary Axe and into Leadenhall-street; and all this to get his dinner, as *you* would say; to get some "inside lining," as *he* said.

Warren used to dine at Dick's coffee-house, which was celebrated in the time of Steele—some of the papers in the *Tatler* being dated from it, and which also retains its title to this day.

Having seated himself at one of the benches, he ordered the spruce waitress to bring him a mutton chop, and then taking up the paper he began to con over its contents.

Now there happened to be a little slim personage, with wiry hair and knee-breeches, and also reading a paper, who was his *vis-à-vis* on the opposite bench. This person had an invincible habit of

picking his teeth and making such a noise with them, that Warren became quite nervous to hear him, and at length looked up from his paper and his now almost demolished mutton chop quite savagely at the knee-breeched nuisance. But that was of no avail, for the individual in question had got his little wiry head so completely enveloped in his own broadsheet of news, that no part but a piece of curly grey hair, standing on his crown like a reaper's sickle, was visible, and to catch sight of his face or eye was out of the question.

By one of those coincidences which happen sometimes in real life as well as in novels, it fell out that the little wiry-haired gentleman finished his meal at precisely the same instant that our hero finished his; put down his newspaper, at the same time, and put on his hat; and the two went, as one man, to the door together, and the door not being a wide one, they got wedged in together.

In this unpleasant predicament—in which the knee-breeched gentleman, being by far the shortest and weakest of the two, got completely lifted off the ground, and his little legs consequently performed a series of rapid evolutions like the wing of a windmill—in this unpleasant predicament, I say, Warren caught a full view of the other's countenance, and the other caught a full view of his.

"Bless my soul, Mr. Tyler!" exclaimed Frank, "is that you?"

"Dear heart alive, Mr. Warren, sir, is that *you*?" ejaculated Mr. Tyler. For the wiry-haired gentleman was no other than the retired tailor of Great Hawley, of whom important mention has been made in the earlier chapters of this book.

"Why, Mr. Tyler, what brings you all the way from Hawley, for goodness sake?" said Frank.

Mr. Tyler scratched his head, and wiped it meditatively with his pocket-handkerchief. He then replied that it was a little bit of business and a little bit of pleasure which was the cause of his being at the metropolis on that occasion. So far as the business was concerned, Mr. Tyler had come on purpose to buy some cloth for his son, Mr. Septimus Tyler, who was carrying on the tailoring business lately belonging to his sire; and as for the pleasure, the old gentleman thought, as he "*was comin' to Lunnon*, he might just look at the grand soights at the same time."

All this explanation, into which the speaker went to a considerable length, he might wholly have spared himself, since Warren was not attending to a single word he spoke.

The last time that Warren had seen Mr. Tyler was a year and a half ago, on that never-to-be-forgotten December night on which the former made his first appearance on this stage, and overheard the latter make some truly interesting though disparaging observations about his uncle at the parlour of the White Horse. While, therefore, his companion has been garrulously entering into the above details, the young man's memory had wandered over the intermediate space of time between that fruitful night and now, raking up each dim doubt and vague suspicion which had found a place to rest in his mind, and there to grow and canker up his peace.

"Mr. Tyler," said he, shortly, "can you spare me a few minutes' private conversation? I will not detain you long."

"In course I can, sir, or hours either, if so be that you want 'em," replied the other, politely.

Whereupon the young man bade him follow him back into Dick's coffee-house, and requested the damsel in attendance to show them into a private room.

"Have the goodness to take a seat, Mr. Tyler, will you?" said Frank, who proceeded carefully to lock the door, while his guest, gaping with wonder, not unmixed with alarm at all these to him unaccountable precautions, tremblingly complied, and held his beaver hat before his stomach, as though to serve him for a shield, and ward off any threatened danger.

Then Warren came and stood before him, leaning against the table, and, with folded arms, fixed his keen eye on his.

"Do you remember the time, Mr. Tyler, when I left Hawley and came to live in London?" said he.

Mr. Tyler remembered it perfectly, also a pair of black cloth trousers made by his son Septimus for Mr. Warren, just previously to that important journey.

"You will also recollect, then, doubtless, one wet and wintry night, about that period, when I, by chance, dropped in at the White Horse, and overheard some remarks of yours, which I fancy that, had you been conscious of my presence, you would have left unsaid?"

The reader will easily comprehend that though the garrulous and somewhat in-

temperate, but otherwise worthy tailor, would hide neither what he knew nor what he pretended to know of the mysteries relating to Hawley Hall from his equally communicative cronies at the White Horse, he was by no means disposed to commit himself with young Frank Warren. He therefore again scratched his head with such assiduity, that if scratching would have brought his ideas together he could not have failed in remembering all about it. On this topic, however, Mr. Tyler's faculty of eventuality was very weak.

"Well, sir," said he, "I do remember sommat o' the night, but as for what we talked about, I can't say as how I do exactly; leastways, and however, I'm sure it wur no disrespect to you, sir, nur to your uncle the squire."

"I will remind you, then, Mr. Tyler," said Frank, firmly, "though it appears to me, as you have touched upon the very matter without my mentioning it, you have not so completely forgotten it as you say. You said, sir, in the first place, that my uncle Martin could tell a tale about my poor father which would not bear too closely looking into."

"Good heart alive, sir—Mr. Warren—my dear Master Frank, begging your pardon, sir, but I don't recollect saying—saying that there!" interposed the unfortunate tailor, his face blanching with fear and his wiry hair growing yet more wiry.

"Old man," returned Warren, sternly, "I heard you. Thus far I will take you into my confidence; those words first filled me with a mistrust of my uncle, which has since increased. If what you then said was mere idle scandal, or falsehood of your own invention, you have done my uncle ill; add not, then, to your fault by falsehood. If you had grounds for what you said about my father, tell me, I conjure you, all you know."

Mr. Tyler turned his eyes beseechingly towards a fly-cage which hung from the ceiling, as though that could relieve him from his difficulties. But finding no reprieve, he at once gave in.

"Well, well, sir," he groaned, "I meant no harm, sir, but I will tell you all I know—not that I know much either, Mr. Warren, upon my word, sir."

And thereupon, having meditatively caressed his hat and taken a retrospective view of the past, he informed the startled young man how, one evening, when Warren's father had gone up to "Lunnun" in a postchaise on the previous day, he had

beheld that gentleman in flesh and blood, or else his veritable ghost in the clear moonlight; how, next day, Martin gave it out in the village that his brother had gone abroad, how that brother had never been seen alive again, and how every one at the White Horse suspected foul play.

"Tell me one thing more," said Frank, hoarsely, and with a face as pale as ashes. "You spoke also of some strange and suspicious person who came sometimes to the Hall—"

"Oh, sir, that wur only at later years," interposed Mr. Tyler, "and I've only seen he once or twice; but he wur loitering up at the Hall, I know, and he wur too sneaking and creeping loike to be good for much, I guess."

"Will you describe him to me as nearly as you can, Mr. Tyler?" said Frank.

Mr. Tyler did so, and his description tallied exactly with that of Manning. When he had finished, Warren unfastened the door.

"Thank you, Mr. Tyler, I will not detain you longer. Your suspicions most likely have no foundation, and I would recommend you not to talk about them, nor about this little conversation with me. Do you understand? I will wish you good afternoon."

He tried to put on a complacent smile as he spoke, but his voice wavered, and his very nerves seemed to vibrate with agitation, and when he arrived in the street, so excited was he, that he completely ran back to Crosby-square.

"Bless my heart, my dear sir, how pale you look!" cried Mr. Nimbletrees, with as much surprise as though he—being a depredating bird—had come across an unexpected scarecrow.

"Yes," Warren replied, faintly, "I do not feel very well; I think I can do no more work to-day. Explain my absence to Mr. Poppleton should he come, will you, if you please? I will take a walk as far as Greenwich Park."

Almost unconscious of everything save his own engrossing thoughts, Warren performed that rather lengthy journey for a pedestrian.

Arrived at the Park, he threw himself on the grassy slope with the genial afternoon sun shining full upon him. There he remained for hours.

"Good Heaven!" he murmured, "I little thought I should ever be racked with the dread suspicions I now endure. Would that I had some friend to consult with, in whose ear I might pour my

thoughts and fears! Helen Batherley—Helen Batherley, you have cut me off from the only one whose kindly aid and prudent counsel I could have once invoked. What shall I do—what shall I do? What step shall I next take to unweave the web which winds me in?"

The clear tones of the Hospital clock striking five recalled him to his present situation, and he remembered the promise he had given Charles Batherley on the yesterday, that he would take tea with him and his wife that afternoon. He accordingly arose, and with a heavy sigh set out on his return journey to London.

There must be an especial Providence for heroes; for the very want that Warren craved for—viz., a confidant, was that evening to be found, and in him whom of all others he would have chosen.

CHAPTER XXII.

DOMESTIC BLISS.—A FIRM FRIEND TO THE DEAD.

WHEN I say that, upon the marriage of Charles Batherley, that young gentleman had procured a very small practice and a chemist's shop, wherewith to begin life, and that the said shop was situated in a most unhealthy and pestilential part of the metropolis (probably with the hope that patients would be there more plentiful), the sagacious reader will, no doubt, at once surmise that that part was "over the water." In fact, this young disciple of Galen dwelt in the vicinity of the Borough.

Here Warren sometimes visited him; for though the former had never entered the house of Mr. Batherley, senior, since the explanation he had had with Helen, he saw no reason why he should not keep up his old friendship with that young lady's brother. He had, therefore, informed young Batherley of the melancholy result of that interview, and while he would now congratulate Charles on the consummation of his matrimonial wishes, Charles would condole with him on the blighted hopes of his.

It was hither that our hero directed his course from Greenwich, and here he found his friend behind the counter, pretending to be very busy in the doing up of penny packets of Epsom salts.

"Holloa, here you are at last, then!" cried Charles, with sparkling eyes. "How late you are, old fellow! Well, never

mind, we have waited tea; come in, come in and see the baby—good gracious, my dear fellow, are you ill?"

Frank repeated the half-truth, half-fiction, that he was, and, with a sickly smile, said that Charles must prescribe for him.

"By Jove, then, old boy, you will be the first patient I have had this blessed day," said Charles, with good-humoured concern.

Mary and the baby were in the snug little surgery at the back of the shop; and when Warren entered, Mary smiled her welcome, and the baby crowed, and Warren shook hands with Mary and kissed the baby on its little pudgy cheek. Not every young man would have done that!

"A darling little fellow!" said the fond mother, with venial pride. "Do you know, Mr. Warren, that I do think he really knows you are fond of him, he puts his little fingers into his eyes as if he did."

The new-comer expressed his huge satisfaction at this opinion, and was disposed to believe it himself. Indeed, such an effect did this little scene of domestic happiness have upon him, that, despite the awful thoughts and fears which he then experienced, he felt himself growing cheerful beneath its influence, and to partake of the geniality and delight his friends displayed.

"And what is his name to be, pray?" said he, in allusion to the baby.

The father looked at the mother, and both smiled significantly.

"What do you think, old boy?—come, guess," replied Charles, chuckling, and rubbing his hands together in excess of joy.

Warren couldn't guess. Was it to be "Charles?"

"No, no; come, guess again!"

Perhaps he was to be named after his grandfather?

"No, no, as far off as ever!" Charles roared, delightedly.

Well, then, Warren would try no more; it was no use.

"You never will guess, and so I may as well tell you," cried Charles. "We are going to name him Frank, after my dear old friend, Warren; aren't we, Mary? He! he! he!"

Upon which the tears of honest friendship trickled down the speaker's cheek; and Mary cried most heartily, and Warren and the baby—who, being unused to such

an uproar, cried, also, in its shrillest key. This recalled Mrs. Charles to herself, and made her dry her tears.

"Fie! fie!" said she, addressing her child. "If it cries, its mamma must put her little pet in its cradle, she must. Oh, it was a beautiful boy it was, and better than all the golden guineas in the world." And, all smiles of love and admiration, she took her child upstairs and nursed it on her bosom till its cries were hushed in sleep. Then she laid it in the pink-satin-decked cradle with a mother's gentle touch, and rocked it, chanting some tune familiar already to its infant ears.

"By Jove, Frank, but I'm the happiest fellow alive!" ejaculated Charles, as his wife and offspring left the room.

Poor fellow! It was not riches that made him so. There was threepence-halfpenny at that moment on the mantelpiece, the produce of hair-oil, antibilious pills, and two seidlitz-powders, and which was every farthing he had taken over the counter that day.

"There is some one in the shop," said Frank, as the warning note of the door-bell gave notice that such was the case.

"Hah!—oh, it is father!" replied his friend, starting up and laying his pipe down. Until he perceived who it really was, he seemed almost as frightened as overjoyed at the prospect of a customer—it was such a very rare thing.

Warren's heart beat double-quick time. Here was the very man he could best confide in. The groundwork of that about which he wished to consult him was known to him already.

"Well, my dear boy, and how is business getting on?" cried Mr. Batherley, in his cheery voice, after the first salutations were over.

Charles stated the case deprecatingly, adding, however, that he had yesterday got a new patient "on his books."

"Take care, my boy, that he comes honestly off your books, that's all," replied his father, shaking his head, with a grim smile. "But let me put on my spectacles, and then I'll look over your accounts. We mustn't despair; everything has a beginning."

While the experienced eye of Mr. Batherley was thus employed, wonder of wonders, a *boná-fide* patient actually did enter the shop. This was an Irishwoman, whose tooth ached so dreadfully that she was forced to have it out that night, instead of waiting to have it extracted gratuitously at the hospital on the morrow.

For which operation, added to sundry small medicaments supplied, the young doctor positively received half-a-crown.

During his son's absence, Mr. Batherley finished his supervision of the books, closed them, took off his spectacles and wiped them and replaced them in his waistcoat pocket.

"You have not been to Clapham to see us lately, Mr. Warren," he said, kindly. He knew as well as Warren himself why the latter had stayed away, for Charles had told him all.

Warren made some trifling excuse about business occupying his time, and inquired after the health of Mrs. Batherley and Miss Jane, and, last of all, as though she were of the least importance, of Miss Helen, and received brief and satisfactory replies.

"Mr. Batherley," added the young man, in a whisper, glancing round cautiously to see that there was no one who could overhear, "when you leave this evening, I will walk a little way with you. I wish to speak to you about a matter, and to ask your advice."

The return of Charles from his shop, and of his wife from her baby, which she had left under the charge of a small charity girl, prevented further conversation at present.

"There, my dear," cried Charles, spinning his half-crown in the air, "there is something towards our little Frank's fortune, and hardly enough, in good sooth, have I earned it. Good gracious, when I think of that woman's tooth! To pull one out of a garden-rake would be a joke to it; and as for her mouth, it was like a fish's; when she grinned, she looked all teeth and jaw, like a veritable dolphin."

"Well, I must be off, or my wife will wonder what has become of me," said Mr. Batherley, looking at his watch and buttoning up his coat.

"Oh, don't go till you've had a bit of supper," objected both Charles and Mary in the same breath. "We'll send John out to get a lobster or some oysters. Come, father, you like lobster?"

Mr. Batherley good-humouredly resumed his seat, and John—that is, the shop boy and bottle-washer—was called, and received the necessary instructions.

"Please, sir, you haven't given me no money," said John, who seemed to think neither lobster nor oysters would be forthcoming without that necessary article.

"Money? Bless my heart, no more I have!" exclaimed Charles, looking rue-

fully at his threepence-halfpenny. "Here, you must take this half-crown, I suppose, John;" and the unfortunate half-crown was tendered accordingly.

Mr. Batherley burst into such a hearty laugh, that his plump sides quite shook with merriment. "You are reversing the usual order of things in this case, my boy," he cried.

"How so, father—in what way, may I ask?"

"Why, in this: that sons generally spend their fathers' fortunes; but you, you dog, are actually spending your son's."

"Ah, never mind," Charles replied, smiling. "This is a most blessed neighbourhood for Irishwomen, and the deuce is in it if some of 'em besides the dolphin don't want their teeth drawn in time to come. 'Sufficient for the day,' &c., eh, Mary, is our motto, isn't it? and so we'll trust in Providence for to-morrow."

That lobster was a luscious one and no mistake; and what with the crisp and fresh-eating salad made by Mary's own fair hands, every one pronounced it to be a genuine success.

When it was over, Mr. Batherley got up once more to go.

"But you'll have a glass of toddy to settle the lobster!" said Charles, decisively. So the toddy was made, drunk, and pronounced excellent, and Mr. Batherley, accompanied by Frank, who explained he had a little business to consult that gentleman about, at length found themselves in the street.

"And now, Mr. Warren, what is it you have to say to me?"

"Mr. Batherley," replied Frank, in a thick voice, "you will remember a conversation which once ensued between you and me with respect to my uncle? Since then many circumstances have occurred which have strengthened suspicions which about that time arose in my breast. This day—but I will relate those circumstances to you in detail from the very beginning."

He then recounted all those matters with which the reader is familiar. Dwelling on those facts which related to Manning; how he had first seen that

mysterious person in the park of Hawley Hall; his disappearance by Hubert's Tower; the falsehood his uncle had to perpetrate to conceal him; his subsequent discovery at the Hopkins's, and the character that Manning bore with them. He then descended about the golden locket, and the deductions he had made. Finally, he spoke of his conversation with Tyler that day. As he did so, a slight groan burst from the lips of Mr. Batherley. They were then passing under the dim light of a street lamp, and Warren saw that his face was deathly pale. Their eyes met for an instant, and by the ominous glance which passed between them, they knew that their suspicions were the same.

"Where is it said that your father—that your father died?" Mr. Batherley demanded, in a sharp quick tone which bespoke action.

"At Calais," was the answer.

"Very well. I will go to Calais and ascertain whether he died there, as—as your uncle says. I owe so much, if not to you, my poor young man, at least to your father himself, who was once my friend. If he really breathed his last on a foreign soil, it must have been about eighteen years ago. If he did not—"

The speaker did not complete the sentence.

"Great Heaven! what is then to be done?" Warren exclaimed, wildly.

"It will then perhaps be necessary to place the matter in the hands of a magistrate, and let stern justice work out its ways, and ferret guilt, if guilt there be, and all the secrets of it. It may involve great pain to you, young man, but your duty, when justice to your fellow-man is at stake, must bid you say, the will of God be done!"

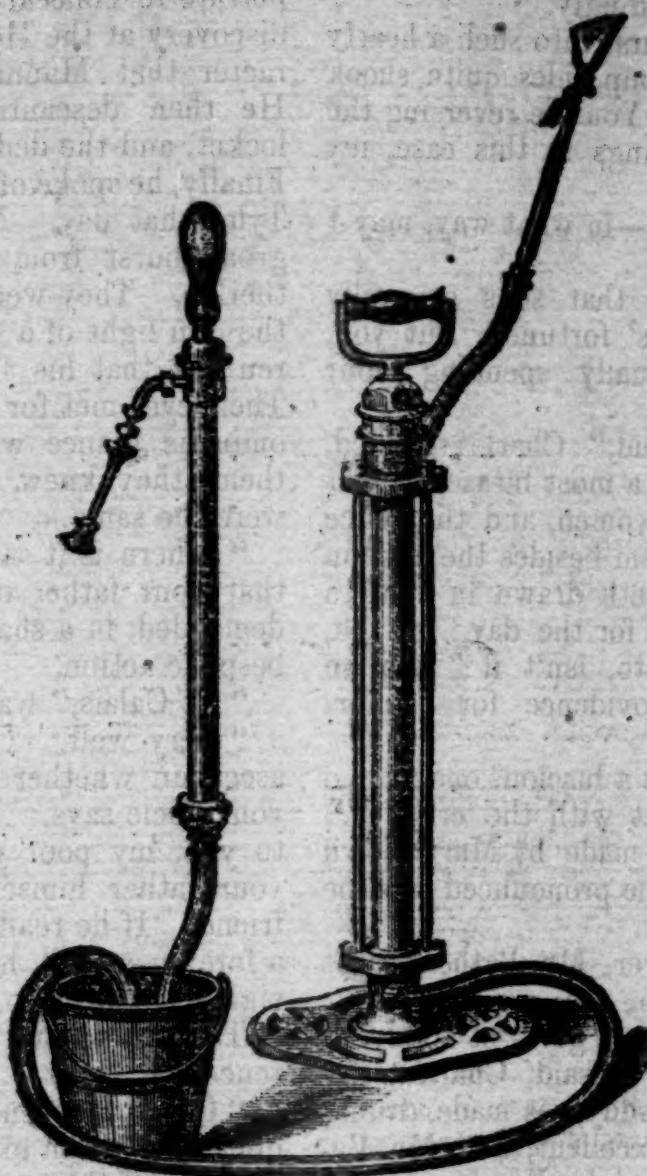
"Amen!" said Warren, firmly. "I will perform my part."

"And I, meanwhile, will mine," replied the other. "I will start for France to-morrow. Keep quiet and inactive till my return, and be sure that any discoveries I may make, I will communicate to you immediately I do so. Now, good night; I trust to Heaven our fears are groundless."

The two then shook hands and parted.

(To be continued.)

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